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SATURDAY NIGHT

OCTOBER 30, 1943

VOL. 59, NO. 8 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

AS ALLIED ARMIES MOVE ON ROME, INTEREST CENTRES ON THE VATICAN, HEART OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. A SWISS GUARD ON DUTY IN THE VATICAN.

(For Story of Papal State in Wartime, see pages 4 and 5)

Britisher In Eire

See article by C. E. M. Joad on page 35b

The Front Page

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Church and Finance

MR. RYERSON'S "French Canada" is conceived on pretty strict Marxian lines, though its accent on democracy is that of a Marxian of the post-revolution period rather than of the revolution. Its thesis is—and herein lies its political importance—that the ecclesiastical authorities of French Canada have consistently worked to uphold the interests of the monied classes, and hence in the main of the English-speaking elements, against those of the common people of Quebec. The Church, it will be recalled, opposed the efforts of the rebelling colonies of the English to draw Quebec into their orbit in 1776. It opposed the Canadian rebels in 1837, and Mr. Ryerson is convinced that the 1837 rebels were right and were the true democrats of their time. When Confederation came along it coincided in time "with a powerful resurgence of that tendency within the Church that is known as Ultramontanism. . . This development took place in response to the need felt by the semi-feudal and capitalist ruling classes in Europe, to consolidate their rule." In Canada "the Church leadership saw in the alliance with the Tories and in the Confederation compact an opportunity for a new strengthening of their political position, and for dealing a death-blow to radical democracy in French Canada." The persistence of feudalism, in the various guises of seigneurial tenure and other relics of the Old Regime, for a century after the Conquest, was not permitted to prevent the industrialization of Quebec. "It simply caused the partnership of the French-Canadian ruling class with Anglo-Canadian capital to take on an unostentatious, secretive form: the small French-Canadian industrial bourgeoisie merging with the English-Canadian finance-oligarchy, and the financial holdings of the Church discreetly avoiding the limelight of publicity."

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The Liberals are still in a position to do a good deal to conciliate the French vote and are prepared to do it. The proposal to transfer to public ownership the enterprise of Montreal Power (which if carried out will probably not be as ruthless as is generally expected in the matter of price) cuts a good deal of ground from under the feet of both the CCF and the Bloc, both by transferring a great mass of employment from English-speaking to French control, and by removing the definite grievance of the burden of the corporation income tax on the consumer of electricity. And there may be family allowances!

Poppy Day

NEXT Saturday, the last before Remembrance Day, will again, in Toronto and many other municipalities, be the occasion of the annual tag day of the Poppy Fund which ministers to the practical assistance of returned soldiers (including women) both of the First War and of the present one, and which in Toronto is only partially financed out of the United Welfare Fund because of the understanding that it alone of the United Welfare beneficiaries would be permitted also to use this method of raising money.

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Anniversary

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They look forward to a better day. Meanwhile the Czecho-Slovak people of Toronto are

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HE WANTS TO GET BACK . . .

JIM'S not grousing, but he *does* want to get back.

Back to Mum's apple pie and the smell of real home cooking . . . to Dad's quiet "Hello Son" . . . to the home town hockey games . . . to Doc Hill's drug store where the cokes taste better . . . to the little Palace Movie house . . . to the weirdly painted jalopy . . . to Jane, the brown eyed lass who kissed him goodbye.

And Bob wants to get back too.

Back to Mary and young Bob . . . back to see wee Betty who came after he left . . . to his own radio where Fibber McGee and Molly seemed more amusing . . . to the little work shop in the cellar . . . to the roses and shrubs in the back garden and a chat over the fence with neighbor Ed Brown . . . to the little lake up north where he catches the big bass . . . to the old pay cheque, moderate in size yet so much larger than the official one he now receives.

Yes, they want to get back . . . these men and boys of ours, now far away in the prison camps of the enemy or fighting on land, on sea or in the skies over Europe. And we want them back . . . night and day our prayers go up for their safe return.

But the things they yearn for are the things they went away to fight for. So they will not come back until the job is finished.

Our task at home is clear . . . We must work and sacrifice, save and lend, leaving nothing undone that will speed the Victory and hasten the day of their joyous return to the things they love . . . and fought for . . . and preserved.

SPEED THE VICTORY . . . BUY BONDS

Simpson's

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(*Continued on Page Three*)

DOUGLAS CHARLES ABBOTT, M.P. —*Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

Right-hand Man to Mr. Ilsley

BY COROLYN COX

THERE will be no lull in the war job of Douglas Charles Abbott, M.P., even after the Fifth Victory Loan gets successfully over the top. Able Parliamentary Assistant to the Hon. J. L. Ilsley, Minister of Finance, he was the first of the "Junior Cabinet" to be appointed. Actually he was "sweating blood" for his boss in preparation of this year's budget long before his post was officially announced. He got himself into a proper hot spot. Whatever you think of our economic policy, the Canadian economics boys who administer it are recognized all over the world as a championship team. An unseasoned politician, fresh in from the polls in his first term as Member of Parliament, can get his own face red pretty quickly plunging round among those lads unless his brains in private life have been kept too well exercised to acquire fat.

Now, nearly a year after Douglas Abbott took this job on, he is pronounced by the experts as a practical good head and a definite success, and publicly commended by his Minister as a source of very considerable assistance and comfort. From the taxpayers' point of view, he seems to have justified his salary from two angles. First, if he really measurably assists Mr. Ilsley on the war financing job, which all recognize as about our most thankless headache, that is enough. Secondly, here now is another smart, public-spirited young man who has given himself a *tour de force* education in national and international economics, which is today as positive a force in the world as the tanks and airplanes that are the visible—audible!—result of its operations. The taxpayer has therefore one more specialist trained on the political front, fit to expound in the House and on the election platform one of the most complicated and at the same time important sciences about which the taxpayer, whether or not it makes his head buzz, has to make up his mind. It is worth money to him to have the various policies advocated by our important parties adequately put before him. Therefore in Douglas Abbott, so long as he is kept politically active, he has acquired an asset, whether Mr. Abbott be on Government or Opposition bench in the House.

Abbott is a man of forty-four years, quite new to politics, a successful lawyer, but not heretofore a public figure. He is a product of Lennoxville, Quebec, where his father owned a general store, died when "Doug" was but six. The Abbotts had been round those parts for generations, as postmasters and the like, part of the Lennoxville picture. Douglas went through the local public schools, and on to the Church of England institution, Bishop's College—with an interruption, however. Just a little exaggerating of the truth during World War One got Doug into the McGill Battery a few weeks before he was 17, and he was three months in France before he was eighteen—arrived in time for Vimy. W. D. Tait, Professor of psychology at McGill University, commanded the battery, and his second in command was Hon. Cyrus Macmillan, now M.P. and Parliamentary Assistant to the Minister for Air.

A Famous Class

The war, for anyone who came through it alive and whole, Abbott feels was bound to be a great experience. He had never before been outside Canada, was greatly developed and educated and lucky enough to escape without a scratch. He was also fortunate in that directly he returned to Canada, instead of wondering what to do next, he plunged resolutely back into study, carried out his original plan to become a lawyer. He was one of the famous "Class of '21" at McGill Law. In virtue of a special statute this group, 70% returned men, got down to work in the fall of 1919, studied right through the summer vacation, by dint of no let-up took their Bar examinations in July of '21. Brooke Claxton, too, turned up in this class, and Graham Towers, who soon shifted to economics.

In the fall, Abbott did the sensible thing for a Quebecker, went back to France, which he had learned to love during the war, studied Roman Law at Dijon University. It was a great year, and Canadian students were already known to Dijon, were taken in by private families, learned to know a typical French community. Abbott also managed to get over to England, though without picking up any near-of-kin, since the Abbotts came out to New England in 1643 and the threads were a bit hard to follow.

In 1922 Abbott was back in Montreal, joined the law firm with which he has worked ever since and in which he is now a partner, Phelan, Fleet, Robertson and Abbott.

General practice lawyers, the company serves some of the biggest life insurance companies of Canada, and Abbott in recent years found himself more or less specializing in corporation taxation and the like. He lectured on the law faculty of McGill, took an active part in McGill Graduate Society, Montreal Board of Trade and Canadian Club.

Abbott's political activity began in a mild and not too hopeful form, when he assisted the Liberal Party during the 1935 campaign in the unsuccessful candidature of his friend, A. K. Hugessen, afterward appointed to the Senate. Doug Abbott hoped his own speeches on behalf of Senator Hugessen didn't succeed in defeating him. At all events he himself was somewhat suddenly asked to run during the 1940 election in the St. Antoine constituency, which had never in history gone Liberal, and was apparently represented for all eternity by the beloved veteran, Conservative R. S. White. Mr. White's parliamentary career dates 'way back to the administration of Sir John A. himself. Abbott took it for granted he would be beaten, thought he ought to be sport enough to be willing to stand up to a defeat for his party. Abbott is a warm personal admirer of Mr. White and the two candidates fought a pure, not to say friendly, battle. To universal surprise, Abbott was swept in with a 6,000 majority.

The Coming Man

The layman might think that was very nice, but the situation has its drawbacks. Suppose you have dyed-in-the-wool Conservative constituents who swing Liberal, and then maybe find themselves swinging Conservative-minded when certain issues they had momentarily forgotten come up to the surface. Suppose other Liberals, wheel horses and the like, refer to you as really hardly "party" since you were sent there by a lot of congenitally opposition voters! Mr. Abbott retains his original outlook toward his vote-getting capacity, didn't think he'd get in once, wouldn't expect it rational to hope he'd get in twice.

Abbott took his seat on the back benches in the House, as all newly elected Members do, kept quite quiet until the moment came when he had something to say. Public finance, he had already decided, was going to be his special interest. In November 1940 he made the first speech on the subject that marked him as a coming man in the House. He served on both the War Expenditures Committee and the Public Accounts Committee before receiving his present appointment.

What Mr. Abbott has done as Parliamentary Assistant to Mr. Ilsley has been to dig into reading, sit in on conferences of both civil service officials and Cabinet Members, plug, plug on every side of budget making and budget raising, of Government taxation and Government borrowing, until he has established the fact round Ottawa that he is an expert and experienced right arm to his Minister — whom he considers the grandest boss to work for any man could have,—so that he is acceptable as an *alter ego* to delegations who wish to thrash out something or other with the Minister of Finance, to give speeches explaining what it is all about, from budget to Victory Loan, on behalf of a man who cannot be in two places at once.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Bismarck and German Expansion

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

HAD Mr. Gelber not been so preoccupied with exercizing his peculiar sense of irony on me; had he instead read my article properly, he might have avoided at least the most glaring inconsistencies in his reply to it. Will you permit me to point out one or two of these inconsistencies?

Mr. Gelber speaks of the "expansionist wars of Bismarck," and says that I neglect "the positive aggressive bid of Prussia and her German allies for European domination." Now Bismarck led three wars. The first against Denmark; the result was the Prussian annexation of Schleswig-Holstein. The second against France (I am reversing the chronology); the result was the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and the foundation of the German Reich. The third against Austria. I mentioned in my article that in this war Austria was allied with several other German countries in addition to Bavaria, Saxony, and Hanover. But Mr. Gelber persists in speaking of Prussia's German allies. Hanover was annexed by Prussia. The others had their backs broken and could not resist German unification in 1871. But Mr. Gelber overlooks this in his reply, for else he would not be able to say that "the southern states entered voluntarily" (into the German Reich).

Bismarck's wars, then, were wars against German countries, or for German countries; they were a bid for Prussian domination of Germany, not for German domination of Europe. Anyone who calls this expansionism does not know the meaning of the word "nation." The German ruling classes themselves did not know the meaning of this word; but the masses of the people knew it. And it was precisely for this reason —fear of the democratic movement, and the desire to take the wind out of its sails—that Bismarck brought blood and iron to bear, in order to forestall a *democratic* unification of Germany by a Prussian unification.

But the social background of politics is completely lost on Mr. Gelber. Politics is just a game of power to him. "Since the failure of 1848 (when the German democrats made a revolution and were crushed) the sheep-like German masses have responded . . . to the bark of a master," he says, and proceeds to contrast them with the French who "established representative government by the revolutions and reforms of the . . . 18th and 19th centuries." Yet Bismarck's very opponent in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was that dictatorial mountebank, Napoleon III. He was overthrown by the Commune, a people's revolution. The "representative" government that followed executed seventeen thousand of the revolutionaries in Paris.

I mention all this, although it is history, because there is in it a striking parallel with an outstanding event of our days. Through his "expansionist wars" Bismarck acquired Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein. It is doubtful whether France and Denmark had a greater claim to these provinces than Prussia and Germany. In any case, apart from the validity of dynastic claims there remains the fact that these provinces were predominantly, almost entirely, German in character and population. But in 1939 representative governments, which had nothing to do directly with the affair, handed over the Sudetenland to Hitler; they based their action on "justified" claims that could not by the wildest stretch of the imagination be considered so well-founded as Bismarck's claims to those other provinces.

"If the German people have been successively so much at the disposal of one set of rulers, may they not again be as easily at the disposal of another?" asks Mr. Gelber. Certainly, they will; any people is at the disposal of its rulers. What happened suddenly to Mr. Gelber's worship of power? Why does he not ask whether the British people might not again be at the disposal of a Chamberlain?

Which goes to show that the German problem cannot be solved one-sidedly; by my method, I admit, as little as by Mr. Gelber's. But in a world in which power is wielded with social and historical insight, Mr. Gelber's method would be unthinkable.

J. ANDERS.

City Without Slums

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. MURRAY OULTON gave us a stimulating picture of Canberra. Of course he meant to be fair. But the impression he leaves is that Canberra (a city planned from the foundations and so carefully governed as to have no slum) is unique,—the only thing of its kind. Fortunately that isn't so. Even in the maligned and effete British empire!

Delhi,—the new official capital I mean,—was ahead of Canberra, both I think in conception and in construction. Delhi is far more spacious and contains a huge population already; but though there are lots of humble quarters there are no slums.

Of course both Delhi and Canberra are not manufacturing places but administrative cities, and in such you wouldn't expect slums, any more than you do around Parliament Hill. If you look for models of commercial cities with factories and still no slums, go to Letchworth or Welwyn in England. These are garden cities—complete cities, not residential suburbs—each years older than Canberra and several times its population.

Swift Current, Sask. G. C. THOMSON

Good Little Canada

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

FROM time to time some courageous, thought-provoking articles appear in SATURDAY NIGHT. The dissertation entitled "Canada Loses by Not Training Men for AMGOT" in the issue of October 2 concludes with this arresting sentence:

"Ottawa must answer the question 'Is Canada to be a Power or a Puppet on the International Stage?' "

Mr. Editor, regardless of the hue of the party glitter in the Ottawa show-window, Canada on the international stage will just be the meek, mild, good little boy that our leading international creditors (investors) and their bankers tell us to be.

Fergus, Ont. BEECHER PARKHOUSE.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

meeting to-night to hear addresses by Rev. Dr. Peter Bryce and K. Prchal of Chicago, and to witness a moving-picture entitled "Crisis," recalling the rape of their country.

Delinquency

WILL there be another crime-wave after the war? Mr. Frederick L. Collins, in his notable book on the Federal Bureau of Investigation, cites from the Bureau's records for 1942 some alarming figures. Despite the millions of young men taken into the Army, crimes committed by youths under twenty-five remained at about the same level as in the previous year. They should have been greatly reduced. Arrests of boys under twenty-one for assault increased 17.1 per cent; for rape, 10.6 per cent; for disorderly conduct, 26.2 per cent; for drunkenness, 30.3 per cent. Females under twenty-one arrested for prostitution increased 64.8 per cent; for other sex-offences 104.7 per cent; for vagrancy, 124.3 per cent, for disorderly conduct, 69.6 per cent, and for drunkenness, 39.9 per cent. But most alarming of all, the number of girls under twenty-one arrested for criminal homicide increased 29.6 per cent.

Mr. Hoover's advice to each citizen of adult age is "Behave yourself and do your best to see that the other people in your home and office and factory and church and lodge and club behave themselves. Don't get the war-jitters. Don't live recklessly. Don't grouse. Set a good example to others in your immediate circle. In the meantime maintain your local police force at full strength."

Good advice!

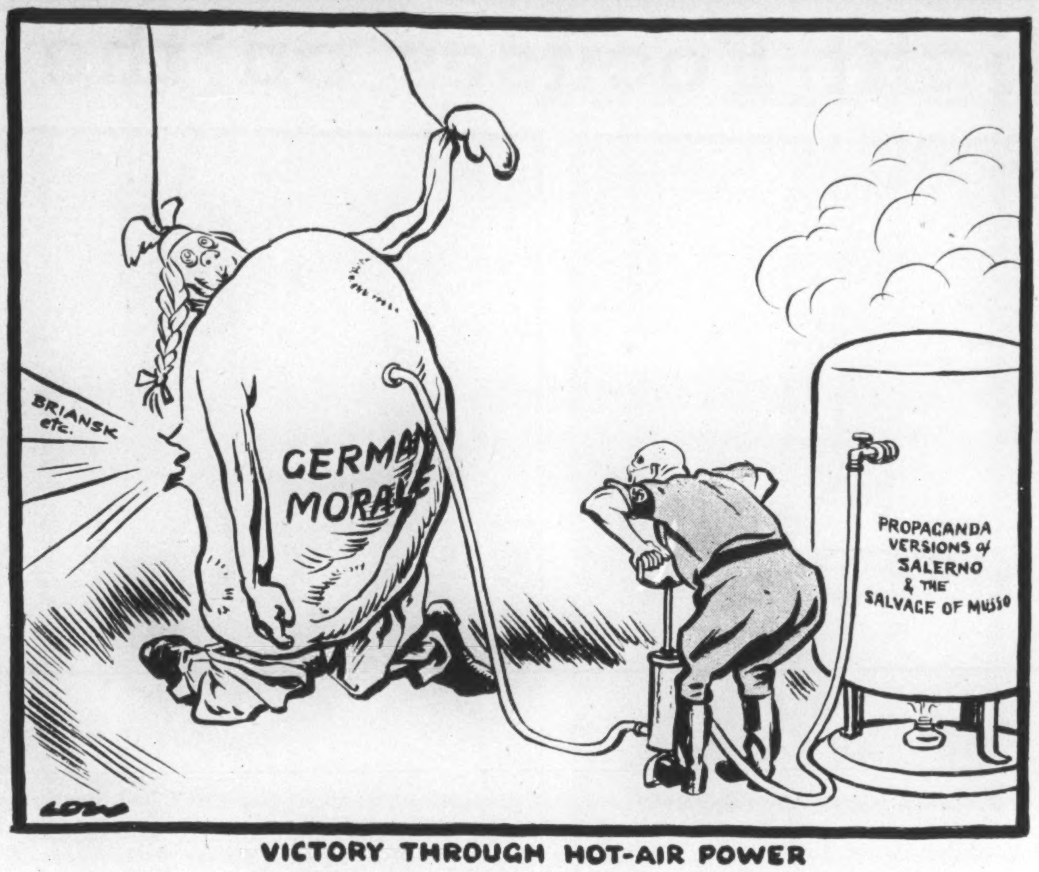
Child of the Nations

HAD we been asked our opinion in advance we should have predicted that poets would not make the best anthologists of the poetry to which they individually belong. But that view is flatly contradicted by the two latest Canadian anthologies, the cheap, popular, paper-covered Penguin of Mr. Gustafson, and the just issued and relatively costly "Book of Canadian Poetry" of A. J. M. Smith (Gage, Toronto, $4). No narrowness, partisanship, clique association or blindness to alien kinds of merit can be charged against either of these choosers. It happens that both belong to a highly intellectual school of poetry, and cool judgment rather than passion or sentiment may thus be assumed to play a leading part in their mental processes both as creators and as editors. Whatever the reason they have done two fine impartial jobs.

Mr. Smith gives, in addition to his selections, a thirty-page introduction, in which he reminds us that a poem is not necessarily unimportant because it deals with "the homelier aspects of life," and opines that Canadian poets have not always done their best work when they gathered their robes about them to do a job on the mysteries of Life or the grandeurs of Empire—and that, in the language of Broadway, is saying a mouthful. Oddly enough, the one Canadian poet of past generations whom Mr. Smith seeks to raise in critical esteem is rather decidedly a mysteries-of-Life poet, George Frederick Cameron, of Nova Scotia and Kingston, Ont., who died at 31 of heart disease, and must have known for years that he was not destined for longevity. Cameron had immense capabilities, and in one great poem of political passion directed against the tyranny of the mob he showed to what noble ends they could be used; but in most of his verse the touch of universality is sadly lacking, and one feels that purely personal feeling and experience has not been transmuted as it was, for example, in Tennyson's "Maud" which was his chief inspiration. We must therefore respectfully decline to class Cameron with Isabella Valancy Crawford or Duncan Campbell Scott.

There will be indignation—which we shall not wholly share—at the description of Carman as "in essence a *fin-de-siècle* aesthete turned out of the overstuffed boudoir into the almost equally overstuffed outdoors." There will be none, at any rate in discerning quarters, for the high estimation of Duncan Campbell Scott: "His talent is quieter than that of Carman or Roberts, yet he shows a deeper interest in human beings and in dramatic action, and he is more fastidious and accurate in feeling." It is very interesting, by the way, to learn that the attack on the more popular landscape poetry of Canada for its neglect of the individual human personality, ably carried on in recent years by James Cappon, W. E. Collin and L. A. Mackay, was started as far back as 1896 by Gordon Waldron, "a disciple of Goldwin Smith." But it is the distinction of E. J. Pratt to have wrenched the whole course of Canadian poetry back to a proper concern for human nature. It was unquestionably going up the wrong alley. Mr. Smith has omitted a full thirty of the belated and imitative Romantics who loaded down John W. Garvin's 1916 selection, and nobody will complain about more than three of them. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay should have been left in.

Pratt heads a list of 31 "Moderns," fifteen being assigned to the native tradition and sixteen to the cosmopolitan tradition. All are still alive except Raymond Knister. They occupy over a third of the volume. The authentic poets among them speak to this generation with its own voice, as no past generation can ever speak to any. They include Kenneth Leslie, Arthur S. Bourinot, W. W. E. Ross, Leo Cox, Elise Aylen, Earle Birney, Charles Bruce, Dorothy Livesay, Anne Marriott, F. R. Scott, Robert Finch, L. A. Mackay, the anthologist himself, Leo Kennedy, A. M. Klein, Ralph Gustafson (the other anthologist), and a dozen others of less definite accomplishment but of bright promise. These are the Canadian poetry of the future. With Mr. Smith and Mr. Gustafson we are excited about it. It speaks "the language of intelligence." The "child of the nations" is not merely "giant-limbed"; it is developing a brain.


BRIANSK etc.
GERMAN MORALE
PROPAGANDA VERSIONS of SALERNO & THE SALVAGE OF MUSSO
LOW

VICTORY THROUGH HOT-AIR POWER

TEN LITTLE BUREAUCRATS (IN REVERSE)

Our readers, or many of them, will remember an anonymous poem which was printed in this journal some months ago under the title "Ten Little Bureaucrats" (we later learned who was the author, but he still desires to remain anonymous.) The verses attracted the attention of The Railway Gazette *of London, England, which reprinted them. A correspondent of that paper thereupon sent to it ("with apologies to* SATURDAY NIGHT,*" which are quite unnecessary) the following verses entitled "Ten Little Bureaucrats (In Reverse)", which we reprint with great satisfaction, because they seem to indicate that there are people in England, as in Canada, who still look forward hopefully to the reversal of the process by which bureaucrats have been growing from one to ten.*

TEN little bureaucrats squabbled o'er the dame,
They pushed her off the pay list and then there were "nane."
The Treasurer had been her beau, and hoped to be her mate,
So he resumed his peacetime job and then there were eight.
The "Rubber Stamp" was also piqued, in her he'd lost his heaven,
He went back to his "bucket shop" and then there were seven.
Seven little bureaucrats, the Padre'd naught to "fix,"
So he threw in his hand at this, and then there were six.
Six little bureaucrats, more dead than alive,
One fell off his office stool and then there were five.
Five little bureaucrats, the last one asked for more,
They said he wasn't worth his keep, and then there were four.
Four little bureaucrats, the lawyer got no fee,
So angled for another job and then there were three.
Three little bureaucrats, a Colonel with nose blue,
Said, "One can't drink in comfort heah," and then there were two.
Two little bureaucrats, since the eight had gone.
Disagreed most heartily and then there was one.
One little bureaucrat sitting by himself,
Said "I am going to hop it where I will get more pelf."
No little bureaucrats left from half a score,
The owners got the "biz" again and it ran as ne'er before.

E.G.G.

Parliament is Human

IN THESE days when so many people think that Parliament has abnegated its functions, it is refreshing to hear of a member of it who still has faith in it and supports that faith by works. Mr. John Diefenbaker, we learn from a Bruce Hutchison article in the Vancouver *Sun*, believes in Parliament, and has reason for his belief. One of his prairie constituents had closed his hardware store, gone to the war, been invalided out, come home, and wanted to open his store again. But the WPTB had overlooked that situation, and its rules said that a store that had been closed couldn't be reopened, even if the owner was a soldier invalided out. For months this owner bombarded Ottawa without result. Then Mr. Diefenbaker raised the matter in Parliament, quite early in the afternoon (Mr. Hutchison says three o'clock, but that sounds too early to us), and "by dinnertime the man had his store open."

That is one of the things that Parliament is for. Bureaucrats have to live by rigid rules and regulations; they are never safe except behind a rampart of red tape. Parliament has no such limitations; it can do what it likes, and it can make the bureaucrats do what it likes. It is moreover a very human sort of institution; it represents the common people, it comes quite largely from the common people, and it looks forward to being re-elected by the common people. It is interested in the little man with a prairie hardware store, not as an item in a statistic, but as a human being. It wants him to have the right to reopen his store. And note, please, that it gets him the right to reopen his store.

THE PASSING SHOW

IN ALL the eight thousand newspapers of Russia there is not a single comic strip. And we can't for the life of us decide whether in spreading that news we are propagandizing for Socialism or Capitalism.

•

In music, on the other hand, Russia is responsible for the Adolf Blues and the Schickelgruber Retreat Jazz March. So there you are again.

•

Talk about lend-lease materials ringing the bell—Canada and the United States have shipped 60,000 alarm clocks to Britain.

•

WPTB has overlooked a bet. Before Hallowe'en they should have issued an order prohibiting the use of pumpkins for anything except pie.

•

Ontario Commissions

We're not to be thought Conservative,
We've a non-political function.
We're merely out to find the facts
And deliver them free from unction.
But to be quite true we admit to you
That it hasn't escaped our notice
That credit is due to Col. Drew
(Who could, if he would, promote us).

O'H.

•

A correspondent complains that General Montgomery will not guess when the war is going to end. Monty never bothers about guessing until he knows and doesn't have to.

•

A Rental Control official says that, of all landlords, rich old ladies give him the most trouble. Sure; that's how they got to be rich old ladies.

•

We have the toe of Italy, which is the part you kick with. The Germans have the part you kneel with.

•

Whatever else you can say about Mr. Godbout, he isn't out for Power.

•

New army regulation for the forces in Canada! Do what you like to the enemy, but take all hockey-players alive.

•

Houses and Homes

The post-war house as pictured will be of new design,
A simpler thing to keep in shape, and made of plastics fine.
But as I look upon it my thoughts are wont to roam
To some old house that's lived in, and looks a bit like Home.

NICK.

•

We are undecided about this agitation for a four-day week. Our capitalist soul revolts, and our wage-slave body approves. We think of compromising on a three-day week-end.

•

Rationing in Britain has made the rich thinner and the poor better nourished. Well, the rich—the women at least—wanted to be thinner, and the poor needed to be better nourished.

•

The Italians have become so dove-like, both to us and to the Germans, that we think they might be better called coo-belligerents.

•

We doubt the rumor that Germany's Fifth Defeat Loan has been over-subscribed.

•

Important Aftermath

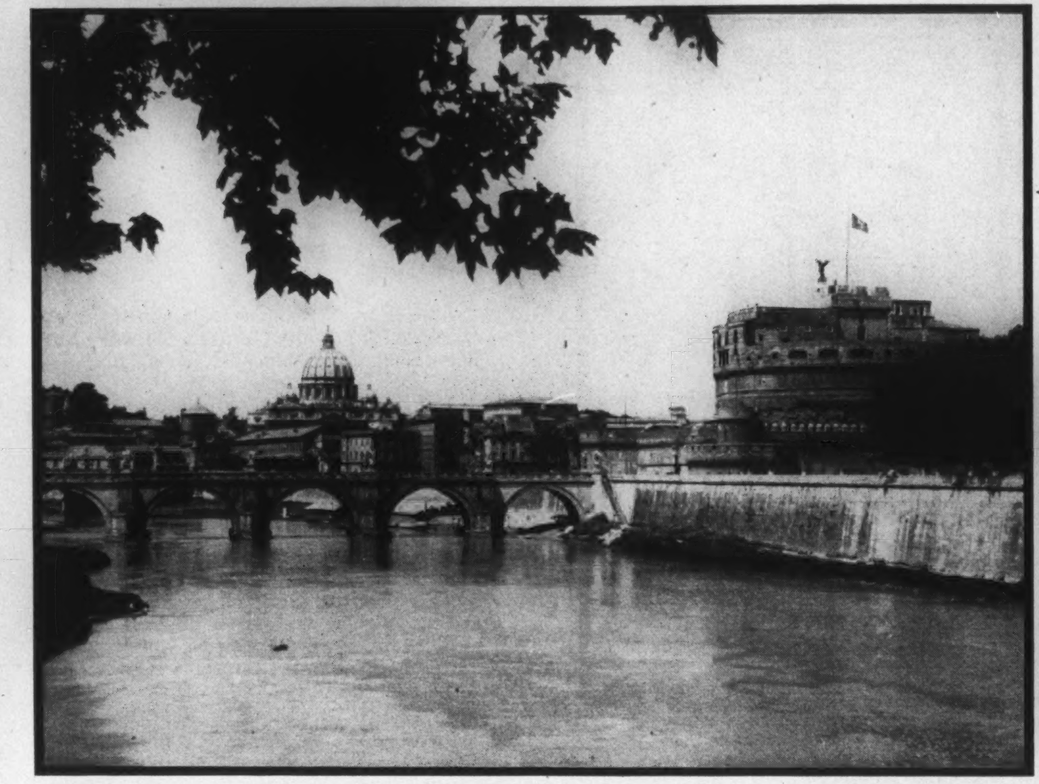
We had a bit of work to do along Salerno Beach,
An argument with Jerry who is rotten hard to teach.
We swept away his guns and tanks. Myself, I wouldn't know,
But after, when we formed in ranks, the Colonel told us so.

A kid who travelled next to me was tops with hand-grenades.
He had a smart delivery, learned in Commando raids.
His pitching was a wizard show, I never saw the like,
For every time he let one go, by gosh, it was a strike!

So when we got to rest-camp (the mosquitoes were a shame!)
I asked this buddy if he'd care to pitch tomorrow's game.
He grinned and said "Duck soup for me! That's what I used to do."
—And did we take A Company? I'll say so! *Twelve to Two!*

J. E. M.

War's Spotlight Focuses on the Vatican . . .



As Allied armies near Rome, the "Eternal City" becomes the focus of world attention.

The glorious dome of St. Peters, seen here from the Vatican gardens, dominates the view.

Pope Pius XII is modern in his outlook. He believes in using every aid science can give in the cause of peace.

By John England

THE only man, it is reported, to whom the Italian people attach any confidence at this critical moment in their history, is the Pope. He alone stands unsullied by the crime and plotting that marked the Fascist regime; and the Vatican is an Island of peace in a continent at war.

It is no secret that there has been intense diplomatic activity within the walls of the Vatican recently. During the past few days the Pope has called more than one meeting of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.

This body handles all matters requiring settlement between the Holy See and Foreign Governments which the Pope submits to it through the Cardinal Secretary of State. The holder of this office is Mgr. Maglione, and the Congregation meets under his presidency.

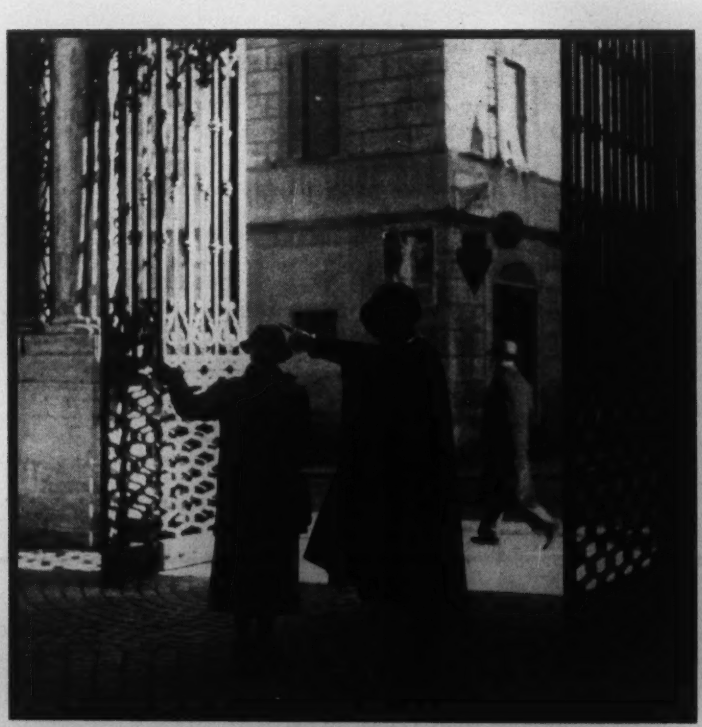
It is not always appreciated that today the Vatican is an independent and sovereign State, and although it has, by the very nature of its constitution, no armed forces, there is no question that it exercises great power within the counsels of the nations. Until about 80 years back the Papal States still covered over 17,000 square miles. For centuries the Sovereign Pontiff had exercised temporal power. Then that power was lost, and it was not restored until the treaty of February 11, 1929, which recognized the full and independent sovereignty of the Holy See in the City of the Vatican.

It has its court, its high state officials, issues passports and visas, has its own troops, post office with own stamps (most of which are sold as souvenirs), own railway (200 yards long with own railway station for the pope where never a train has arrived or departed), issues own numbers to the cars belonging to its territory, a prison which has only been used twice in 12 years.

ANOTHER proof of its independence is seen in the fact that about 40 States have diplomatic representation there. The Vatican is the smallest State in the world, covering less than a quarter of a square mile. Its exact area is 109 acres, and there is a population of around 450. But it can boast its own merchant marine.

Last year the increasing scarcity of rationed foodstuffs prompted the Vatican to follow the example of landlocked Switzerland and become the owner of an ocean-going merchant marine. Four vessels flying the Vatican flag were, reports stated, to be put into service between Civita-vecchia, the port of Rome, and South America.

This does not mean that the Vatican is a "country flowing with milk and honey" within the confines of another State where food is severely restricted. On the contrary, even before Italy came into the war the Pope



Swiss Guards are stationed at all entrances to Vatican City and direct visitors to the Apostolic Palace.

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCLIX

Wearing the traditional black, red and yellow dress uniform, they guard the entrance to the Papal Apartments.

The Guards are a thoroughly military-trained body. They drill in barrack dress — steel blue with dark blue hose.

. . . Italy's Island of Peace in Warring World

Just a few of the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims received by the Pope each year.

One of many exquisite vistas in the Vatican gardens, which surround the Papal Palace.

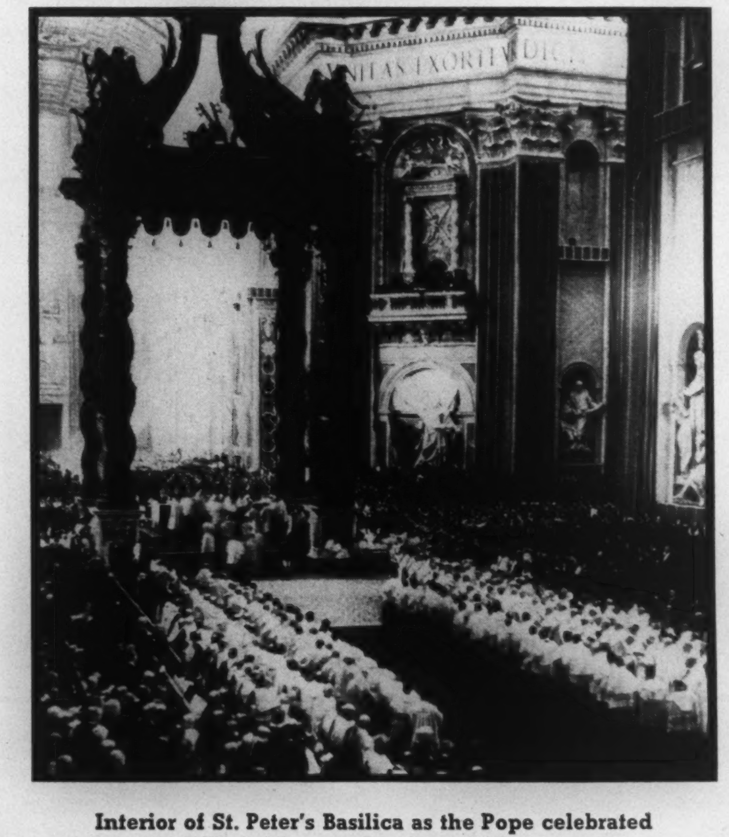
put war-time restrictions on himself and those living in the Vatican. The measures were taken, not then out of necessity, but in order to have the Papal State "set an austere example of simple and modest living in keeping with the times." Pope Pius XII led the way, although he has always lived simply. He dispensed with certain clerical assistance, lived in his private apartment, and ate sparsely and of the simplest food. As well restrictions were placed on entertainments. There are no theatres, cinemas, or cafes in Vatican City and some of its inhabitants spent their evenings in temporal Rome. After the war-time rules came into force special permission had to be obtained for leave after 11 p.m., and few were granted for entertainment.

The impression of the Vatican, the heart of the Roman Catholic Church, with its many historical buildings and monuments, the immense treasures of art, and the wonderful gardens—is heightened by the presence of the famous papal bodyguard, the historic Swiss Guard, whose origin dates back to the 15th century.

DURING the bombing of Rome the Pope is said to have remained quietly in his room in meditation. Yet he is a realist too, and though his behavior during the raids was proof of his courage and his faith in allied promises to leave the Vatican inviolate, within the tiny State an air-raid shelter has been constructed for his use if he deems fit. It consists of three small rooms each twelve feet square, and from there in case of necessity he could keep in touch with the world by radio.

Pope Pius XII is modern in his outlook, and he was responsible for the building of the Vatican radio station, with special short-wave apparatus for research. He believes in using every aid science can give in the cause of Christianity and peace. It is somewhat interesting to learn that his name, Pacelli, means "peace." Few men know the continent better than he, and in 1917 he was the bearer of a peace offer by which Pope Benedict XV sought to bring about a settlement of the last war. For ten years he was Cardinal Secretary of State to Pius XI, which brought him into contact with diplomats of all nations, and before that he was Papal Nuncio to Germany, a post he held for a dozen years. He has a passion for work and on a month's vacation seven years back he toured the United States from coast to coast, mainly by air. This is evidence not only of his idea of a "holiday," but of his acceptance of every modern advance.

Today he is the ruler of the Vatican City, owning allegiance to no man, but exercising spiritual authority over hundreds of millions. One dictator has fallen; the Vatican will live to see the day when the Nazis, who have persecuted the Christian Church in Germany so terribly, will have fallen too. "The Church," it has been said "is an anvil which has worn out many hammers."



Interior of St. Peter's Basilica as the Pope celebrated Pontifical High Mass at the time of his Coronation.

A view of the Pope's private study in Vatican City. Every room has some storied or artistic association.

The letters he's collecting will be treasured as souvenirs. They are sent mostly by visitors to Vatican City.

No train has ever arrived at or left this station. The whole length of railway is not more than 200 yards.

TED
GM-843

Yugoslavia, Big Problem of Moscow Conference

BY M. L. PETROVITCH

The Moscow Conference has had to deal with greater problems but certainly none more complex than the internal situation in Yugoslavia.

Is the Chetnik Mihailovitch subsidized by the Axis? Is the Partisan Drug Tito under the influence of Moscow? Does Russia want us to keep away from the Balkans?

The author meets the current trend towards Drug Tito with a defense of Mihailovitch. And, among other things, he quotes a well-informed source to give an indication that the Axis hasn't looked too belligerently on the Partisan organization.

THERE have probably been few more thorny problems relating to the immediate future worrying the participants in the Moscow Conference than that of the relations between the Chetniks and the Partisans in Yugoslavia. There is not much reason to suppose that Moscow had any hand in the original organization of the Partisans, but there has certainly been a disposition on the part of the Communist press in all parts of the world to look with a sympathetic eye on their activities and to accuse the Chetniks of being feeble if not actually traitorous in their resistance to the Nazi invaders. There have been conjectures to the effect that Moscow would prefer that the Balkans should not be used by the Western Allies (supporting the Chetniks) as a ground of attack upon Fortress Europa, and that the demand for a Second Front to be opened on the west side of Germany was largely an intimation that Russia disapproved of any entry by British and American forces into the Eastern Mediterranean area.

The Chetniks have been efficient opponents of Germany ever since the Nazis invaded Yugoslavia. They are the remnants that General Mihailovich could salvage of the old Yugoslavian army. The name which they bear is a part of heroic tradition of the Balkans, and was originally applied to the guerrillas who achieved the liberation of the Serbs from Turkish rule. They are largely mountaineers, with a lively affection for fighting.

The Partisans on the other hand are not so much Communists as radical agrarian peasants, many of them driven out from their lands by the invaders. Until the entry of Russia into the war they were without leadership and were roaming the country in marauding bands, but after the German attack on Russia they were provided with leadership by a few energetic and well financed Communists.

Mihailovitch and Nazis

At the end of 1941 Mihailovitch had some 100,000 guerrillas, well trained and disciplined, with a secure base of operations in the mountain fastnesses of their very rugged country. The Germans have naturally done all that they could to promote disunity in Yugoslavia, and have therefore fomented the dispute between the Chetniks and the Partisans with every means in their power. So long as they had any hope of maintaining their hold upon Yugoslavia their task was made easier by the fact that the Yugoslav people were divided into two irreconcilable factions.

The Partisan supporters have accused General Mihailovitch of having an understanding with the Germans. They have never been able to produce any proof of this, but have made the best use they could of the fact that the General, in the execution of a very sound policy, preferred to keep his troops intact as a solid fighting force until the armies of the United Nations were in a position to cooperate with him, and therefore abstained from large-scale operations, contenting himself with holding down a considerable German force by making occasional raids and by the threat of attack if the German occupation army were weakened.

Nazis Looked Other Way?

The Partisans, who operate on the principles employed by the Russians in their own territory occupied by the Germans, have undoubtedly given some trouble to the occupying forces by behind-the-lines sabotage. But there is a good deal of evidence to suggest that the Germans regard the Chetnik army as a much more serious threat to their long-range purposes. A well-informed Yugoslav source on this continent points out that the "Bihac Congress" of the Partisans at the end of 1942, which proclaimed itself as the only "Yugoslav army of freedom" and started the great Communist publicity campaign against Mihailovitch, "could not have been held without the consent and co-operation of the Gestapo and the puppet quisling government. Bihac, a town of 3,000 in Western Bosnia, is on a plateau, completely exposed and defenceless against bombing and is reached by a narrow-gauge railroad operated and guarded by the German and Croat Ustashi forces which maintain a strong outpost 30 miles from Bihac.

"Invitations to this so-dubbed anti-nazi congress were sent out *publicly* weeks in advance of the appointed time. Yet somehow the delegates came and went through the enemy lines on an enemy-controlled railroad. Bihac was not molested during the idyllic deliberations of the Partisan Assemby although the Germans could easily have bombed it to pieces in a few minutes if they had wished to do so. There is no evidence that any of the delegates were arrested, interned or even questioned by the Germans. Accounts of the Congress in the Communist press even stated that the delegates were entertained by the Zagreb Symphony Orchestra, presumably loaned for the occasion from the capital of Croatia by Ante Pavelich, Governor of this Nazi-satellite state.

"The Partisans have bruited their victories over the Free Yugoslavia radio station until recently. The radio station purported to be in the Partisan stronghold in Yugoslavia. It stated at one time that the Partisan army had over 200,000 fighters with large reserves and that they governed two fifths of the country, that Mihailovich had affiliated himself with the Germans and that the Partisans had armored trains running along the Adriatic in Dalmatia. (There are no Dalmatian railroads paralleling the Adriatic.) It claimed credit for all actions of Mihailovich's forces, for the Partisans.

"This mysterious radio station has been located by competent radio technicians. They place it approximately 600 miles east of Yugoslavia, in the exact location of Tiflis."

Two Colonels for a Tank

The same source gives a very interesting explanation of the so-called "trading with Italians" of which Mihailovich had been accused by Communist writers. The true story is that General Mihailovich has used his Italian prisoners as currency to purchase badly needed war-material, not only gasoline but even weapons. This traffic had reached such proportion before the Allied invasion of Italy, that one Italian officer in command of a district, Colonel Roatta, was relieved of his post because he actually signed a trade agreement to exchange, for example, two colonels for one tank, a captain for a load of salt, etc.

The General's forces are reported by British observers to be well trained. His chief of staff is a British officer. Mihailovich himself is a professional soldier. After the early loss of his parents he was brought up by his uncle, a famous Serbian Colonel. At fifteen he entered the Serbian Military Academy at Belgrade. At nineteen he interrupted his training to fight against the Turks. A year later, in 1913, he was wounded in the war with Bulgaria. Returning with the rank of second lieutenant and decorated with the Obilich Medal for Bravery, he left school again when Austria attacked Serbia in 1914. Again wounded, he received the order of the White Eagle.

In 1916, 1917 and 1918 he fought in practically every battle on the Balkan front and finally returned to Serbia wearing the highest decoration of his country, the Karajordge Star with crossed swords.

He served as a military attache in the intervening years of peace, and wrote a number of military treatises which, had they been followed by his Government, might have saved Yugoslavia. Here he parallels General de Gaulle, who also recommended to his government adaptation of guerrilla tactics and expansion of mechanized units.

Due to these forthright suggestions Mihailovich was in disfavor with the pro-Axis Prince Paul Government of Yugoslavia, holding at the time of the German invasion a minor post as assistant to the Chief-of-Staff in Mostar, near the Adriatic coast.

The Yugoslav army was betrayed by its Croat elements and defeated. Mihailovich immediately set about rallying the shattered Serb units. Moving into the mountains beyond reach of the German armored columns, he merged these troops with Chetnik guerrillas, the Serbian peasant fighters.

Within five weeks Mihailovich had an army again with new munition depots, new system of codes and new liaison service. In June he attacked the Germans so effectively that they were obliged to withdraw troops from the Russian front to build up and maintain there the largest force in any of the occupied countries. Mihailovich has consistently kept thirty German divisions occupied.

China is air-minded to a degree inconceivable in Canada. Young children, like this five-year-old being fitted with parachute harness, jump from Chungking's parachute tower.

Speed the Victory!

● The invasion that you've waited for is underway . . . thundering on far off battle fields. Our boys are in it! Every advance they make brings closer the day when the "fortress of Europe" will be blasted wide open . . . and backing them up are *your* tanks, *your* guns, *your* ships, *your* planes.

Today . . . thousands of Canadians are in action on the battle fronts of the world. Their lives are at stake. They depend on you to provide all the equipment they need to successfully wage war. To see that everyone of our boys has a fighting chance to come home safe and sound is *your* responsibility . . . *your* privilege. You can do it with dollars . . . Victory Bond Dollars. Back the boys to the limit by investing in Bonds to the limit and you'll help *Speed the Victory!*

Buy another
VICTORY BOND
to-day!

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

ELECTRICITY IS A WAR WEAPON *Save it!*

THIS WAS MY BROTHER
AT DIEPPE,
QUIETLY A HERO
WHO GAVE HIS LIFE
LIKE A GIFT,
WITHHOLDING NOTHING.

HIS YOUTH . . . HIS LOVE . . .
HIS ENJOYMENT OF BEING ALIVE . . .
HIS FUTURE, LIKE A BOOK
WITH HALF THE PAGES STILL UNCUT—

THIS WAS MY BROTHER
AT DIEPPE—
THE ONE WHO BUILT ME A DOLL HOUSE
WHEN I WAS SEVEN,
COMPLETE TO THE LAST SMALL PICTURE FRAME,
NOTHING FORGOTTEN.

HE WAS AWFULLY GOOD AT FIXING THINGS,
AT STEPPING INTO THE BREACH WHEN HE WAS NEEDED.

THAT'S WHAT HE DID AT DIEPPE;
HE WAS NEEDED.
AND EVEN DEATH MUST HAVE BEEN A LITTLE SHAMED
AT HIS EAGERNESS!

—*Mona Gould.*

This moving tribute is by a youthful author in memory of her older brother, Lt.-Col. Howard McTavish of London, Ont., killed on active service with the Royal Canadian Engineers, August, 1942.

◇ ◇ ◇

We print it now on behalf of the Fifth Victory Loan.

◇ ◇ ◇

If all of us in our work at home pause and reflect on the heroism and sacrifices of our forces on every fighting front we surely cannot do less than make our own humble sacrifices, enabling us to buy more Bonds for Victory.

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CHEVROLET • OLDSMOBILE
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In India these troops of the Chinese Expeditionary Forces are in training against the day they will meet and oust the Jap invaders from China. Here is a review of 105 MM howitzers and gun crews who will man them.

THE OTTAWA LETTER

Will Quebec Get Wage Parity?

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

A NEW and very pointed question is rapidly taking shape for the confusion of Canada's war and post-war economy which will not be answered at least until the government gets around to removing the covers from its labor relations plan and putting it into operation. Whether the new labor plan will answer the question remains to be seen. It might be expected to do so if it were not for the obtruding threat of an early general election. Government planning for an election might indicate some hedging which would leave the question unanswered.

We refer to the question of what is to be done about the movement now developing among labor unions in Quebec for wage parity for Quebec workers with workers in Ontario and other English-speaking provinces. What, it may be asked, is the premise for the assumption that there is such a movement? The answer is that recent, current, and pending applications for wage adjustments to the Quebec Regional War Labor Board and appeals to the National War Labor Board are of a pattern which point quite definitely to such a movement, and that utterances in nationalist quarters in Quebec tend to confirm this evidence. A drive for wage rate parity appears to be a part of the somewhat patchwork program of economic nationalism which racial war issues are fostering in the French province.

Under the wartime wage control order which limits the rulings of Regional War Labor Boards and the National Board there is no provision for wage adjustments to wipe out interprovincial differentials in wage rates. The order does not go beyond permitting adjustments to remove discrepancies within local areas. In their submissions to the McTague tribunal during the labor relations inquiry the big labor organizations put in a tentative bid for national wage levels but did not press it with anything like the vigor expended on other proposals, evidently considering the proposition too difficult to establish.

Wage Increases Pending

One of the first things to be done under the pending labor plan, no matter what is done in other connections, is the rewriting of the wage control order. In this rewriting, we have some reason to think, the discretionary powers of the National War Labor Board will be enlarged. Are they going to be enlarged to the extent of leaving it with the Board to say whether Quebec workers have a claim for wage increases because workers in Ontario are getting higher wages than they are? And if they are, on what principle is the Board going to determine the question?

All these interrogation marks are beginning to trouble those who are concerned for the situation on the economic front, and intensify their impatience with the government's prolonged reticence about the labor plan. Already there are indications here of uneasiness on the part of manufacturing interests about the matter.

Naturally enough too it is causing uneasiness to Donald Gordon and his price control assistants. They are now faced with the immediate and unwelcome task of stretching their price ceilings over an increase in the cost of living bonus impending for the wage period commencing on November 15 as a result of advances in the cost of living over the last three months. The bonus boost will add considerably to production costs of consumer goods subject to price ceilings. A couple of months ago Gordon wanted to subsidize enough of these goods to bar the bonus increase, but Finance Minister Ilsley withheld his approval.

And the price control administration is constantly confronted with higher production costs resulting from Labor Board rulings allowing applications for wage adjustments. Imagine the effect on its sorely tried spirit of even a vague prospect of a wholesale lifting of wages and production costs over an area the size of Quebec!

Better Farm Prices

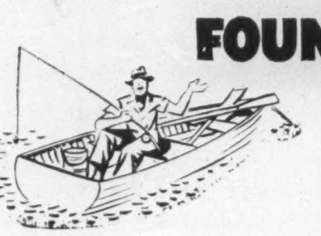
On top of all this there is Mr. Gardiner with his single-track approach to the problem of increased food production—or at any rate of keeping food production from decreasing. Mr. Gardiner's solution of the problem continues to be what it has been all along: better prices for farm producers. And what other solution is there? The big obstacle to production is the shortage of manpower. Apparently there is no way of making up this shortage. And Canada must produce food to the limit of capacity to discharge its share in the obligation of the Allies to provide relief for the peoples of the occupied countries upon their liberation. Most of this relief must come from America and it is belatedly and disturbingly recognized that there will be far from enough of it. Everything possible has to be done to limit the extent of default under this obligation.

So the Minister of Agriculture would get the most out of the farm manpower that is available, by encouraging farmers to work harder and enabling them to pay better wages by giving them higher prices for their products. Further price increases on primary food products may be expected.

These increases will either enlarge the subsidy cost of maintaining the price ceiling structure, or compel more breaks in consumer price ceilings, or both.

All things considered, it is not surprising that the feeling of relief with which the anti-inflation administrators received a few weeks ago the word that in connection with the labor plan the price ceiling policy would be reaffirmed is melting away. If the cabinet withholds this reaffirmation much longer it is going to be pretty well obsolete when it does come.

The process of re-anchoring price ceilings will have to start at a spot several points higher than the level at which they were anchored when Mr. Justice McTague submitted his much discussed but still undisclosed report—a report which must hold the national record for acquiring fame while still an official secret.



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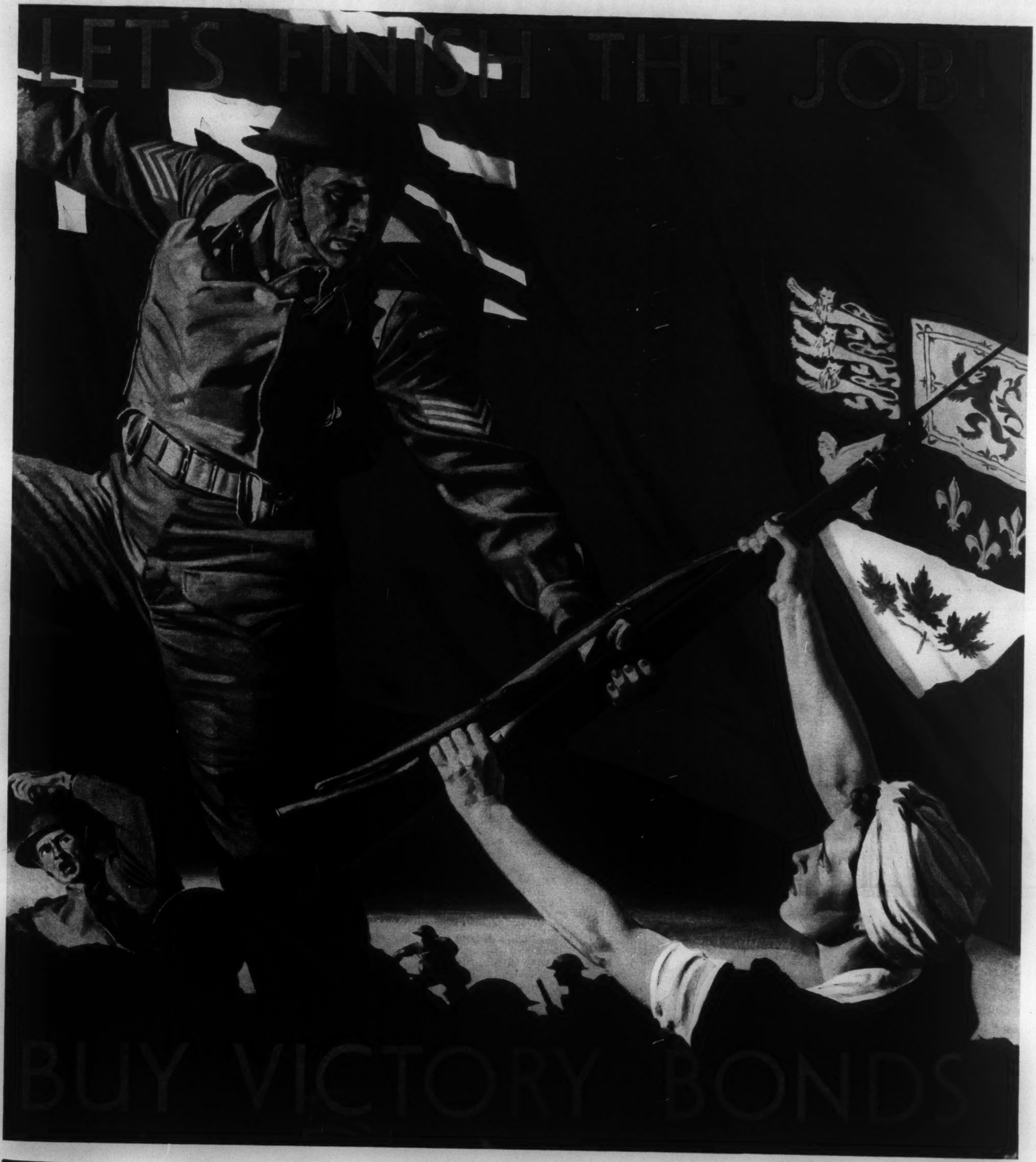
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Manpower Has Opened a New Lifeline to China

BY HAROLD ALBERT

They say the Chinese can't be beaten. And when you hear of exploits like this you know why.

To replace the Burma road five hundred thousand Chinese have built a new highway, by hand. Working with wooden-handscoops, coolie baskets, gunpowder and elephants they have completed within less than twelve months a construction job that compares with the building of the Great Wall of China. The Assam Road is now open for one-way traffic and the time is coming when it will be a highway second to none in the world.

THIS is a story that begins with elephants and azaleas—and ends with thousands of lorries rushing Lease-Lend material towards Chungking. The saga of China's vital victory line — the new road that crosses dank jungles and roaring rivers and finally flings itself at a height of 10,000 feet across the humped Himalayan roof of the world.

At present it's a one-way pipe-line, pouring munitions—everything from gas-masks to the guns made in the new Indian arsenals — to General Chiang Kai-shek's forces. Even the lorries never return. They bed down under camouflage nets in the Yantze rice paddies. Or Chinese troops rush them on, right up to the battlefronts. There's no room as yet for a double traffic line—and "China first" is the slogan.

But the tenuous initial track—running for 2,300 miles along the precipitous slopes and windswept steppes of Tibet and High Asia—has already smashed the Jap threat to cut China's supplies.

Cast your mind back to the days—little more than a year ago—when the Japanese severed the Burma Road. Evacuating the last refugees of the exodus, the R.A.F. received a queer "come ahead" signal from the China Airways field at Myitkyina. It was so fishy that our Assam personnel guessed the Japs had stormed the station and were setting a trap with a China Airways' code. Two 'planes which it was impossible to warn did in fact go to Myitkyina—and were torn apart by machine-guns.

That self-same day Colonel Caleb Williams turned in the first full aerial survey of the proposed Assam Road, and Chungking gave the "go ahead" signal. Building the Burma Road had taken three years for 737 miles. The Assam highway was to be three times as long, rise twice as high, face the added difficulty of torrential rains and landslides from June to October.

Manpower! !

The completion of the one-way trail in less than twelve months was a triumph, not for steam shovels and pressure drills and tractors, but for 500,000 old men, women and children. They blazed the way through the jungle, up mountain sides and through the snow-hemmed passes—*by hand!*

Coolie baskets slung across shoulders on bamboo poles removed tons of dirt. Wooden handscoops carved the grades. Children pulverized small stones cracked from larger ones by their mothers. Elephants tugged away the azalea clumps—towering as giant oaks—in the Assam valleys. Gunpowder wedged into bamboo canes served for dynamite. On the Litang-Chengtu sector the local workmen made wooden lathes, melted down holed Chinese coins for wheels and produced road tools. Hundreds of bridges were made from willow and chestnut—felled and hewn on the spot.

But then came trouble. In the remoter Himalayan valleys death lay in waiting. Devils that devoured men, not to be conquered by lama magic. Here, too, silent and deserted, lay whole villages with ruined buildings filled with rotting bones. Malignant malaria was the curse of these badlands, a tiny black mosquito the arch-demon behind it.

Led by Dr. Victor Haas, fifteen of China's plague experts and a group of sixteen U.S. medicos entered the fight. They called in another army of 200 Chinese doctors with 500 coolie assistants. They set thousands more to work ahead of the roadmakers, digging drains, building cleansing stations, stringing fine mesh. Thousands of gallons of oil were spread on the breeding-grounds. Anti-mosquito vaccine was shipped from all over the world.

'Bombing' Mosquitoes

The sky had always been filled with the drone of freight 'planes, twin-engined Douglas transports clipping the jagged peaks, carrying double loads through ice and storm-clouds. Now Dr. Haas, benefiting by experience further south, called in another flying fleet to bomb the road camps with Paris green and other anti-mosquito dust. Wounded aviators, on leave from the Chinese fronts, got back their flying skill by killing mosquitoes instead of Japs!

The camps, too, had always been guarded at night against prowling wolves and even leopards. Now all barracks had double doors with a sentry at each door to spray workmen—and keep out mosquitoes. The dreaded devils were beaten. Men who had shunned the valleys and long lived lawlessly in the hills drifted back and joined the roadmakers when they learned of their magic immunity.

And as the rising trail probed higher into the Himalayan fastnesses there came other "miracles". The Tibetan natives have a legend of a sea in the clouds, a sea that is the water supply of the gods of the mountain. The legend became reality in a shimmering lake thirty miles long 8,000 feet in the mountains—a marvel which great rock barriers had jealously preserved from the eyes of all but a few.

Truly a Colossal Task

The "gods" themselves came down—angry armies of stone-throwing apes, with whom pitched battles were fought.

The job went on, whipping the rains, the snows and double misfortune. Hundreds lost their lives in thunderous avalanches, in sudden floods amid the head-waters of the great Asiatic rivers. The tumultuous waters were drained by tiny water wheels originally used to irrigate rice fields. Thousands of men and women cut off by a landslide were kept alive with supplies dropped by parachute. Precarious rope bridges were replaced by amazing suspension bridges capable of taking the heaviest trucks and tractors.

In the "secret" — but now road-linked—city of Lhasa, the Dalai Lama staged a great welcome for the doctors and organizing engineers. And the job went on.

This colossal task, waged against incredible difficulties of terrain and provision, makes the fame of the Burma Road look bogus. And to-day the second width is already progressing.

The truck drivers—men of steel—sleep at good rest-houses safe as can be from the malaria menace. Deep channels dug on the inner side of the road, with retaining walls and draining culverts, have inked out the landslide risk. The time is coming when giant lorries will race five and six abreast along a highway second to none in the world, rushing arms to serve China's big push, returning with loads of tungsten and quick-silver and the modern spices and silver and jade of the Orient.

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BRITISH NEWS LETTER

Britain Dilatory on Domestic Post-War Planning

BY COMMANDER STEPHEN KING-HALL, M.P.

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THE debate on post-war Britain continues. Nay, as Mr. Churchill might say, it gathers force with the passing months.

Extremists on either side would have us believe that we are faced with a choice between the anarchist's dream of a society in which no restraints are placed on the individual's behavior, and a sort of totalitarian slave state in which every British citizen would be born, live his life, die and be buried as instructed by the officials of Whitehall.

Lest you consider this a gross overstatement, here is the view of Captain Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary for Air, towards post-war planning. In a speech a few days ago he suggested the ultimate ideal of the planners to be "the raising of utility families in accordance with state guidance, the children as soon as possible being enrolled in the ever-swelling ranks of the stooges and trained to serve, to look only to the state for all sustenance, security and benefit, right from the days of the state creche to the evening of life, directed to be spent in some bare-walled but beautifully sanitary institution run of course under the state medical service."

These extreme views are nonsense, as every thinking person knows. In modern life restrictions on individual action are inescapable. Take the simplest kind of example. In "the good old days" there was no such thing as traffic regulations; today the state obliges us to drive on one side of the road. Only by such "restrictions" can the present-day volume of traffic move along the roads. Without them there would be chaos, and many more deaths from traffic accidents.

No sensible person wants state intervention for its own sake; the planners (leaving aside the doctrinaires and extremists) insist that the principle of traffic regulation must be extended in our economic and social life if we are to progress towards fuller employment, elimination of hardships due to unemployment, higher standards of national health and education, and fuller use of the national resources for the community as a whole.

Chaos After Last War

To reply to the argument "Win the war first and plan the peace afterwards" the planners point to the chaos which followed World War I, when this policy was generally followed. They point to such matters as state control of the use of land. Will the devastated areas be rebuilt with an eye to the interests of the whole community, or will the person or persons who happen to own the land be permitted to use it as they choose regardless of the effect on the community? Until decisions are taken on these questions, speculation in land values will go on unchecked, and when the moment for rebuilding comes, or for deciding how a particular piece of land is to be used, it may be too late or too costly to fit the area in question into a carefully prepared scheme.

The test which must be applied to all planning is simple: Does it in the long run contribute to the well-being of the community? Strictly speaking the Beveridge Report is not so much a piece of planning as a rationalization of existing social security measures, but it will serve as an illustration. Will it help to raise the material and spiritual level of the nation by eliminating hardship and the fear of want, without detracting too much from the individual's own sense of responsibility? If the answer is yes, then the Beveridge Plan should be translated into law. Again, will forethought and planning help us to achieve fuller employment after the war than we are likely to get if individual firms and businesses are left to paddle their own canoes? If so, then forethought and planning there must be.

Incidentally, some people who are screaming most loudly for "full individual initiative" are the first to ask for government intervention when it comes to some matters such as protective tariffs; and this inconsistency is voiced by some labor leaders as well as by businessmen.

Among all that has been said about planning to meet post-war problems, the reports of Beveridge, Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow and the education proposals call for special attention at the present time. In the hurly-burly of wartime life, many people have only a confused idea of these proposals and of what has or has not been done about them.

Before giving a brief summary of the situation, two comments are in order. First, the Commissions of Inquiry, such as that of Lord Justice Scott, were not partisan bodies. On the contrary they were selected by the Government to make recommendations on the basis of an impartial and expert survey of the situation. Second, the Government has tended to treat their recommendations not in this light but as subjects for political bargaining. An incredible amount of procrastination and shilly-shallying has gone on, as the following timetable shows:

Nothing Done Yet

BEVERIDGE. This famous report on social security, made public December 1, 1942, was debated in the House of Commons on three days in last February, when the Government undertook that their proposals would be formulated and presented to the House in the form of a White Paper. Some Members of Parliament demanded full and immediate implementation of the report, and in the resulting division 119 votes were cast against the Government.

Maternity grants, allowances for children, unemployment, disability benefits, pensions for widows and aged persons, funeral benefits, marriage grants and a comprehensive medical service were among the points covered in the plan.

The Government accepted with reservations certain proposals, turned down others, and left a number completely in the air. The suggestion that the so-called industrial insurance business should be transformed into a public service under a special board was rejected, the Government saying that "it had enough on hand without that". The recommendation to set up a Ministry of Social Security was also rejected.

What has happened since the debate in the House? On June 23 Sir William Jowitt, Minister without Portfolio, to whom was left the task of preparing legislation on the lines indicated by the Government in February, said that constructive work was "proceeding expeditiously". "The problems involved in working out the scheme are intricate and largely inter-related, and it is not possible to make any further statement at this stage." From time to time questions were asked about the White Paper.

We move on to September again. Sir William Jowitt speaks in the House. "The Government hopes to publish a White Paper in the next few months showing the progress which has been made on the major problem, and in respect of some matters setting out considerations on which further consultation would be desirable before conclusions can be reached."

Sir William added that a separate White Paper on a comprehensive medical service is to be presented "shortly". On the general question he hoped that "the next few months" meant before the end of the year, but he could make no definite promise.

UTHWATT. The committee presided over by Mr. Justice Uthwatt was set up in January 1941. Its report was presented in September 1942. It suggested that the state should take over control of the development of land, and included proposals for purchase of development rights in rural areas and for a levy on betterment values. These are some things that would happen if the report became law: a great improvement in the road systems; control of the expansion of towns and cities and the redevelopment of devastated areas; planned location of industry; beauty spots preserved; establishment of green belts and national parks.

Certain building societies and landowners protested against the provisions of the report. Last month the national executive of the Labor Party urged the early introduction of legislation to give effect to the report.

A few days ago Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister of Town and Country Planning, promised that the terms in which the Government was prepared to accept two of the Uthwatt proposals would be announced shortly.

This news is hardly suggestive of progress, in view of the fact that the two proposals in question had already been accepted in principle by **Lord Reith** many months ago when he was Minister of Works. The two proposals were that local authorities should be given power to purchase all land in reconstruction areas for redevelopment and land values should be fixed at the level of March 1939.

Mr. Morrison's statement omitted all reference to certain important proposals made in the report, and gave no indication when the necessary legislation would be introduced. Mr. Morrison had however much to say about the danger of making hasty decisions. Meanwhile speculation in land continues and is certain to increase the difficulties of rebuilding the devastated areas.

SCOTT. The report of Lord Justice Scott's committee on land utilization in rural areas was issued in August 1942. It was a five year plan. The report said that in this period there could be completed town and country planning schemes, houses for rural workers, a proper survey of villages, programs for linking up villages with adequate water, gas and electricity supplies, a national park scheme, doing away with unsightly advertisement boardings, etc., access to the countryside, and proper determination of foot and bridle paths.

On September 22, 1943, Lord Snell in the Lords debate stated that the Government hoped to make a statement on both the Scott and Uthwatt reports "in the next two or three weeks". Lord Latham called the statement "an essay on the virtues of procrastination."

Not a Party Fight

There is a similar record in connection with Sir Montague Barlow's Commission on the distribution of industrial population, appointed in 1937, and reporting three years later.

It is encouraging however to note that the planning for a Better Britain has not descended to a battle between political parties as such. There is a high common denominator of aims and views between the progressive members of all three parties, and the publication a few days ago of the pamphlet "Forward by the Right" by the Tory Reform Committee shows that the Liberals and Labor have no monopoly of ideas on how manpower, materials and savings should be used after the war to promote full employment, fair distribution and social security.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Wartime Sports Discovered

BY KIMBALL McILROY

(Here SATURDAY NIGHT'S *former Sports Editor, now a Canadian soldier in England, presents another of his entirely unreliable analyses of sporting conditions in that country.)*

IN OUR last communication from the battlefront (most serious battle observed to date occurring when this department arrived simultaneously with six others outside bathroom to take bath in billets) we deplored the fact that at that writing we had seen neither actual nor pictorial evidence that sports were still being played in the land which used to win its battles on playing fields. The deduction from this evidence that sports were not being played here has proved to be erroneous.

The sports just weren't being played in the particular places where this department chanced to be. This was not surprising inasmuch as from time immemorial the only sport indulged in at these places has been an esoteric form of weight-lifting done with the right hand (left in the case of those wounded in the right arm or both in the case of those who have been working in the hot sun) with weights in two categories: the ten-ounce (or half-pint) and the twenty-ounce (or pint).

Sports are still being played here —cricket, soccer, tennis, and all the old bunch—and some afternoon between the hours of two-thirty and six-thirty we will have to go and look at them. The trick is to find them, since apparently to advertise a sporting event is considered an indiscretion roughly tantamount to tossing the teapot at a cricket umpire. Prospective fans are evidently expected to sniff the affair out like an eager beagle. The only sports event that we can think of for which this procedure would be eminently satisfactory is a Mike Jacobs fight.

WAR INEVITABLY leads to improvization and substitution, and this fact can be observed at work in the world of sport. New ones have sprung up, some of them mere adaptations of older favorites and others wholly new. A few of these it might be well to describe at this time.

In days of peace we used to have the obstacle race and the high and low hurdles and the paperchase and the cross-country run. Fine pastimes, all of them, though in many cases no longer feasible, so the inventive Englishman has evolved a new sport which combines the best features of all of those mentioned. This is known as Travelling by Train.

On first sight English trains look like toys and one instinctively glances about for the key with which to wind up the clockwork. The misapprehension, however, is entirely visual because the things go very fast and very smoothly. Unfortunately they go everywhere. Everywhere except (a) in a straight line or (b) where you happen to want to go. The result is a fascinating game which combines suspense and excitement with the thrill of discovery and a substantial outlay of cash. For example, you get on a train and tell them that you want to go to X. They say they don't go to X but do go to Y, where you can get a train for X. This, you find on arrival at Y, is somewhat misleading. They haven't got a train which goes to X, but they have one which goes to Z, where you can definitely get a train for X. When you get to Z you don't even ask. You know damn well they haven't got a train for X, but you're in the spirit of things by now and either you go and take a chance on W or you go home and try it all over again tomorrow.

Certain people of little imagination have suggested that all this could be obviated by the publication of timetables, but any real sportsman of course treats the suggestion with the contempt it deserves.

OBVIOUSLY Travelling by Train is a game rather than a sport. That is, it exercises the mental capacities, if any, rather than the physical. It has, therefore, its strenuous counterpart in a pastime commonly known as Travelling Anywhere. This is a sport for the hardy, for those, say, who after finishing in the Boston Marathon would turn around and trot back over the course just for the exercise.

As everyone knows, England is liberally crowded with various forms of mechanical transportation. Even excluding the train, there are buses and taxis. There are and we can vouch for the fact. Why, only last week and after but two hours of steadfast searching we found a taxicab. The driver was very sorry but it was getting on for teatime and anyway he didn't feel much like going where we wanted to go. We haven't seen another. There are lots of buses, but as a gesture of patriotism and at the urging of the Health League they very considerately stop running at just about the time anyone wants to go anywhere.

Travelling Anywhere, to the neophyte, is a very embarrassing sport. Only yesterday we did a mere sixteen miles during the evening and gave unmistakable signs of exhaustion. It was mortifying. To be even a Class Three Junior Member you have to do twenty.

One of the most popular of the newer sports is that known as Looking for Jerry. One is inclined to disagree with those who find its derivation in the classic Easter egg hunt and to agree rather with those who suggest an analogy with the needle in the haystack. The game, naturally, has become increasingly difficult with the passing of time. Once it was rather distressingly easy, in that some 400 to 500 Jerries might be visible at one time with the naked eye.

The rules are very simple and can be learned by a child. In fact they are, very quickly. You are puttering about your business when all of a sudden a siren starts making a lot of noise. You go right on about your business, from time to time cocking an eye at the sky. You don't see anything, usually. If you do, that's a point for you until someone recognizes it as a Spitfire.

BY FAR the most popular of indoor sports at the moment is Time, Gentlemen, Please. Old-timers inform us that this sport has always occupied a warm spot in the English heart. Perhaps because it is played in such congenial surroundings. In any event, there are certain establishments over here which are ordained by law to close at certain stated hours. Similar emporia in Canada are governed by similar laws, but here they mean them. To play the game, you fill a large container with any available liquid at roughly five minutes before the appointed hour. Everyone waits with expressions of happy expectancy. Precisely on the hour a stout party with a red face steps out and says "Time, gentlemen, please" and occasionally "Drink up". You do. Great stamina is required and a large capacity helps.

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The Leader of Our Leading Educationalists

BY D. P. O'HEARN

The Canada and Newfoundland Education Association is at present engaged in the very important study of the trend that our educational system should take after the war.

There has already been worthwhile fruit from this study, notably the report released a few months ago by the Association's Survey Committee, headed by Dr. W. H. Percival of Quebec. The newly-elected President of the Association who will pilot its activities through what promises to be a most significant year is Dr. V. K. Greer of the Ontario Department of Education.

LAST spring a document which will have a strong influence on our future in Canada was released for public consumption. It was a survey of education, an estimate of the requirements of this extremely important field in the overhauling being prepared for our public life at large. The survey was authoritative. It was prepared by a committee of the Canada and Newfoundland Education Association, than which there is no more authoritative body on secondary education in Canada. In its report the Association, as the saying goes, cooked with gas. It recommended many extensive things, including, as a start, the spending of a hundred and forty-four million dollars more a year on education in Canada.

Recently in Quebec city the Deputy Ministers of Education, College of Education and Normal School principals, chief school superintendents and inspectors and other leading educational gentlemen who make up the body of the Canada and Newfoundland Education Association met for the twenty-first time in annual convention. After deliberating for two days on the future of education the gentlemen in the most pleasant business of their proceedings elected their President for the coming year. This honor, and chief responsibility for piloting the Association in its further plans for post-war education they passed on to a most suitable incumbent, Dr. Vanamber Kenneth Greer, M.A., LL.D., Chief Inspector of Public and Separate Schools for the Province of Ontario.

Honors have been fairly frequent of late for Dr. Greer. Only little more than a year ago Queen's University most fittingly bestowed on him an LL.D. This and the more recent honor at the hands of his colleagues are tribute to a most ardent and contented worker in the cause of education.

Dr. Greer is a grand example of that most human and happy of persons: a devoted teacher. He has always made teaching his vocation and never considered any other. Today through circumstances he happens also to be a civil servant but he is still essentially a teacher. Education holds over him completely that strong sway which it is so peculiarly capable of exercising over a disciple.

Such a man may sound a little unreal. Dr. Greer isn't. He was born in Winchester in Eastern Ontario in 1885. His father was straight from Ireland, his mother was of Loyalist stock. He went to Winchester public schools and Morrisburg Collegiate, and his life has been quite usual ever since except that it has centred exclusively on the one purpose.

His teaching career was begun at a country school in Wentworth County, following a year at the Ontario Normal College. He then became principal of Tweed public school, and from there went to Queen's to spend a few years on a specialist course in mathematics. After taking his degree, with first class honors, he became an inspector in Dundas county. From there he taught at St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, Stratford Normal School and London city schools, and in 1923 became senior inspector of public schools for the city of London. In 1925 at the instigation of Dr. F. W. Merchant, Superintendent of Education, he took on his present position. At the time, it might be noted, he was just forty.

Burdened, But Contented

Today Dr. Greer is a pleasant man in his late fifties who looks late forty and undoubtedly has had a contented life. He has a son, who is a doctor overseas, and a married daughter. He plays golf—in the high eighties (sometimes in the low nineties)—plies an adequate spade in his garden and otherwise does the same things that you and I do. But not to the same degree; most of his life is tied up with education.

The Chief Inspector in Ontario is responsible for a hundred and thirty-six inspectors, who in turn have large responsibility for the state of well-being of all the elementary schools throughout the province. At present there are added trials, including the job of staffing the many schools in the province. And then, of course, education is going through a period of change and the inspection department is responsible for seeing that any changes are properly carried out in the schools. It all places a burden on the Chief Inspector.

In carrying out its inspection functions the Ontario department typifies the modern trend in education. It follows the policy that stress in education should be laid on developing the child, and urges that teaching should aim at training the pupil to act and think for himself rather than cramming him with facts. This principle is also followed through by the inspectors in their contacts with the teachers, when so far as possible the school-work is left to the individual initiative of the teacher.

This policy is the crux of Dr. Greer's personal philosophy on education. He believes strongly in development of the individual, though always within the necessities of the system. He places strong importance on the play life of the child, and believes it is very important for children to absorb practical experience in citizenship in the schools.

In these principles Dr. Greer is modern, but in no way is he radical. He has that nice balance of the progressive who appreciates that the past hasn't been completely wrong—and for his task as President of the Canada and Newfoundland Association this would seem to stand him in excellent stead at the moment when the Association is studying wide plans for the future.

Dr. V. K. Greer, M.A., LL.D.

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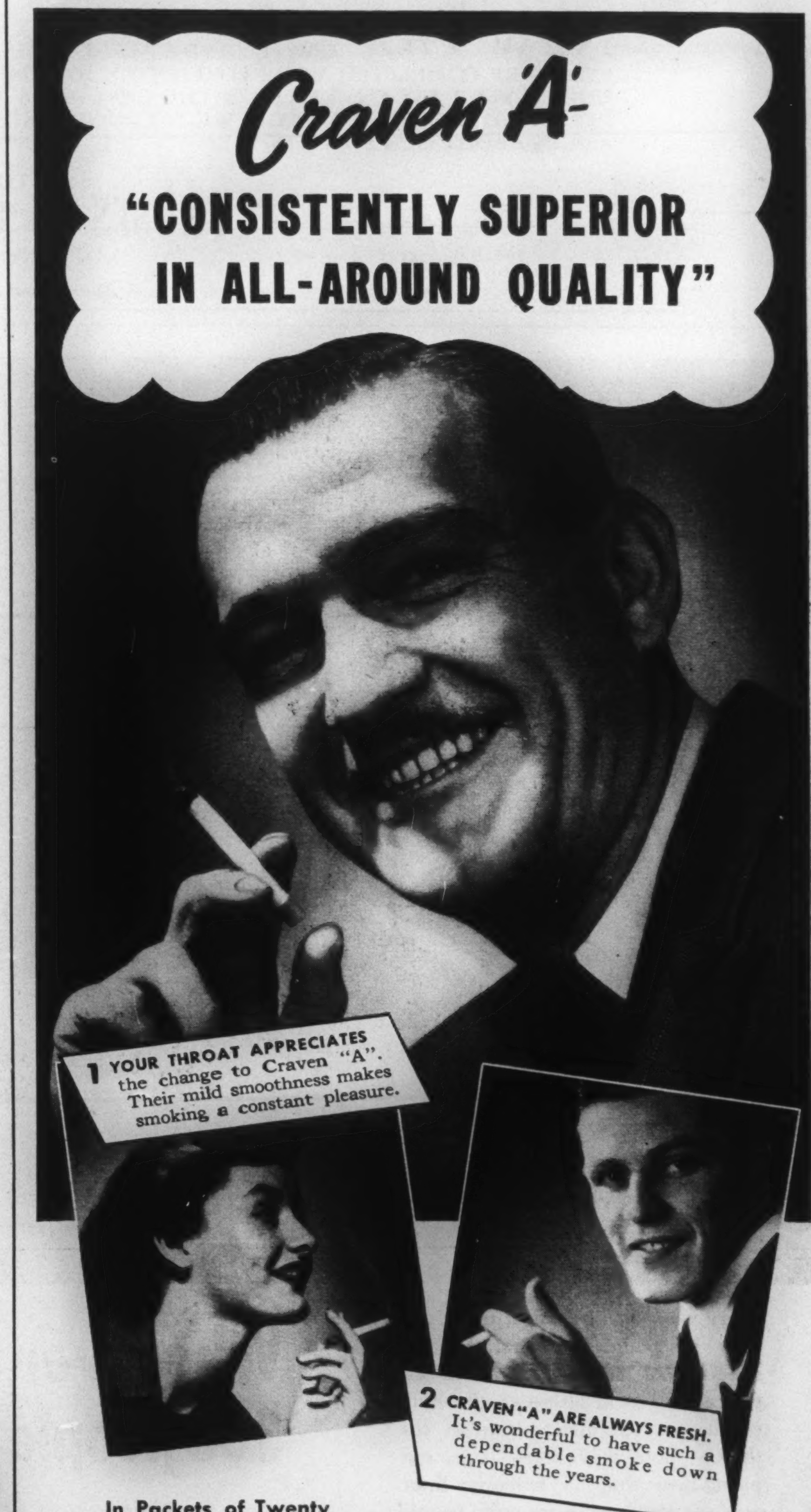
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On the Blue Express Going Down to the Arctic

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

In this, the third of his series of articles on the northwest territory, Mr. Davies through a description of his trip out of Edmonton on the boat train portrays the colorful people who are on the move through the busy north today.

BOAT TRAINS are romantic. There's always a busy bustle; people are excited, sad, happy, apprehensive—never indifferent or passive. The unknown, the promising is ahead. Something to look forward to.

There are, or rather there were many famous boat trains. The trains from London to Southampton and Dover, from Paris to Cherbourg and Le Havre, from Montreal to Quebec and Halifax. These trains have disappeared for the duration. But one train, less known, even unknown, still remains. The boat train north from Edmonton to Waterways, Alberta.

This is the boat train connecting Canada and the United States with ships plying the Athabasca, Slave and Mackenzie Rivers and with the Arctic Ocean.

Boat train from Edmonton . . . the very idea is amusing. The city is a thousand miles from the Pacific, three thousand miles from the Atlantic. It is an inland city. And yet the boat train is real enough. Come along to the station and see for yourself.

The train runs only once a week—on Tuesday morning. In the summer. The sun beats upon the platform.

The C.N.R. station from which the train departs is crowded. You push through the crowds and walk towards the train. Suddenly you stop. The train is blue, bright blue. That was a happy thought. The train blends into the scene, harmonizes with the sky, avoids the humdrum dullness of the ordinary. As I watch the train I think of the Blue Express in the France that was, the express through the Riviera.

No Hurry

The scene is different here, except for the summer sun. Here you see soldiers in the uniforms of the Canadian and United States Armies; prospectors carrying heavy packs; construction workers in checkered shirts and leather lumberjackets; women with children; youngsters.

As has always been the case with boat trains ever since the beginning of their time so here the representatives of the steamship companies are on hand. Vigorous, greyhaired and distinguished looking David Hutchison, Manager of the Mackenzie Transportation Company, operated by the Hudson's Bay Company, and smiling, round-faced Mr. Broderick of the Northern Transportation Company, the Radium Line, operated by the Eldorado Gold Mines.

This is really Mr. Hutchison's day, for this train connects with the Northland Echo scheduled to depart on Wednesday. He checks on his passengers, makes certain that the freight and baggage get on board, gives the Pullman porters instructions to take good care of the northward travelling folk.

Through the crowd, weaving in and out with difficulty, move heavily loaded station carts. They are lined up near the numerous baggage cars at the head of the train.

The train is late, very late in starting. After all there is no hurry. It won't come back till Friday and it has nowhere to go except to meet the boat. And the boat won't leave till passengers and freight are there. The train must miss no one, forget nothing, find room for everything. It runs once a week.

Eventually everything is on board. The last package has been taken on; the last passenger has found his place; the steamship men are satisfied that everything's OK. The train moves off.

35 Miles in Five Hours

Inside every seat is occupied. The coaches are filled with local passengers and soldiers. The three sleepers have every berth occupied by Canol (Canadian Oil Project) men going north, United States Army officers, girls going to work at Waterways, McMurray, and farther along the rivers women and children—(families of men who work in the north), who have spent their winter in Edmonton and other cities to give the children better education. Now they are returning for a short summer reunion.

Time passes slowly until the first call for lunch. Then everyone rushes to the dining car. But this does not turn out to be what one expects. The diner is just half of a sleeping car, divided off by partitions. It has five tables and can seat 20. In the corner is a refreshment stand doing a brisk business in cigarettes, oranges, apples and "pop". Dining room and stand are operated by an efficient-looking girl in slacks and a lad of 15 or so. The kitchen, hot and tiny, can hardly hope to cope with the rush of business. But in an hour or two everyone seems to have been accommodated. By then most everybody has met one another.

Inside the train hours have passed. Outside space is devouring time. We are only a few miles from Edmonton. We stopped at Dunvegan Yards, five and a half miles out, for an hour or more to pick up a string of freight cars. We crawl along. The first 35 miles take more than five hours. The train is blue, all right. But it is not the Blue Express. But no one seems to care.

The people in the train represent the unity of the old north and the new. There's Colonel Jim Cornwall. The legendary Colonel Jim. He's 77. His age is now just beginning to show. But he's part of northern lore. More than 40 years ago he drove dog teams through the wilderness. He's made and lost more than a half a dozen fortunes. He was a power, was Colonel Jim. Today, still active, he is helping the Americans in the north from his vast store of knowledge.

When I was introduced to him, he scrutinized me and barked:

"I'll ask some questions first, young fellow!"

"Sure, go ahead, sir."

"How old are you?"

I told him.

"What d'you know about the north?"

"Very little as yet."

"Well, don't do what others did. Don't think you know it all after one visit. Takes years, you know, takes years."

It takes a little time to draw the Colonel out. But he's been the subject of many book chapters and many stories. He himself is a chapter out of the past, the formative past of the north.

Balboa to Hudson's Bay

I wandered through the cars. In a sleeper to the rear, filled with construction workers and crew for Hudson's Bay boats, I stumbled across a gladstone with reminiscent markings: "Hotel Balboa. Balboa, Canal Zone." It's many years since I'd been there.

"What are doing way up here?" I asked.

"Coming up to work on the project," was the reply. The owner of the bag was a husky construction specialist. "A job's a job," he said.

"Were you in the Zone recently?"

"Just a while ago. Just coming up from there."

The meeting of Central America and the Canadian North. All routes lead to the Canol project. It's a bigger, more ambitious Panama Canal.

The train was slowly puffing along. Ten miles an hour was a good speed. At every tiny station it would come to a jerky stop; stand a while as if deliberating, then back up for some unknown reason. It would start with a terrific shock that nearly drove your head through the seat.

At ten o'clock it was still light. At 11 twilight set in. The country changed to bush and muskeg-desolation. The train ran on a roadbed seemingly laid on muskeg itself. On hillocks you could see the train curved like the back of a frightened cat.

There were many people from the East on board. My travelling companion Dr. A. L. Clark, Dean of Engineering and Professor of Applied Sciences at Queens was one. He was going all the way north to Tuk Tuk on the Arctic coast to see the country and meet some of his former students working along the rivers.

There was Mrs. J. G. Craig and her three little children, the youngest only three months. Mrs. Craig is the wife of the Hudson's Bay Post manager at Fort Norman. She had come *up* south to see her mother in Winnipeg and was now returning home to her husband. Before her was a trip of 1,500 miles by train and boat. A minimum of 20 days. The little boy ran merrily around the train. "In Winnipeg and Edmonton," Mrs. Craig said a bit nostalgically, "I took Eric to as many shows as I was able. He never saw any before and probably won't see any for some time to come. He loved them."

Opposite me in the car sat a rather comely girl from Peace River. She

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was the daughter of a French Canadian tailor and businessman who had come out of Quebec many years ago to make a new start in a new world. She was on her way tc visit a girl friend in Waterways. By air from Peace River to Waterways round trip is about 300 miles. The round trip by rail via Edmonton is 1250 miles.

Woman Trouble

The young lady was dead set against wartime marriages. "I've seen too many things happen to marry now. You hardly know the man, especially if he is an American soldier stationed in your town just for a short while."

Last winter the Americans were quartered in Peace River. Now they're gone. But so are most of the eligible young ladies. They married the soldiers and have moved with them to other posts. My friend seemed to be determined not to have the same thing happen to her.

"Still," she said, "I wonder what this boy I used to know who is now in Waterways will think when I arrive?"

I smiled. She noticed it. "Well, you are not the only one," she said. "All my friends are betting against me, too."

Late at night I could still hear the excited arguments of a group of youngsters headed north to work on the "Distributor", a Hudson's Bay Co. boat that had been caught by ice at Fort Norman last fall and wintered there. It was due at Fort Smith. One of the lads, Jim Corey, was a son of a Government official at Ottawa. Others were from Edmonton. They had never seen the North before and looked forward to the trip.

The next time I saw Jim Corey was on the boat from Waterways. Grimy from head to foot he was lugging firewood from the shore wood pile to the engine room.

So the train moved on. At midnight, with light still sufficient to read I fell asleep.

In the morning we still were passing through muskeg. At one desolated spot we stopped. I looked out. We were at a tiny station; a log cabin or two and nothingness. At the baggage car two Indians were tossing bundles into the train. I looked closer. These bundles were Indian dogs all curled up and unprotesting.

Suddenly the countryside changed. The muskeg disappeared. We entered a more wooded area; the train moved faster down hill. We were approaching a river. Then with a merry whistle we came into the open. The Clearwater River was just ahead. Waterways. Indians, soldiers, Canol workers were all around. The train ground to a stop. The boat train's journey ends when that of the passengers begins. The adventure into the North lay just ahead.

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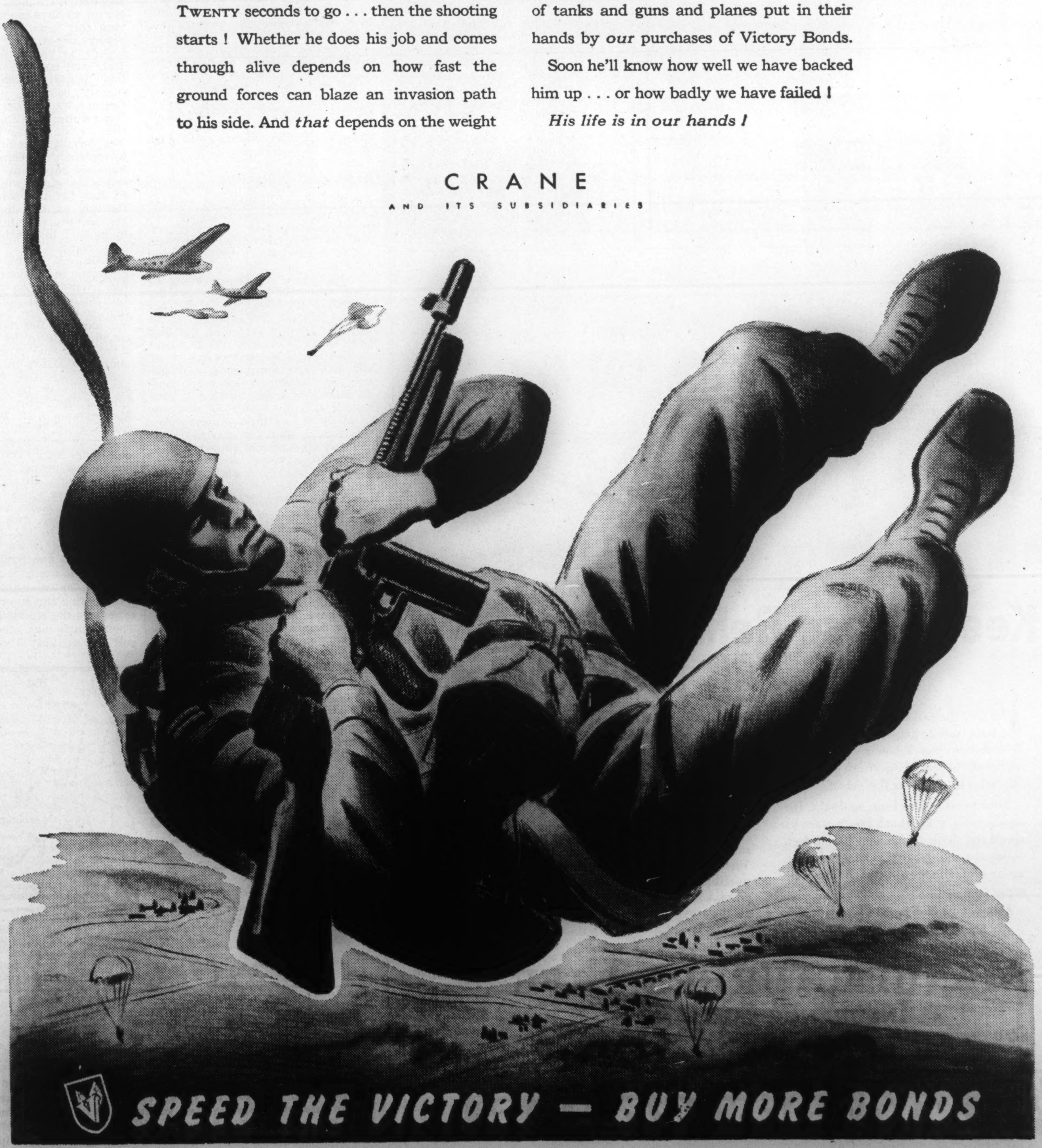
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As we said the other day, that is so important that we are repeating it: We believe you are careful in the handling of anything that could cause a fire—your extinguishers are handy and you have memorized the firehall telephone number. Here is one other important way you can help prevent fire—at no cost to yourself. Make sure that your fire insurance is placed with a Board company such as those of the Great American Group. Then you know that every premium dollar you pay not only protects you against financial loss — but supports continuous research to prevent fire from occurring.

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THE HITLER WAR

Battle of Dnieper Bend May Be War's Greatest

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

IN THE Dnieper bend furious Russian energy and brilliant strategy, on the one hand, and weakening German reserves and morale on the other, are producing one of the greatest battles of the war. It could be the greatest, if the Soviet High Command can bring off its full objective, of reaching to Nikolaev and pocketing the entire German southern wing. It could even be the decisive battle of the war, if, as the evidence indicates, the Germans could no longer sustain their over-extended eastern front after the loss of this southern army.

This army, it should be noted, has shown itself one of the strongest and best led of the German forces in the recent campaign. After an initial defeat at Taganrog it retreated skilfully to reestablish itself on the Zaporozhe-Melitopol line, and held this firmly for over a month.

As the thrust across the river southeast of Kremenchug developed, it was obvious that the southern arm of an intended Soviet pincers movement was being seriously held up at Melitopol, giving the Germans time to move many of their troops out of the Crimea. Our map shows how this situation persisted until last weekend. Then the Russians broke through and within two days had raced half-way to the lower Dnieper. The pincers had begun to close, and it looked as though there was still time to cut off a large German force.

Hastily the Germans evacuated Dnepropetrovsk, where they were veritably "in the bag". But they had only a single-track railway and a second-class highway on which to bring out their armies and equipment. All rail traffic southward had to pass through the junction of Kosiorovo, and the advancing Red Army was only 20 miles away from this at Krivoi Rog; while the Red Air Force, now master of the sky, was pounding this and all other important German junctions.

The German troops outside the Dnieper were in an even worse plight. Those above the break at Melitopol could only wheel back against the river and attempt to get across it at Nikopol, then pile onto the same over-crowded railway and highway down to Nikolaev.

Those below the break faced the difficult assignment of reestablishing a line 100 miles further back, covering the Perekop-Kherson railway (built by the Germans in the winter of 1941-42), or the *suave-qui-peut* alternative of falling back into the Crimea with the hope of getting out by boat to Odessa.

Aiming at Nikolaev

With the best of luck and management all the forces which escaped the Russians, from the Dnepropetrovsk sack, from outside the river, and from the Crimea by rail, would end up in the Nikolaev area, rail movement to the westward being already blocked at Krivoi Rog. But the maximum objective of the Russian army at Krivoi Rog appears to be to strike directly across to the Bug River, above Nikolaev. That would cut the rail line northward out of Nikolaev, and leave only a single spur, not shown on our map, joining Nikolaev with the Odessa-Vosnesensk line, by which to evacuate or supply the entire southern force.

It is clear that the only way the Germans can save the situation is by launching a strong counter-attack against the flank of the Soviet thrust from Krivoi Rog to the Bug. Lack of a strategic reserve and Russian threats elsewhere up the long line to Leningrad make it unlikely that the German Command can duplicate, at this juncture, the successful stroke by which it saved the situation last February and March.

Had the Germans possessed such a strategic reserve this fall they should have been able to hold the Dnieper line at Kiev and Kremenchug, with nearly two months' warning of the threat. But with the enormous loss of good troops suffered in the Stalingrad campaign, and the distraction which we have provided in Italy and the Balkans, it seems that they no longer have such a true reserve.

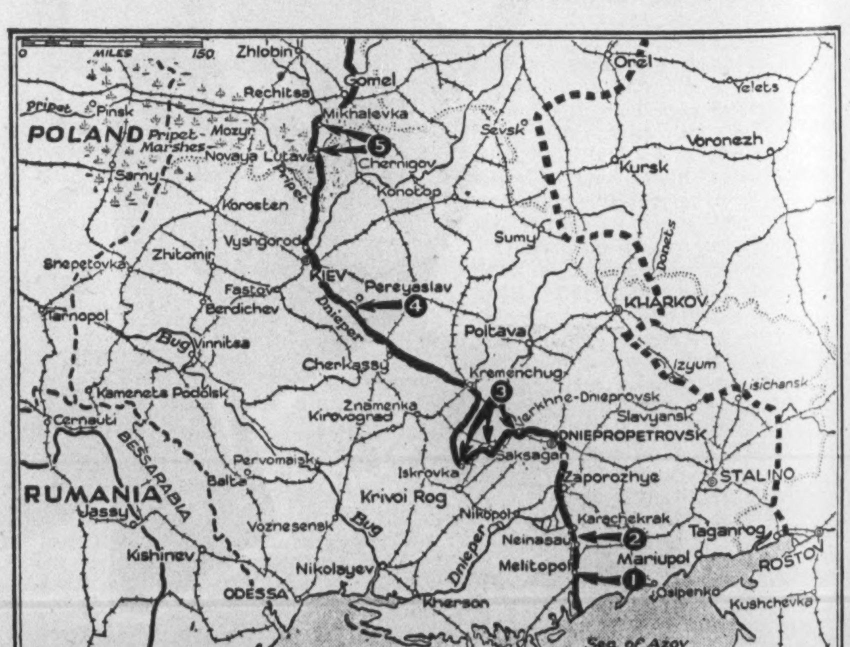
General Alexander has said in the past few days that no less than 35 to 40 German divisions have been drawn to Italy and the Balkans, not necessarily drawn there from the Russian front, but not available now to be dispatched to the Russian front. Had they been so, it seems quite possible that they would have sufficed to hold the Dnieper. So that we may take some credit for directly aiding the Russian follow-up across that barrier, although we can also see that a Channel blow in September might have completed the enemy's ruin this year, as the Soviets have always urged.

Still, as remarked, the attack on Italy and the threat to the Balkans have helped considerably, while the mighty bombing offensive against German war industries and transport centres must have seriously deprived the German armies in the east of the weapons and equipment with which to replace their constant losses. Perhaps as important an effect is the worry and gloom which it has brought to the German soldier and officer fighting on the distant front, over his inability with his bravest efforts to protect his women and children back home.

Doubtless for this reason the armies in the east have not begrudged so much the diversion of the bulk of the Luftwaffe from aiding their operations to defending the homeland from our assault. But here too, is an incalculable aid to the present Russian drive. For the latest Air Ministry statement shows that no more than one-fifth of the German fighter strength now faces the Russians. With a ninth part facing us in the Mediterranean, all of the rest is concentrated in Western Europe.

This is the explanation for our occasional heavy bomber losses. One has to look beyond the bare results of our bombing attacks—for all the shrewd blows which they have struck at German plane production, light metals, rubber, and vital ball-bearing plants—to the distant Russian drive on the Dnieper, to see what these losses are buying.

There are many of these which the Germans must watch. Where are they to find the reserves with which to restore the situation in the south? Their centre has already shown itself the weakest sector, and if they



Four threats to the German Southern Front in Russia, and one to the Central Front. At Melitopol (1) and Neinasau (2) the Red Army has since broken through, while the main salient (3) has been deepened to Krivoi Rog. The bridgehead at Pereyaslav (4) is being steadily enlarged, while at (5) the Germans are being forced back against the Pripet Marshes.

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draw troops away from here they face the triple danger of losing Kiev, the south-central hinge of their line; or Vitebsk, the north-central hinge; or having the line split in the very middle, where the Russians are driving them back against the Pripet Marshes.

Had they pulled back their far-extended northern wing before now, from Leningrad to Riga, they might have had some force to spare here. The leading German commentators were all explaining the great retreat in the east six weeks ago as necessary in order to shorten the front and create a strategic reserve. But they have not yet done this, unwilling to face the consequences of giving up Finland, Estonia and Latvia. Yet it seems they must soon, and they will need all their strength and ingenuity there to complete this difficult manoeuvre successfully—if, indeed, they can. Here the key Russian thrusts should come against Pskov, Vitebsk and Dvinsk.

Dilemma is too mild a word for the German situation. It appears much nearer disaster. Can the Germans save their southern army? Under the command of von Mannstein, it was said by Moscow in June to consist of 60 German, one Slovak and 9 Roumanian divisions, its sector extending from Novorossiisk up to Belgorod. It was the northern wing of this army, then, which stood as well at Lozovaya and Poltava as the southern wing did along the Zaporozhe-Melitopol line; and from its recent weakness it may have spent its best strength there.

If This Army Is Lost

If the Germans lose the bulk of this southern army, can they hold the rest of their front in Russia? They will have to retreat, of course, but having already retreated 700 miles in less than a year, with only the brief success last March to relieve the gloom, how long is it to be thought they can go on retreating and being defeated?

With the next long move backward, too, Finland in the north and Roumania and Bulgaria in the south may give up the alliance. Further troops will have to be found to occupy all the Balkans solidly at a time when it appears difficult, if not impossible, to merely "repacify" two-and-a-half-years-occupied Yugoslavia and Greece.

Yet for all these difficulties on the front, and the necessity of watching against further amphibious moves of ours in many directions, German speakers last week declared that the bombing "terror" was causing even greater concern within Germany. Combatting this bombing terror, it is true, is Himmler's terror; and up to now his beheading squads have sufficed to keep German defeatism from undermining the government's position.

So efficient and ruthless is this Gestapo terror that one may question whether the end can come in Germany this time, as in 1918, through widespread mutiny, revolt and general strike. It is more likely to come as it did in Italy, through a split within the ranks of the leaders on how to get out of the war best, and save what can be saved.

It would probably be news to our Canadians driving the Germans mile by mile up the spine of the Apennines that the enemy was weak and about to collapse. The Germans will undoubtedly fight well on many sectors of the front until the very end.

It is not on the bravery or efficiency of its individual soldiers that the German Army will break down. It will be a case of a gigantic, over-extended war machine getting out of control, a vast industrial mechanism running down, and an army and populace reaching the end of its tether. To ignore this prospect would be almost as dangerous as to dwell too much on it.

And such sudden collapse appears the only prospect of saving what remains of Europe's cities and civilized treasures from utter annihilation by the Nazi extremists, who, as Rauschning pointed out long ago in his still valuable book, are essentially nihilists, fighting a war against civilization.

As we found at Naples, the Russians are finding with every fresh city recaptured, that the Nazis are bent on leaving nothing but ruin behind them. This is one of Moscow's strongest arguments in favor of more energetic use of all our forces to end the war as quickly as possible, and it was echoed the other day by General Smuts. We have achieved much in the year since Alamein, but it is hard to master the thought that we could have done even more.

Immediately after the fall of Tunisia, while we were battering away for a fortnight at tiny Pantellaria, this commentary said that here was "A Time for Boldness", and warned against according to the Italians the respect due to Germans. We did this, nevertheless. We waited before each successive well-planned move to gather and arrange in exact order all of the "700,000 items" which were considered necessary to the original landing in French North Africa, and which we seem to still be taking along with us; and to "sew the last button on the last soldier's tunic", as Maisky once said, only too aptly.

But each time, while we have prepared, the Germans have prepared, too. So it is that General Alexander has confessed to the press that the original plan for cutting across the foot of Italy from Salerno was blocked by German preparations, as was the plan to seize Rome by an American air-borne division.

For my various articles on the subject of boldness during this spring and summer, the *Winnipeg Free Press* has honored me with a two-column editoral bracketing me with Dorothy Thompson as one of "Mr. Churchill's Critics". Let us see what Mr. Churchill himself has to say on the matter of over-preparation. "Prudence had become imprudence, and safety had been jeopardized by care and forethought. . . The assault was no longer unexpected, but foreseen and so far as their resources allowed, prepared against."

That is his judgment on our delay in 1916 in striking at Salonika, while Roumania entered the war simultaneously, both moves being intended to support and take advantage of Brusiloff's great offensive on the Russian front. A remarkable historical comparison.

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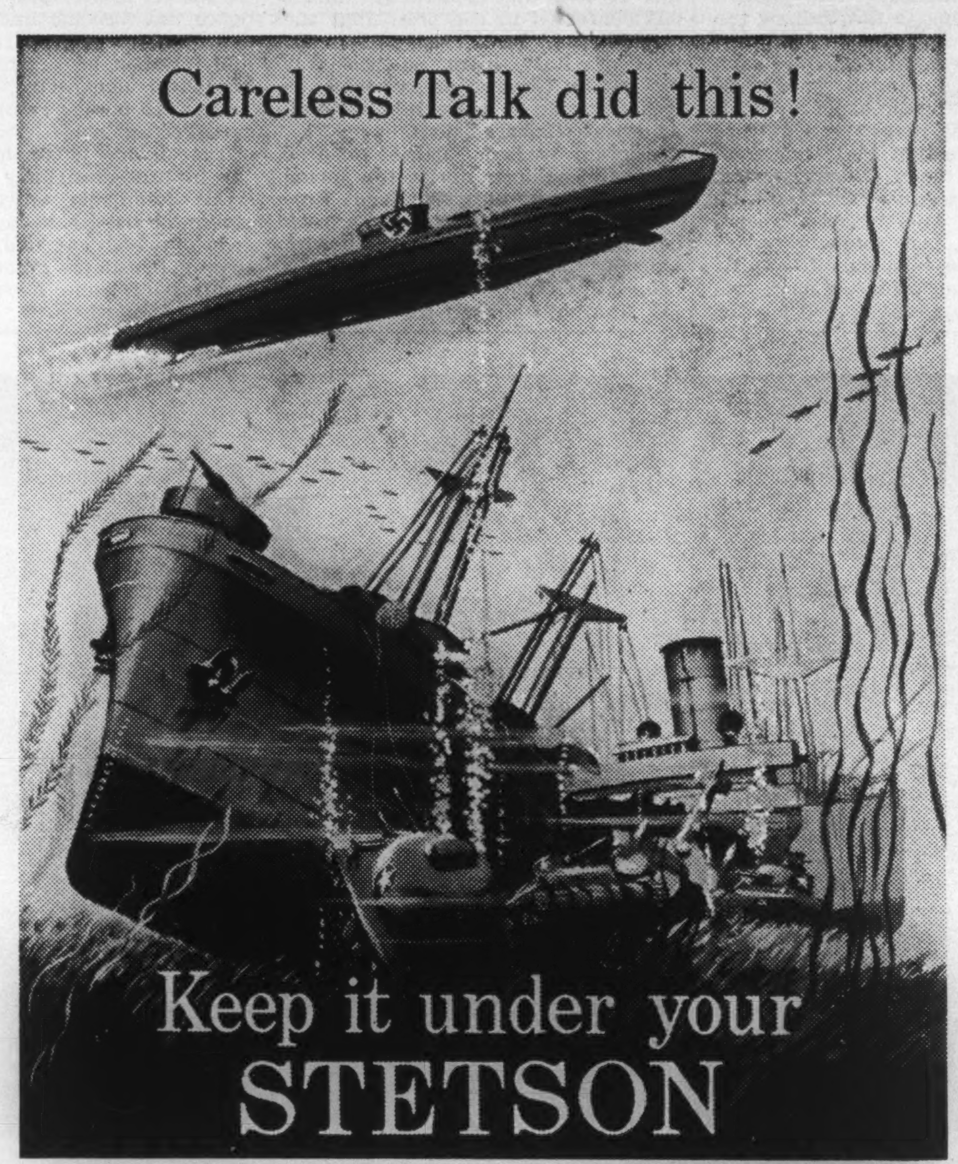

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U.S. Isolationists

BY ALLAN WATSON

The writer of this article, a Canadian who has lived in the business world of the United States for a score of years, believes that the basic thinking of that country is still isolationist. He blames the elderly, conservative element and warns that an attitude non-cooperative to the rest of the world may emerge from the United States at the close of the conflict despite the efforts of the President, Mr. Willkie, Mr. Lippmann, and others.

Mr. Watson will be remembered as a frequent contributor to SATURDAY NIGHT in recent years.

IN THE United States there are leaders of opinion who, having been proved completely wrong in every particular, are still leaders of opinion. This is a strange thing. We see it in evidence nowhere else in the world. Mr. Hoover, for years following his unfortunate addiction to a "do nothing" policy which he considered "sound", and which even his detractors legitimized as "conservative", was the prime example. Still saying "prosperity is just around the corner" he went down to defeat but he remained a great conservative leader. You would think that a war, especially a war like this one, would finally uproot such a man, as Chamberlain was uprooted in England.

But it does not work that way. Hoover is still one of the most respected men in the country, I mean respected for his opinions as well as for himself as a decent citizen, and when Rebecca West took a crack at him in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* a lot of prominent people — even non-Hooverites — jumped to his defence. Some of them argued that his "position and standing" should protect him from such jibes, although they, or people like them, refuse to accord to President Roosevelt any protection based on his position and standing.

Hoover is still an isolationist. Likewise McCormick, Patterson and Hearst (the publishers), and Wheeler, Vandenburg and Johnson (the politicians), and scores of others —the men who are now called "pre Pearl Harbor isolationists"—are still isolationists. *Conservatives.* And the business and banking worlds of the United States are full of leaders, sixty years of age and over, of isolationist tendencies, who pride themselves on their conservative, sound outlook. It is, I think, largely a question of age. Are senility and conservatism becoming synonymous terms?

The two Californians, Johnson and Hearst, are among the oldest of the lot. And these two are the most virulent isolationists. Among the younger men, Lindberg, very sensibly, has shut up. Dewey is paying such violent lip service to internationalism that he is almost ready to sit down and deal cards with Ely Culbertson. The Republican party's publicity man, Clarence Budington Kelland, late of the *Saturday Evening Post,* has held his nose and jumped wide and deep into global politics. But the old guard is, at least, consistent.

"Unalterably Opposed"

And so we hear Senator Johnson (on October 7) saying: "I am opposed to any policy that would mortgage the future of America, and to any policy that might create among the people of other countries hope for American co-operation or assistance of an unrealistic character, impossible of fulfilment. I am unalterably opposed to the adoption by this government at this time of any policy that is not strictly designed to preserve and defend all of American interests, as of paramount importance."

Hearst, a short time before (September 15) had reiterated his stand: "Any permanent international alliance means a complete departure from the tried and proven policy of the United States for one hundred and fifty years. It is not likely that the present crop of erratic, fanatic, irresponsible and experimental statesmen who have messed up matters, political and financial, in this country during their brief tenure of office are wiser and sounder than the statesmen who founded the nation and conducted it more successfully than any other nation on earth for a century and a half". (How amusing to hear Mr. Hearst of all people castigating the administration on the grounds of irresponsibility! But surely the old man isn't referring to his usual *bete noir* when he speaks of a "brief tenure of office"!)

These two quotations which I have given are important, and justify analysis, because they represent the beliefs of a majority of the American people. I make this statement without any qualifying "in my opinion", and despite the contrary showing of the Gallup Poll. Because the present-generation American has been fed two opinions ever since he became old enough to read the funnies. The first is that American interests must inevitably be opposed to foreign interests, and the second is that foreign entanglements must be avoided at all costs. George Washington, with very doubtful validity, is usually quoted as the authority for the second big opinion. American Big Business is presumably the authority for the first.

Vote-Catching

If the world in which I live had not dulled my sense of humor I might get a hearty belly laugh out of the Johnson statement. It is so obviously vote-catching. Who, among Mr. Johnson's constituents can criticize the statement that American interests are of prime importance? It is a perfectly "safe" statement and likewise Mr. Johnson's opposition to mortgaging the future of America will lose him no votes.

William Randolph Hearst's complete editorial, from which the above quotation was taken, is in his very best form—and usual bad English. There are the customary misstatements such as "In 1941, England, having got herself into another complication by declaring war before she was prepared, we decided to save her again." But passing by this version of Pearl Harbor and the subsequent declarations of war on the United States by the three then Axis nations, I want to enlarge on a seemingly rather innocent statement in my first Hearstian quotation: "Any permanent international alliance means a complete departure from the tried and proven policy of the United States for one hundred and fifty years."

What is tried and proven about that policy? It is true that America prospered for a hundred and fifty years, but does this fact prove anything about isolationism? Might she not have prospered just as much if she had had a hard and fast, offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain? Or, for that matter, with France, Russia, or even Germany?

This is one of the things that worries me most about the United States, after having lived in the country for twenty years. The general acceptance of the assumption that she has prospered *because,* primarily if not solely, she has refused to "meddle in Europe's affairs".

(This short article is no place to go into the real reasons for the nineteenth-century prosperity of the United States but for the sake of my argument I submit that the development of world trade and shipping, combined with her fine lands and illimitable opportunities, made it impossible for the United States not to enjoy the benefits of heavy immigration of men and capital from Europe. Canada and the Argentine benefited likewise—it was simply the movement Westward, to where the opportunities for money-making were greater.)

There are, of course, men in the United States who do not believe this isolationist nonsense. In the literary world the leading exponent of the contrary view is Mr. Walter Lippmann who, albeit rather belatedly, has written in his "U. S. Foreign Policy" that America was never really isolated at all. That all along—or at least since the days of Canning and Monroe—she had an unacknowledged alliance with Great Britain, and that her troubles commenced when the rise of Germany and other nations made Great Britain's covering shield inadequate to protect her.

If at that time she had built a covering shield of her own—meaning an adequate army, in addition to her considerable naval strength—and had joined shields with England, it is surely very much of a question whether Kaiser Wilhelm and his government would ever have dared join issue with the world-dominating combination. And, of course, without the first world war there never would have been a Hitler.

So—call the argument over-simplification if you like—is not American isolationism, in a non-avoidance sense, responsible for both world wars and the consequent grievous plight of the whole world—including the United States?

But the men I have mentioned are apparently still laboring under the delusion that their country's peace and plenty came from "minding her own business" and that her troubles commenced when she departed from that policy and decided to take a hand in Europe's wars. To "save England". They do not see that it was not the policy, but the timing, that was wrong. The decision, or rather the two decisions, to support England, were "too little and too late". Not too late for victory, but too late to avoid an awful mess.

No Responsibility

Now the United States is united with us to defeat both Germany and Japan, and there can be no complaint as to the manner in which the job is being proceeded with. It cannot be said that when the United States finally decides to fight there is anything half-hearted about her effort. But after it is all over the American people, unless their leaders succeed in educating them otherwise, are going to object to being forced into a position of world-leadership. That, of course, is my way of putting it. The American's way of putting it is—"let's mind our own business".

This is not simply the attitude of the much-maligned Middle West. My newspaper of the day on which I write this quotes the utterances of one of Los Angeles's most prominent businessmen and civic leaders, speaking before a meeting of the State Chamber of Commerce. This man, urging his audience to support the views of Johnson and Hearst (although he did not mention names) used this extraordinary language: "We are told that we have an obligation to impoverish and possibly economically destroy this great nation to make our allies prosperous, fat and happy. We are told that American boys should be maintained abroad to keep the peace to the end that the territorial conquests of our allies will be retained to them in perpetuity."

This from Los Angeles, which expects to prosper greatly from post-war world trade, and which is already tentatively planning a World's Fair for 1950.

The pity of it all is that there is nothing really vicious in the isolationist attitude, at least in the great majority of cases. There is no opposition to post-war relief work abroad such as was headed by Mr. Hoover in 1919. The American is not mean or uncharitable and his best characteristic is his willingness to lend a helping hand. But he never thinks of his nation as being the world's leading nation. The largest nation, yes, and the nation with the most telephones and radios, but . . . "let's mind our own business".

The responsibility of men like Johnson and Hearst for perpetuating such narrow thinking is, of course, terrible. And yet they too, or if not them, most of the elderly isolationists, are actuated not by viciousness but by this fatal conservatism which will not see that the "experimentation" which Hearst derides, is absolutely necessary when the framework for the old conservative theories has been shattered.

Don't Like New Ideas

They do not like new ideas. Despite the speed with which Americans seize on new inventions, there is no country in the world where new ideas thrive so poorly. Consider, for example, the two-party system. Despite the ineptitude of both parties, especially the Republican, in dealing with new conditions, there is still not the slightest sign of a third party arising. As for Socialism or Communism, the American simply doesn't think that way.

He wants things to remain as they are, or rather as they were,—with the Yankees and the Cardinals continuing to play World's Series, with Fibber Magee and Mollie on the radio, with Hollywood, Broadway and the Saturday night binge, and as for foreign relationships, why—"let them guys mind their own business and we'll mind ours."

The hope lies in the ability of President Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie, and the other internationalists, to convince the members of the Congress that the time for isolationism—if there ever was such a time—is over. Likewise that it is the duty of the Senators and Congressmen to pass that conviction on to their constituents. That, in short, the time has desperately come for them to formulate public opinion, not to follow it.

THE OTHER PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Other Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Other Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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Each contribution whether small or great,
Helps swell the swirling seas to swamp our foemen,
And cleanse the world from tyranny and hate.

Lo! everywhere hope in our hearts is growing
That war's dark shadow soon at last shall cease:
That once again fear from all hearts be lifted,
And Mankind tread together paths of peace.

A tidal wave of effort now is needed:
Cash can be spared more easily than blood:
Raindrop or torrent, little stream or river,
Makes the result a sweeping tidal flood.

We dare not rest nor think to take things easy:
The home fronts must not slacken nor grow weak:
Each must make plain that we are all determined
To "SPEED THE VICTORY" our fighters seek.

—W. J. King

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We Fear Russia Because We Don't Know Her

BY THORNTON PURKIS

Some straight talking from a prominent Canadian businessman.

Mr. Purkis says we have nothing to fear from Russia. Particularly as we, in part, are already voluntary socialists.

There will be big business to be done with Russia after the war and Canadian manufacturers will get a share of it if they go about it in the right way. But one of the elementals is to forget the 'bogey'.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been and is being written about Russia and Russians, by people who have never been to Russia and wouldn't know a Russian if they saw one. I have been in Russia several times, before and since the revolution; and had I lived there under the Czars, I should have been a revolutionist. And, if I know anything about my fellow-Canadians, they would have been revolutionists too.

I have even heard Canadians declaim against the bureaucracy in Ottawa—and how! The fact is that we Canadians are both acquiescent and voluntary as well as involuntary Socialists or Communists. We gladly support such state-controlled enterprises as Canadian National Railways, Ontario Hydro-Electric System, Toronto transportation system, municipal water supply and garbage collection and sewage disposal. We tax the people for primary and secondary educational purposes, and partly for the upkeep of universities. We have widowed mothers' allowances, old age pensions, and are now considering free medical services and a state allowance of $9 a month for each child.

We are silent in the face of the Government's increasing control of business and the marketing of wheat; and of the necessary enforcement of price and wage ceilings. And the probability is, that after the war, the state will not quickly let go of manufacturing and other enterprises that it has set up during the war. It is not at all certain that these activities will be turned over to private hands.

There may also be ardent opportunists who wish to see the government continue these normal peacetime private operations.

So it should not be too alarming to realize that we now submit to a considerable amount of state operation and control, although many of us don't know it, or won't admit it.

The chief two differences between our system and the Russian system are that we still operate for private profit, whereas in Russia the state takes all the profit and all the risk; and that Russia won't tolerate inefficiency as softly as we do.

The System in Canada

It might be added that, at the present ratio of taxation, private enterprise in Canada takes all the risk and, if there is a profit, the government now takes the lion's share of it.

All this is by way of introduction and to satisfy those who think that any man who has spent some time in Russia must be a Communist (soap box variety).

The point to be made clear to those apprehensive souls who fear what may happen to the rest of the Allies if Russia completely defeats Germany is that they really have nothing to fear. Their bogeys are mental, not actual. As Mr. Roosevelt has said: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

Despite the Gethsemane through which Russians have passed during the last twenty-five years, they have emerged from the agony a people to be reckoned with. What Russians have done for their own people and for mankind may not be presently apparent. The truth will prevail. History will record it.

The Soviets have done a marvellous job in educating a previously 90% illiterate people. They have set an example to the world in seeking out and encouraging the development of youthful talent in every field of endeavor. They have taught sanitation to the peasant who previously lived an almost animal existence. They have raised health standards and cut down infant mortality beyond all comparison with previous records. They have developed their natural resources to an extent that we should brag about if we had done as well. They have courage and all just men will admit it. They have a love of country and a selflessness in serving their country that is a pattern for mankind.

Each man is paid for what he does, according to his ability and his deserts. Long before the close of the First Five-Year plan the state had found out that *Jack was not as good as his master*. Executives were coming to the top, and being sought after and recognized and paid according to ability. In effect, the plan to "pay each according to his needs and each according to ability" was working; especially the "according to ability" part of the program. Human nature works that way regardless of economic theorists.

We Have Been Skeptical

When I came home from Russia in 1932 (I have been there twice since), I was asked to address groups of business men. When I told them what I had seen and prophesied that within ten years the pendulum would swing away from the Left and find a common ground for doing business with the capitalist world of the Right, I got a cold reception. But that didn't alter the facts. I had seen British, American, German, Swedish, French, Belgian, Dutch and Italian businessmen getting good orders from the Soviet Government, and, as I learned, being paid promptly for their goods and making handsome profits. My audiences were skeptical. But the facts were true. The Soviet Government has never defaulted on payment for goods delivered as per contract.

I also said that the Russian masses, even then (1932), were better off than they had been under the Czars. Politically they had exchanged one bureaucracy for another, the difference being that Soviet bureaucracy functions for the benefit of the masses and not for the classes. And so it has proved.

I believe that there will be big business to be done in Russia after this war. And some Canadian manufacturers of vision and enterprise will be astute enough to get a share of it if they go about it in the right way.

I also asserted that within ten to fifteen years Russians would astound the world by their educational, industrial and economic progress. They have. You know what has happened. One doesn't need to be a Communist to perceive and concede the truth and to give credit where it is due.

Just another point. The Russians are far better informed about Canada, its industrial capacity and its agricultural and economic progress, than we are about theirs. They keep files of all the important Canadian trade papers and our chief daily newspapers and farm papers. It was a delight to me to discover how keen their interest was in things Canadian. How much do we actually know about Russia and Russians? How much do we wish to learn?

"If money go before, all ways lie open."
...Shakespeare

OUR FIGHTING FORCES are now definitely on their way to Rome, Berlin and Tokyo.

True it is that the roads they must travel may be long and tortuous, with death and danger lurking at every turn. The going may be slow and tough but with steady, though heavy step, our men will trudge every mile with grim determination, yet with inspired enthusiasm—for Victory is in sight.

To make easier and shorter the way for these, our gallant fighting men, is the part and privilege granted those who remain behind. That we may encourage them and lighten their task by our unstinted efforts to speed the needed equipment. That we may by our self-denial make available the monies needed to assure their superiority in air, sea and land. Thus shall we make smoother the ways, and shorten the days, towards the triumphal entry of our fighting men into Rome, Berlin and Tokyo.

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Peace to Bring New Life to European Farming

BY SIR JOHN RUSSELL, D.Sc., F.R.S.

For a considerable time after the war, according to this article, the agriculture of Europe will be primitive and inadequate, because of the destruction of implements and animals by the Germans.

But after that there will be a period of reorganization, which should, if peace can be reasonably assured, aim at a more scientific agriculture with importation of a good many articles which can be better raised elsewhere, and a much higher standard of nutrition.

The author, an eminent English scientist, is the Chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Post-War Requirements Board.

ONE way and another we know something about conditions in Europe today: they are pretty bad. The Germans have cleaned out the occupied countries very thoroughly, and are very good hands at that game. The people of some of the occupied countries are getting only about two-thirds the proper food requirements of the human body, many of them are half starved and there is much disease due to underfeeding. Acute forms of tuberculosis are spreading; malaria, typhus and other diseases are lurking in all sorts of places.

But that is not the worst. The most serious is the danger that, if the war lasts much longer, the people of the occupied countries will be so crushed by hunger and oppression that they will be unable to help themselves to recovery. Their farms have been plundered of livestock: they haven't been able to get implements repaired or replaced, or to obtain proper fertilizers or feeding stuffs.

So for a long time the agriculture of post war Europe will have to aim at recovery of the health of the people. They will be so hungry that at all costs they must be given enough bread and potatoes to fill their bellies, enough vegetables to keep them healthy and enough milk to save the children from disease and deformity and to help the expectant mothers. It's no good thinking that we can at once establish a beautifully complete scientific system of agriculture: in Europe the task will be much more prosaic and restricted.

Bread, potatoes and vegetables all require seed for their production, and our first task is to ensure sufficient seed to enable land to be sown as quickly as it is recovered from the Germans. That in itself is going to be a big job.

But before they can sow the seeds they have got to cultivate their land. Farms in Europe are nearly all small: a great lot of them are less than 100 acres; quite a number are below 50 acres in size. So they don't use tractors much for cultivation, but chiefly horses or oxen. But the Germans have taken most of the horses that are any good, and they will heavily comb out the rest: before the war is over there won't be much in the way of working animals left. The organization of the cultivation for the crops is going to be pretty difficult.

Then there's the livestock. Before the war Europe was pretty well off in that way: most countries had one head of cattle for each three or four head of population, and about one pig to each five of population. Now the numbers are much less.

Planning Now

Fortunately we have begun to think about these problems and already plans are well advanced for dealing with them. An Agricultural Committee has been set up by the Post War Requirements Bureau: it includes representatives of all the occupied countries and of the Dominions, Great Britain and the United States. The job of this committee is to think out the best way of starting up and developing agriculture in each country, to see that things will be ready by the time they are wanted, and that the staffs will be there to organize the agriculture properly.

And also while they have been in Great Britain, the representatives of the occupied countries have had chances of looking round and meeting people and discussing things, and they have formed pretty definite ideas about the sort of agriculture they want. Before the war most of the countries of Europe aimed at producing all the food they needed so as to be independent of outside countries, and they learned to go without what they couldn't grow themselves. So they did without a lot of the wheat and butter and meat, which they would like to have had, and which they could have bought and Canada and Australia could have sold to them—but instead they piled up munitions: they had to because Germany set the pace. Now many of the European leaders I have been meeting in Britain want all that silly nonsense to stop. They want to aim at the highest standard of nutrition for all their people that they can possibly attain. They realize that for many of them this will mean importation of grain and butter and meat.

Now this is something of very great importance to people in the great exporting countries. Here is a chance of an expanding market—300 million folk right in the middle of Europe! Of course we mustn't count our chickens too soon. It isn't a simple job; there are very delicate problems of transition for unspecialized peasant farming in changing to a different sort of farming, and there's the problem of having new exports to pay for the new imports. All the same I regard the prospect as a hopeful one.

Two questions of organization have been much discussed. Much of the land in eastern Europe is farmed on a very ancient system in which each man's holding is divided into a number of strips scattered all over the arable area. Instead of a group of small farms or one big farm, there is simply a large ploughed area held by a group of peasants but each having a number of strips so allotted that the good and the bad land should be parcelled out equally. The system looks fair but it is hopelessly inefficient, and wherever it still exists the leaders now recognize that it must go and be replaced by individual holdings.

Then comes the question "Should these be large or small?" Economists point out the advantages of the big organization, and they say that the little farmer cannot stand up to the big one. But there is one serious objection to the big farm. A large number of the inhabitants of Europe are peasants and they greatly prefer to have their own bit of land rather than working for somebody else. It's never any good trying to force peasants: you may persuade them if you can, but so far no one has persuaded them that the big farm is better than the little one. And there is one way in which many of the advantages of the big farm may be got by the little man: i.e. by co-operation, and so great efforts are now being made to foster the idea of co-operation, so that co-operative enterprises can begin to function directly agriculture is started up again.

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This Basic English Ballyhoo Needs Debunking

BY J. G. ENDICOTT

There are two views about Basic English. One of these was presented in these columns a few weeks ago, at about the time when Mr. Churchill was lending it the powerful support of his testimony.

The opposite view is that a foreigner who has never learnt English and who undertakes to express himself in Basic English alone will have a very hard row to hoe, and will probably let himself in for some terrible bloomers.

Dr. Endicott, a well-known Canadian missionary in China, has had plenty of experience in teaching to the Chinese. He has been in Chungking during much of the time when it was under periodic bombardment, and is now visiting in Canada.

A GREAT many magazines recently have run feature articles on "Basic English". The general purpose of these articles has been to give the public the impression that within the scope of 850 words a "tabloid tongue", or "pocket edition" of English has been perfected. It is claimed that this system has been so successful that already it has solved the problems of an international language and the language headaches of education departments in countries where English is a second language, needed as a tool for advanced education. These claims are actually far from the truth, and Basic Ballyhoo today needs a lot of de-bunking.

Let us begin with some of the more irresponsible claims of this linguistic magic, as set forth in Gretta Palmer's article in *Liberty* of June 19, 1943. "Basic English is a 'pocket' language", she says. "A foreigner can learn to speak it readily inside a month". Further on, she says, "He will be able to speak and write in Basic as correctly and fluently as in his own language. And that achievement can be a matter of weeks."

It is obvious that neither Gretta Palmer nor the Basic propagandists who inspired her article have ever had any experience in teaching English to a foreigner. The truth is they could not have had—or they would not make such extravagant claims. Nobody could take 200 of the commonest words in English and teach them to a foreigner so that he could hear, speak, read and write them fluently in a matter of weeks.

The next irresponsible claim is that "Already in China Basic has simplified the teaching of English in Secondary Schools. No longer need the young students memorize 7,000 English words."

Now it happens that I know the work of Dr. I. A. Richards and his group in China. They have not had to build up anything by the hard way of making it pay its own way or go on its own steam. They have been heavily subsidized by Rockefeller and other Western funds. In the great mass of secondary schools, they have made little impression. They do not have the sympathy or support of the great majority of English and American teachers of English. Their experiment is now confined to one small corner of a few counties in South-west China, and the results of the experiment have not inspired me to believe that the special "Basic" features of it will live very long after the support of Western philanthropic funds is withdrawn. (The government regulations for secondary schools still call for 3000 words.)

Weasel Words

Any Chinese beginner who falls for the Basic advertising "That by learning 850 words, five simple rules and one gramophone record, he can acquire English", soon finds that he has been hoaxed. He will find plenty of "weasel" words in Basic. "He let off a gun" is the Basic way of "He shot a gun". But "The judge let off the prisoner", doesn't mean "He shot the prisoner".

Look again at the following Basic English:—English is used by nations *made up* of 200,000,000 people; a girl's *make up;* he *made up* his mind; he *made up* the loss to me; they *made up* their quarrel; he *made up* a lie. These are all *one word* in Basic. So that, the sucker who is taken in by Basic advertising finds that, instead of having to pay for 850 words (by the sweat of his brow), he has to pay for at least 1200 or possibly 1500 words, including many of the most difficult and bewildering idioms in the English language.

Then look at the weasel clauses buried down below in the contract. First of all, there is a sales talk. "Because there is so *little* to learn, a foreigner can get a really good grasp of Basic in a surprisingly short time." Then in the words of Dr. Richards, "When he has finished the course and *followed* it by reading various Basic books on *general subjects,* he will be able to speak and write in Basic as fluently as in his own language." But, if you look carefully at the *general subjects,* you find you need 50 extra words for commerce, 100 extra words for poetry, 50 extra for each branch of science (elementary at that), and so on. Then there are hundreds of compounds which you are supposed to guess the meaning of. "He was a man of a large *income.*" Without learning "income" as a new word, how is the guessing student to know it refers to money, and not to appetite for food? In other words, when the salesman of Basic *lets* the student *into* a classroom, the Basic student soon finds that he has been *let in* for a lot more learning effort than he bargained for.

Basic Boners

More than that, the unsuspecting and trusting Basic student is going to be taught to make an ass of himself or herself without knowing it. Take the disarming manner in which Gretta Palmer, in the Liberty article, assures us that "married man" will do for the word "husband". There is no "husband" or "wife" in Basic. When the sweet Basic girl graduate announces that she and her married man spent the week-end in Muskoka, the startled non-Basic world can only reply in Basic, "If you must do that sort of thing, you must not give a public talk about it."

It is so easy to sell five simple rules!! But what about the fifty times they don't apply? "Ess" is a feminine ending, e.g. Prince-Princess. Having learned that, the student has to learn more if he is going *to write;* perhaps not more, if he is only going *to read.* He has to learn when it cannot be used. It is literally true, Mr. Editor, that a Chinese student who had learned the rule, but not the exceptions, once wrote asking for financial help, "In my family there are three adults and five adulteresses, and I am responsible for them all." We can look forward to a notable contribution of Basic boners.

But let's be more serious for a few moments. There are many excellent things about Basic, apart from its ballyhoo. The idea of some plan and order about the selection of a beginner's vocabulary is good and Basic has made a useful, but not the only useful, contribution to it. There are many unjustifiable economies in Basic English as advocated by Professor Ogden. It is often penny wise and pound foolish in the matter of words. For example, Prof. Ogden is so dogmatically determined to use only the eighteen operatives,—do, get, make, etc., that he will have no other verbs, even if they are easily derived and understood from nouns already learned. Also, Basic has the word "advertisement", and the student is supposed to guess the meaning of "advertising matter"; but on no account must you use the verb, "advertise". You can only put in an advertisement. In Basic English, a farmer cannot "grow vegetables"; he can only "make growth of vegetables", since Basic teaches the noun "growth", but not the verb, "grow". No teacher of common-sense will abide by these silly restrictions.

Every good teacher knows that it is the method by which the elementary material is taught that is important. It is relatively unimportant whether they learn 1000 or 3000 "words", provided they learn to *think in the language* they are learning. Learning to think in a language requires a different technique from that now used in most schools. The best of modern techniques which are being used in some of the more progressive experimental schools in China produce excellent results. They start—like Basic—with a small controlled vocabulary, but do not find any difficulty in leading the students on to a fairly large vocabulary.

Wrong Philosophy

The philosophy of education behind the Basic propaganda is the prevailing American one that education must be made cheap and easy. A nitwit who doesn't know the difference between bonds and bondage, but who has developed the psychology of hand-shaking and back-slapping, is entitled to a "B.A." in Public Relations! Let us take the "blood, sweat, toil and tears" out of education! We must have a policy of appeasement toward the lazy and incompetent. We can look forward to the day when educators will not be allowed to demand expanded vocabularies with their educational value, lest we upset the tranquillity of a class resting comfortably in the conviction that 850 words is enough. Does Basic have a belief in the educational value of language, its power to expand the imagination, enrich the emotions and stimulate thought? What is implied in a Basic English that re-writes the Bible? "Bring here the fat young cow", says the Basic Bible, "and put it to death." You can't kill anything in Basic, but that fatted calf had not been sentenced to execution by a court of law!

Basic enthusiasts like to give a classic quotation, which happens to be in Basic:—"To be, or not to be; that is the question". But that classic wasn't written to demonstrate vocabulary or teach grammar, and is rather meaningless to most people who use it, since they neither know nor care what comes before or after. The purpose of language is not to "crib, cabin and confine" expression, but to give it free, untrammelled scope, and the purpose of education is to enkindle the mind and expand the soul to take in its values. It is one thing to point out how useful Basic is to the illiterates of Massachusetts, or the unlettered Negroes of Alabama and quite another to suggest that this tabloid tongue is a sound introduction to English literature.

Teachers of English in foreign lands have long been working towards simplification of English for beginners and also towards better classroom methods of teaching it. Their idea of a beginner's vocabulary is that it should be a tool to be used for the acquiring of more English. In the advanced stages the tool is more in the nature of a ladder to be used to climb the heights of literature and science.

But the Basic conception of the English to be taught abroad is a closed circle of 850 words. It is self sufficient and adequate for all purposes. And to prove it, they are going to re-write the Bible, Shakespeare, and Bernard Shaw.

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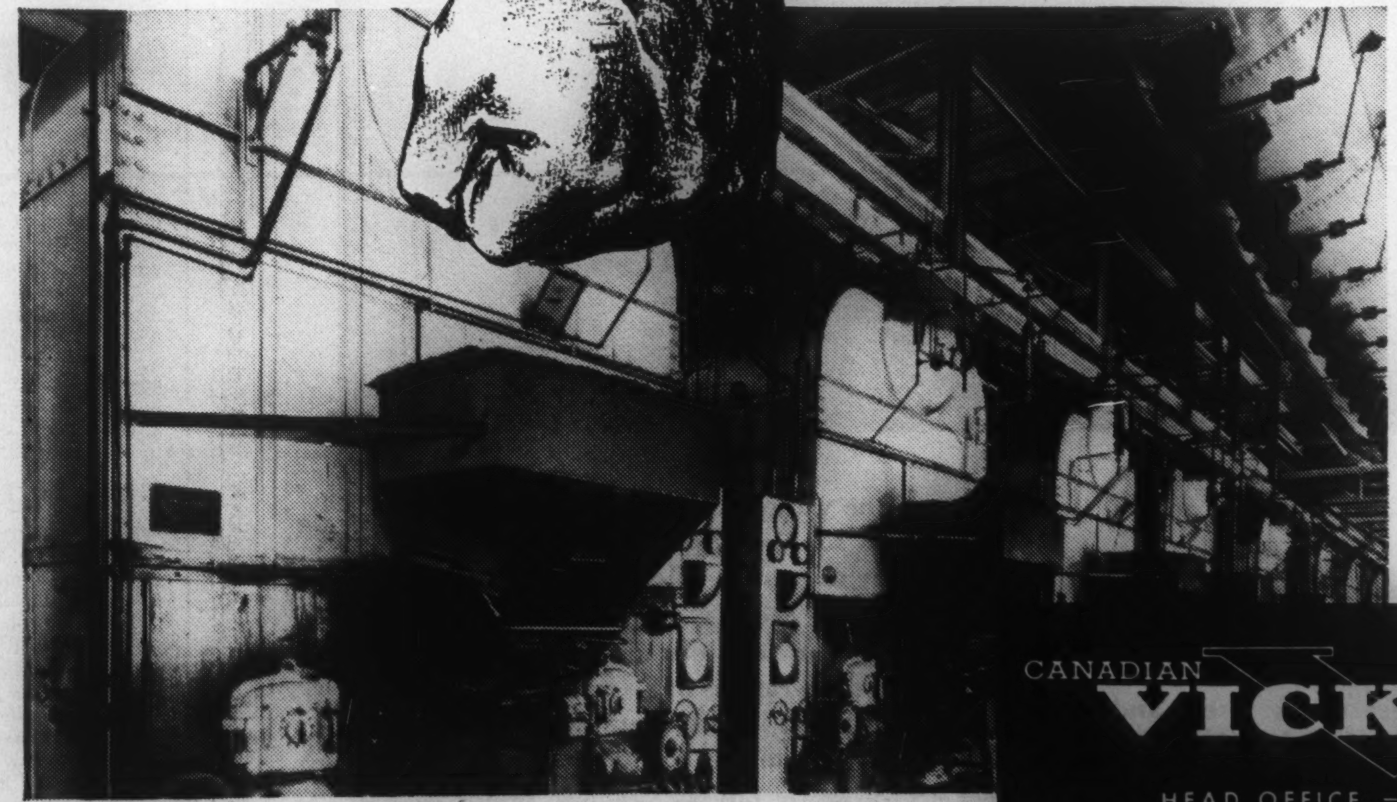

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NEW WAR BOOKS

Confessions of a Badly Shaken Air Expert

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

AIR POWER AND TOTAL WAR, by Cy Caldwell. (Longmans. $3.00.)
WINGS OF DESTINY, by Lord Londonderry. (Macmillans. $4.00.)
THE FIGHT FOR AIR POWER, by W. B. Huie. (McClelland & Stewart. $3.25.)

CY CALDWELL, the American air expert, has written a curious book. Retracting his earlier enthusiasms, he finds that air boosters like himself have over-rated air power as much as army officers have underrated it. It has not proven an all-conquering arm. Indeed, "nothing is more uncertain than air power."

It wouldn't have been sound at all to follow the urging of Seversky and Ziff and throw the main American effort into an all-out bombing offensive against Germany, as, while we were building all these big bombers we couldn't be sure the Germans weren't developing some means of defeating them.

With the theory that "the bomber will always get through" smashed in the Battle of Britain, to be succeeded by the theory that "the fighter is always superior to the bomber", which was in turn smashed by the operations of heavily armed and armored Allied bombers in 1942, Caldwell is left with the conviction that the only thing actually proved in battle to date is the unpredictability of war.

This agnostic view of military science is matched by his views on the justice of our cause and the possibility of making an end to war. The book is permeated with such views as that the Germans and Japs, like all other people, are "just and honest individuals . . . not lightly persuaded to take up arms", and only brought to this by the propaganda of leaders like Hitler, who in turn, "may be actuated by motives of the highest patriotism."

There is some homely wisdom and understanding of human nature in the book, but as a review of the part which air power has played in the present war it is of limited value, on account of its numerous inaccuracies and the author's habit of making forthright statements which cannot possibly be substantiated.

An air expert should, for example, have the facts straight about the Battle of Crete, which stands to this day as the war's most unique triumph of air power. Caldwell says we had only a few squadrons of fighters on Crete, "less than a hundred". Sir Arthur Longmore, who was the air officer commanding, has reported that we had "just over 40 Hurricanes left in the whole of Egypt, Libya and Crete" at this time.

He makes such statements as that "the Germans have invented nothing", and nominates Gamelin and Gort as "the prize dunderheads" of world history. What, then, of Short and Kimmel, in command at Hawaii, a year and a half later? Or Hitler and Mussolini, for that matter.

Caldwell hasn't much material on the air war in Russia, but draws the conclusions that "armies in general are unprofitable targets for air forces", and that the air war in the east has been one of attrition, as it was on the western front in the last war. Stalingrad may have been a profitable target as long as it was an industrial city. When it became a fortress, a network of underground pill-boxes, the continued German bombing marked "the low point of bombing effectiveness in any war."

The best parts of the book deal with the Battle of Britain, which the writer thinks probably cost Germany the war; and the prospects in the Pacific. He thinks that the German General Staff, which had seen air power successful as an adjunct to land power, its traditional weapon, was skeptical of what it could do by itself. They decided against invasion of Britain because they feared that they might run into losses which would leave them seriously weakened in face of Russia.

"Years" More Bombing

From the courageous resistance of the British people he derives the view that we might have to bomb Germany "for many years" before the power of the nation can be broken. And he also speaks a number of times the possibility of Germany switching her production and resources back into a big bombing campaign against Britain. To suggest at this stage of the war that Germany "or England" may be "blasted off the map", is surely to ignore the whole development of the opposing air powers.

When he comes to air power at sea, Caldwell is easier than most aeronautical writers on "the shy and reluctant battleship". He thinks there is a good likelihood of the Pacific War ending in "one grand battle", as he can't see the Japs facing defeat and the surrender of their fleet, as the Germans did by sailing to Scapa Flow in 1918.

But his supposition that "we may run out of carriers, through using them up in a series of battles" while the Japs may "face the same problem", leaving the final battle as one between surface craft, seems highly improbable. With an immense building program, the U.S. Navy has far more than replaced its carrier losses. It probably has close to a dozen regular fleet carriers ready for action now, with about one a month coming along. With such building Japan cannot keep pace. She is the one who will run out of carriers.

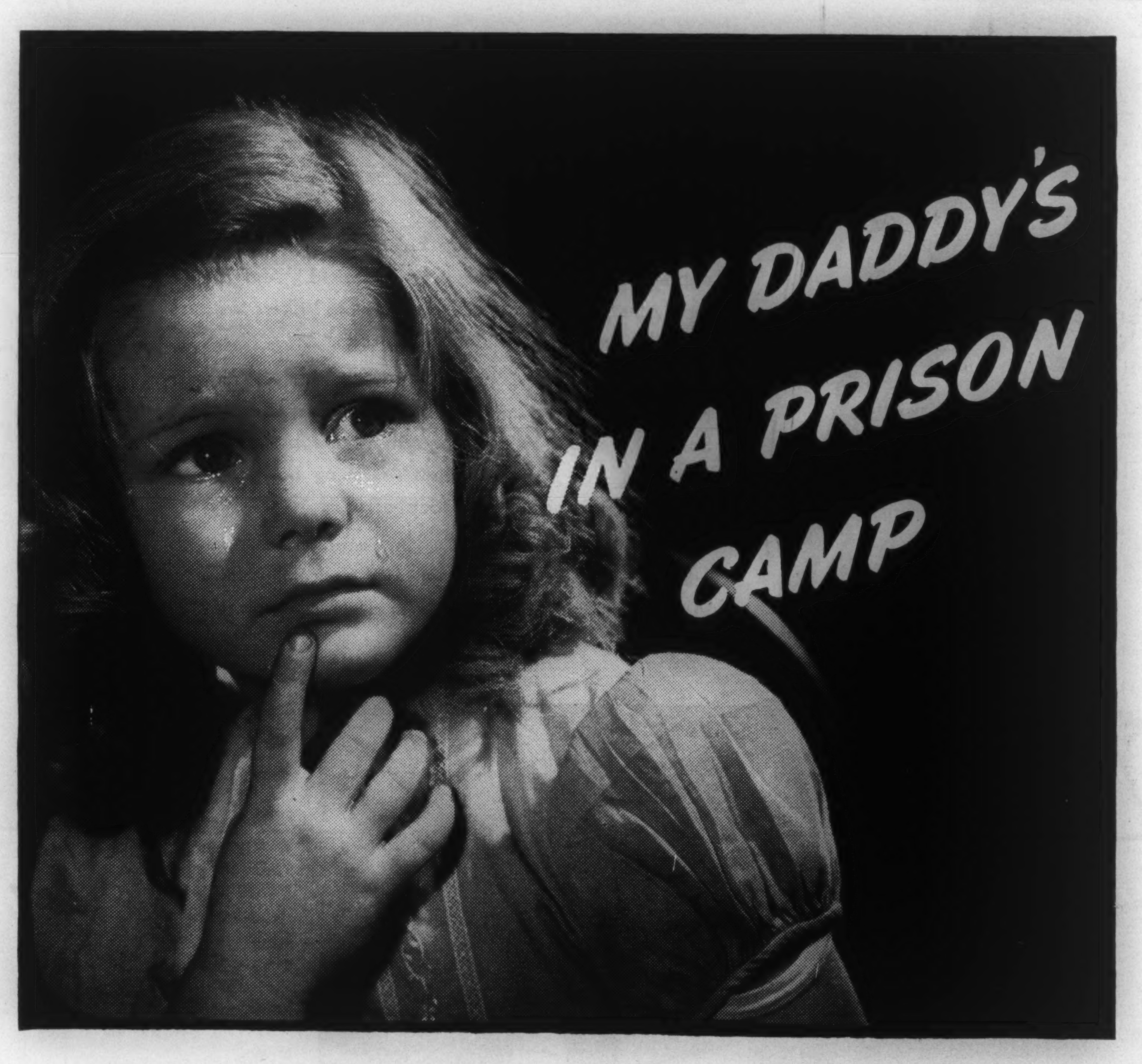
It is refreshing to turn from the converted Caldwell to the unregenerate Huie, blasting admirals and generals right and left, and the RAF the rest of the time. One can smile when he passes off the RAF's story as "similar to the German". "Their night bombers, built quickly, slow, with little gunnery protection, with a green crew, with no precision bombsight, are designed only to ferry bombs to the Ruhr under cover of darkness and drop the bombs almost indiscriminately."

This Is Too Much, Huie

He doesn't really dislike the RAF. He is merely a passionate, burning disciple of *American* air power and its particular doctrines. And I may say that no book has ever explained for me so well the origin and struggle of American air power, its present status in the American armed forces, and the worship of its 8-year-old champion, the Flying Fortress.

We all know vaguely the story of Billy Mitchell and how he was court-martialed for insisting on a greater pace for air power in the American forces. But how many realize that, while a so-called Headquarters Air Force was set up in 1935 and had by 1938 secured authorization for a dozen Flying Fortresses, this semi-independent air force was jealously disbanded *in 1940,* a year after the war started, and its leading officers dispersed and demoted?

There have been two struggles in the United States over air power, Mr. Huie explains. First there was the struggle over its development, in which the admirals and generals



"He says he dreams about me and mama all the time.

"He wishes he was home with us and we do too.

"Daddy says his bed is awful hard and not clean and he doesn't get much to eat and they are cruel to him and make him work too hard.

"Mama says when the war is over, Daddy will come home again if he is still alive.

"I hope it will be over soon."

Everyone wants this little girl to have her daddy back soon as possible. And the daddies of so many thousands of other youngsters.

We at home can't go to their rescue in person; but we can send our armed forces after them with the weapons in their hands and the equipment that will bust open every jail and concentration camp in enemy countries.

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fought to keep it as a short-range weapon "chained to their battleships and caissons", while the airmen fought to make it a strategic weapon which would strike far beyond America's coast. The second struggle, which is still going on, is for control of American air power.

Huie is able to show the leaders of the air struggle vindicated, and in command of new air theatres all over the world. He can show the Fortress vindicated, too. One can see that the intense devotion to and championship of this plane by American air writers is because it was the weapon developed by the air pioneers as the basis of strategic air power, and it was over its carcass that the struggle for American air power took place, from 1935 onwards. The United States possessed just 19 Flying Fortresses at the outbreak of war.

Londonderry's Revelations

In sharp contrast to Huie's heated advocacy, is Lord Londonderry's measured account of the development by the RAF between wars, "despite all controversies and criticisms" of a "small but highly efficient independent air force" able to defeat the mighty Luftwaffe in 1940. For this he gives most of the credit to Viscount Trenchard, one of the most remarkable men he has ever met.

What it lacked was what the Luftwaffe had in abundance: numbers. The reasons for this can be seen as Londonderry's story of the-years-in-between unfolds. The basic air strength laid down by Trenchard in 1923 as desirable for the British Isles, 52 squadrons, still "remained a dream" when Hitler rose to power ten years later. Yet Britain had had 30,000 planes in 1918!

There is not, I think, a very good impression of Londonderry's work in building up the air force, or in facing up to Germany. He admits that he looked at things quite differently from Churchill, "whose whole attitude was that we had got to fight the Germans again one day and it was better that we fought them before they became too strong. Londonderry believed that diplomacy could achieve an agreement with Germany.

He points out with justice, too, that he had to fight for funds first against the financial retrenchment which followed the formation of the National Government in 1931, and then against the wave of pacifism which swept the country in the following years.

He had to deal with Ramsay MacDonald, who had little feeling for the air force but was always ready to give the Navy what it asked for; and above all, with Neville Chamberlain, who held the purse strings, and even at this time "ruled the whole administration with a rod of iron".

Dealing From Strength

Although his many visits to Hitler and Goering in Germany and meetings with Ribbentrop in Britain stamp him indelibly as one of those who advocated "dealing" with Germany, I think that he proves in this book that he always wanted to do this from strength and not through weakness; and from antipathy to Communism, not admiration for Nazism.

There are a few extremely interesting revelations of what the Air Ministry knew at the time of German aerial rearmament. Thus Londonderry is able to state "quite definitely" that at the time Germany announced her new air force to the world, and Hitler told Simon that he had "about as many planes as Britain", the Luftwaffe actually had only one operational squadron!

It hoped, however, to form 15 to 20 more by the end of that month of March 1935, so rapidly was its expansion proceeding, and to have 180 to 200 squadrons of nine planes apiece by the end of 1936.

By all odds the most interesting parts of this book, which develops as an apologia for Lord Londonderry rather than an account of the building up of the Royal Air Force, are his characterizations of his colleagues. To Ramsay MacDonald he admits a strong personal attachment. But he shows Ramsay as most unhappy in the National Government, "obsessed with the idea that he had lost the good opinion of his old friends and that his new colleagues were intriguing against him."

"The result was that more and more in his speeches and letters he used vague and involved expressions which really meant nothing at all." Ramsay was "unwittingly influenced by Neville Chamberlain, and although full of suspicions, he more often than not fell in with his suggestions."

"Chamberlain, and not Baldwin, was the all-powerful figure behind the scenes. Baldwin hardly ever said anything in conference. He was the silent man. His stock phrase was 'My dear fellow, I know nothing about it. You do what you think best.' The questions of a harassed Minister were answered by a wholly irrelevant conversation about cricket or rowing."

Neville's memory "ought to carry regret rather than condemnation. His heredity, appearance and competent handling of intricate departmental affairs gained for him the character of a statesman. . . His departmental success, his facile power of speech and his capacity in debate placed him in the front rank of 'House of Commons men' . . . He lacked, however, the instinct of a Foreign Minister which ought to be inherent, indeed, must be, in a great Prime Minister."

Sir John Simon "no one could understand." Hoare is a man of great ability whose opinion always carried weight in the Cabinet. But he was ambitious, and "afraid of blotting his copybook."

Winston Churchill, outside the Cabinet and "practically in opposition", "towered above all his contemporaries. He is one of the most remarkable men of all time . . . a man of tremendous loyalties, with a rare gift of friendship." But "it must always be remembered that he is a man who delights in power. At the back of his mind he feels he is indispensable."

Eden comes off rather badly in this book, although "always a particular friend" of the author's. "As a colleague he is friendly and loyal and invariably helpful. Whether he has the strength to go very far I am not at all sure, but I am certain he will always be a valuable addition to any Administration." Beaverbrook is "a genius with a wonderful brain, but it is a brain that neither he nor anyone else can regulate. . .

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Canada's Sibylline Oracle

BY B. K. SANDWELL

CANADA'S Sibylline oracle, Mr. W. D. Herridge, has issued another pronouncement. This time it is a whole book of 162 pages, entitled "Which Kind of Revolution?" and published originally in the United States for the American people. In Canada it comes from McClelland and Stewart ($2). It is much more carefully worked out than most of Mr. Herridge's utterances to the people of Canada, and indeed if I could attach any definite meaning to the one cryptic phrase which runs through the book like a not-so-very golden thread I should almost certainly find it very interesting.

The phrase is "total use of resources". On page 3 we learn "Until there is total use of our material resources, there cannot be total use of our spiritual and intellectual resources", from which I assume that it is the primary total use, that of the material resources, that Mr. Herridge is most concerned about.

It occurs to me as possible that Mr. Herridge's phrase is pretty close in meaning to the phrase now in common use among progressives, "full employment". But full employment is a pretty definite concept; a man who could be working at something which the community needs or desires, and who is not working, is obviously a subtraction from full employment. He represents something short of total use of one of the greatest and most easily wasted of the community resources, its labor power; something short of total use also of the material resources upon which he might be working—which he might be turning into needed goods or services.

But the people who discuss full employment usually tell us something of how they propose to secure it; and Mr. Herridge does not tell us how he proposes to secure total use of resources. In fact he tells us that he can't tell us. "No one man can fully and accurately prescribe the means by which to build a new system of total use." More than that, "it is outside the scope of this book even to speculate upon the technical structure of such a system." It is not, however, a government planned system. It has nothing to do with the present wartime controls and directions, for these have to do "alone with man power and with physical assets". In the new, the Herridge, kind of total use "you have the people driving the machinery of production to attain its optimum capacity. In the old order of the second world war"—which is what we now have—"you have the machinery of production dragging the people by the heels."

The adoption of total use will mean a revolution, but neither a Fascist nor a Socialist revolution. It will not be a revolution against free enterprise. It will not be a revolution against democracy. If you forsake free enterprise, "is there any stopping place before we get to slave enterprise?"

Here, however, is something like a clue. "Production and distribution will be controlled in the interest of both the producer and the consumer, but there will be no restraints in the interest of profits." And here is another. "There will be no tariff walls anywhere." Nationalism will be greatly diminished: "The old order compels intense nationalism. . . The law of the jungle and the law of the old order of scarcity are much the same." And again: "The welfare of the individual will be determining. That welfare will be advanced not by super-statism, but by the welfare of the individual everywhere, anywhere, without regard to political boundaries."

And finally: "English-speaking Democracy must proclaim the doctrine of total use and set about with Russia to make that doctrine work in every country in the world." Yet it is not the doctrine which Russia is already making work! What does it all mean?

SIR NORMAN ANGELL has two great advantages when he sets out to clear the mind of the English-speaking public on matters relating to war and peace. One is his immense lucidity of style. The other is the fact that he is generally accepted as an honest and disinterested thinker in the realm of international affairs. "Let the People Know" (Macmillan, $8.25) is a masterpiece of clarity and good sense. It is almost wholly a series of exposures of the errors of much current thinking—the errors of the isolationists in the United States and elsewhere; of Professor H. E. Carr, that very plausible and dangerous upholder of the doctrine that aggression and resistance are equally above all moral considerations; of the economic determinists and the "class war" people; of Mr. Laski; of the Indian Congress propagandists like Mr. Louis Bromfield and anti-Commonwealth propagandists like Mr. Dreiser; and finally and above all of anti-League of Nations and anti-collective security ranters like—name your own paper and your own politician. It is a magnificent book, addressed to Americans but to be read by Canadians. But it has no index.

Another book for Americans, readable by Canadians, is D. W. Brogan's "The English People" (Ryerson, $3.75). I know of no other book, not specializing on the subject, which explains the curious system of patronage in the Established Church of England as this one does; of no other, not specializing, which deals as intelligently with the British educational system; of no other which makes so clear how utterly the characteristic life of England has become an urban, industrial life and not an agricultural one. The contemporary Englishman has an aesthetic passion for the country and a total inability to live upon it. "A nation of flower-growers, like the English, is a nation of shopkeepers, not a nation of farmers." And as a nation the British do not hunt foxes either; there are not enough foxes.

"Sarpedon" in "England's Service" (Macmillan, $2), expounds a plan to "restore the function of the London Market in its essential task as the international centre and regulator of world exchanges." He wants to bring about a regulated flow of international trade, and feels that it can no longer be done by free and unplanned movement of commodities as in the old days. He therefore looks for regulators, and surprisingly enough finds them in the international cartels. These he regards as beneficent, or at worst not harmful. "Even such purely restrictive schemes as the tin combine and the rubber conference probably did not throttle production beyond the absorptive capacty of the market." A charming phrase! He greatly admires the chemical cartel, because its grip was secured largely by means of patents, and was thus "withdrawn from the sphere of commercial politics and diplomacy" and placed "under the tutelage of international Private Law." And very nice too, but Mr. Dutt will not like it. The London Market is to be a sort of commodity exchange where all the cartels can dispose of their produce, though why they will need any exchange heaven only knows.

MR. PALME DUTT, the English Communist from India, also has ideas about England and the world, expressed in "Britain in the World Front" (Progress Publishing Co., Toronto, $1.75), which has a foreword by Tim Buck. It's not quite up to Mr. Dutt's standard, being almost wholly a lyric cry that Fascism must be defeated because of its "hatred of humanity". It includes the outrageous mis-statement that the war was never officially described as "a fight against Hitlerism and not against the German people" until the British-Sovet pact of July 12, 1941. A writer who can go to that length to justify his opposition to the war from 1939 to June 22, 1941, can scarcely be a helpful guide even in 1942 and later. He tells us that "Fascism is a phenomenon which has appeared in all capitalist countries, in greater or less degree, at a certain stage of development." He defines it as "the system of violent rule of the most reactionary big monopolist interests." Most of the book is Second Front argument or a plea for the abolition of property rights in the interests of military efficiency.

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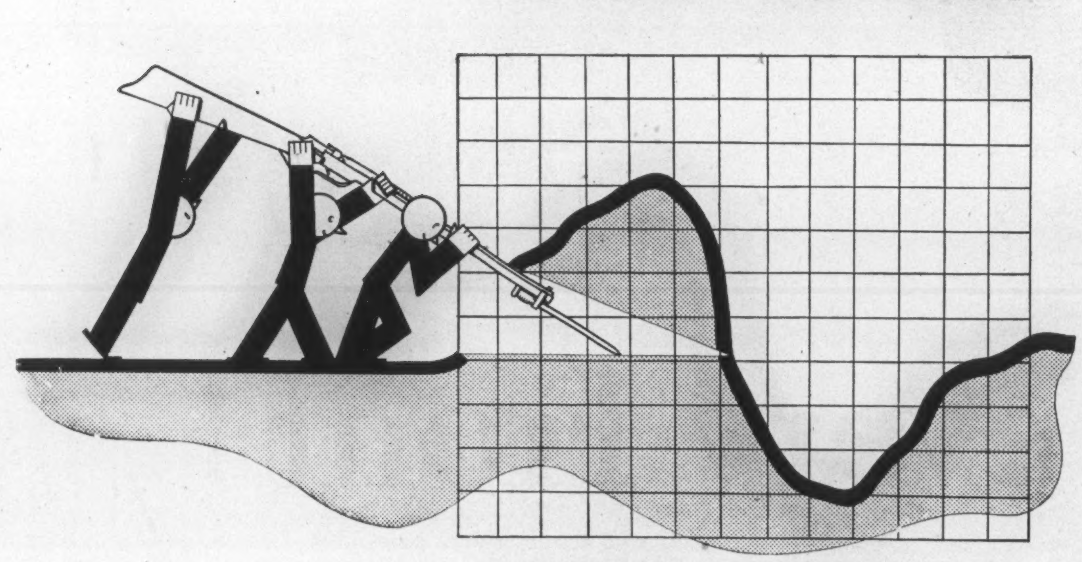

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The Publishers

SATURDAY NIGHT,
The Canadian Weekly

THE MARITIME LETTER

Wild Life Comes Out of Hiding

BY PETER P. GOULD

JUST as soon as the war is over sportsmen in the Maritime Provinces will have a great hey-day. With most of the guides and hunters now in uniform, the famous sporting areas of the provinces are having a breathing spell which is nourishing a great new stock of fish and game.

Most of the hunting and fishing done in the provinces now is by men from the various training centres, and though they bang away at every opportunity their efforts don't greatly deplete the game supply. The great part of their hunting is done near the centres and they seldom manage to get into the heart of the game country. Their fishing is even more incidental as most lack the equipment and the experience necessary to land a salmon or big trout.

There are evidences at every hand of the beneficial results of the breathing spell on the game stocks. The most noticeable is the great increase in the round-town gawking tours of the various representatives of wild life. While we have long been used to the occasional visit of a cow moose or deer to some town or other these visits have now become so common that they hardly occasion any comment.

AND there is a marked change in the attitude of the animals on their visits. Seldom now is there that traditional amazement and fright at the eccentricities of city life. Some time ago at Sheet Harbour in Nova Scotia five moose wandered into a lumber yard and behaved much more like casual visitors than supposedly wild beasts. They merely stood around and watched operations for about ten minutes and then moved quietly on to more favorable pastures. At Amherst a cow moose dropped in at a public school yard one morning recently for a quiet browse. The very next morning a bull checked in at the same station for a short rest. Neither showed any concern at the activities of the town.

The placidity of the bull in this case, however, was an exception. His brethren generally as yet haven't shown any signs of a growing social consciousness, and continue to charge anything human on sight and to act very much as short-tempered monarchs of their realms. The changed attitude is still very much confined to the female of the species. Incidentally, responsibility for this new outlook on life may undoubtedly be put directly at the door of the closed season which has now been in effect for several years on moose.

The tendency towards more amicable relations with the human of the species is carried right down the line with other animals, even to the partridge, which in these quarters has had a notorious aversion towards human companionship. Flocks of tame partridges and pheasants have been reported from many points in the Maritimes, and in Kentville, Nova Scotia, there is a dignified ambassador from the realm of the ruffled grouse that even consents to having his picture taken before the local newspaper office.

This tameness doesn't yet apply to the fish in the Provinces; but there are indications that some of them may soon be crowded out of the waters and have to take up their quarters on land for the duration. In the Medway and the St. Mary's, the two famous salmon rivers in Nova Scotia, there have never been so many fish seen before as this year, and the other salmon and trout grounds are reported to be swarming.

ALL the effects of the war years on game haven't been good, however. The increase in moose, deer and other game animals has been equally reflected in bear, wild-cats, beavers and the other animals which are a menace to farm life and hunters. In Nova Scotia bear particularly have increased and there have been a number of close encounters between them and hunters. Not so long ago in Antigonish County two men had to battle and kill a seven-hundred-pound brute with hardwood clubs after wounding it with a bullet.

There has been a large increase in the number of bounties paid on bear and wild-cat snouts in the past few years and in some cases the bounties have been raised. In Cumberland County in Nova Scotia one hunter alone is reported to have killed seventy-six wildcats last winter.

The increase in game promises to get the Maritimes' tourist business off to a flourishing start after the war. At present the industry is practically at a standstill, as almost all traffic coming into the province is on war business, and in any event all accommodation is of course strained by "duration" visitors. Only a few of the larger centres still cater to a straight tourist business and they draw practically all of their guests from the resident population. These few that have stayed open for business, however, have done a boom trade.

INDICATIVE of a possible economic change in the Maritimes is the increasing stress that is being put on the place of small industries in the post-war picture. There always has been a strong progressive element, notably among the co-operatives, that has said that the creation of many small industries was the major answer to the Maritimes economic problem, but recently opinion in favor of the small local plant as a potential saviour has been coming from many sides of the community.

Just one of the many advocates of this development is Dr. Alan Cameron, Deputy Minister of Mines for Nova Scotia. Dr. Cameron points out that the productivity of Nova Scotia mines is nearly at its maximum and that they cannot be expected to produce much more employment, but that more employment could be provided by processing the minerals at home. As some of the industries that could develop from mineral products he mentions steel ships, built of plate and rolled shapes made in Nova Scotia, the production of chemicals, manufacture of rock-wool from dolomite, and domestic production of glass bottles.

Other industries that have been advanced as possible fields for this type of development are handicrafts, specialized farming, and processing of fish and lumber by-products.

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Guy

Extract from a letter received at Anaconda from an employee overseas.

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You'll get your equipment Sergeant, the best there is. And between the men here at home and the men that you're with, there's no doubt ..."We Can't Be Beat!"

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BY E. C. WOODLEY

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Points of difference between educational systems should not be treated as criteria for judging one better than another. They may be due to environmental factors which cannot be estimated on the basis of better or worse. Such peculiarities are integral to the society which the educational system serves.

At the close of a speech delivered before the members of the Canada-Newfoundland Education Association at Quebec in September, the Hon. Hector Perrier, Provincial Secretary, made the following significant statements: "We must seek the solution of school problems not in uniformity of programs and systems but in a generous collaboration and in a reasonable emulation among all the provinces. We respect the convictions of others as we desire that they respect our convictions. We hold to our differences but assume our share of common sacrifices. We are as Canadian as any and we ask to be understood as we seek to understand others".

Roots in Distant Past

The appeal of the Provincial Secretary for an understanding of the Quebec educational system is entirely reasonable. A knowledge of the system is essential to any estimate of its worth, to say nothing of a criticism of its faults. The statements often made concerning the Quebec system too frequently reveal deep ignorance regarding its essential nature or an initial prejudice against the province of its origin.

It is of fundamental importance to recognize that the Quebec educational system has its roots in a distant past and certain elements from that past are inseparable features of its growth. The strength derived from these distant roots is a major factor in the continuity of the present system.

The province of Quebec was French for nearly two centuries before it became even partially English. During the French régime, no small or insignificant part in its life was taken by the missionaries and priests of the Roman Catholic faith. They were educated men and the intellectual as well as the religious life of the people was part of their responsibility. All attempts at education during the French régime were initiated by the church. It is true that no general system of education existed. But when Laval founded the Grand Seminary for the training of priests for the diocese of Quebec he also established the Little Seminary to meet the needs of the youth of Quebec who desired to obtain a classical education. The education of girls was likewise committed to the nuns of the Ursuline Order. Thus in the minds of the French inhabitants of this province, education and religion become closely associated.

The French carried this association with them when, in the course of history, they changed political allegiance at the time of the conquest, and it was recognized by the British governors and the Parliament of Great Britain. When the Quebec Act was passed in 1774 the Roman Catholic clergy were confirmed in their "accustomed dues and rights, with respect to such persons only as shall profess the said religion".

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Educational facilities in the country, however, were very scant, although a number of schools for French children had been established. Little had been done, however, for the children of the English Protestant Population. In 1799 Bishop Mountain submitted a long petition to the Governor-General of that time, Sir R. S. Milnes, pleading for the establishment, with government support, of grammar schools with English masters. The petition was favorably received although nothing was done until 1815, when the British parliament, disregarding the deep-seated convictions of its French subjects in this matter, established the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning to administer all public education in the new colony. The Royal Institution led a faltering and unsatisfactory existence and finally in 1841, ceased to exercise its original functions altogether. It was doomed from the start, as it was based on the idea that the government could operate schools of a neutral character in this part of Canada. The Roman Catholic clergy opposed the Royal Institution from its beginning, and Bishop Plessis of Quebec advised his curés to ignore the schools under its direction.

In 1824 the Fabrique Act authorized every Roman Catholic parish to set aside a quarter of its church revenues for the support of schools. These schools would, perforce, be under the direction of the Roman Catholic Church, and the education given in them would be shaped by this fact. They would also be conducted in the French language.

Meanwhile, through force of circumstances, English - speaking children, most of whom were Protestant, attended the schools of the Royal Institution or others started under private auspices. Thus there developed naturally in this province the principle of separate schools for Protestants and Roman Catholics. The legitimacy of this principle was accepted by both groups when the first Education Act was passed in 1841, and that Act, which set the pattern of education followed in Quebec ever since, must be viewed against this background.

The Act of 1841, as modified and amended in 1846 and 1849, made provision for a school in each township, the election of school commissions, the levying of school taxes, the maintenance of a model school in each municipality, the establishment of dissentient schools when demanded, appointment of a board of examiners for candidates for teaching diplomas, and the appointment of a Superintendent of Education for the province. Special provisions were made for the schools in the cities of Quebec and Montreal.

In 1869 an Act was passed which further emphasized the fundamental feature of the educational system of the Province of Quebec namely, separate schools for Protestant and Roman Catholic children. It is perhaps significant that the discussion which led to this Act began soon after the passing of the British North America Act in 1867 which, in Article 93 granted to each province the right to "exclusively make laws in relation to Education".

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By the Act of 1869 a Council of Public Instruction was formed, composed of fourteen Roman Catholics and seven Protestants. Each group formed a committee of the Council to deal with matters concerning its own schools but had to submit its conclusions to the Council. This method of directing education in the province was elaborated and improved by an Act passed in 1876 by which each group in the Council was constituted a separate committee authorized to deal with all matters concerning the education of children of its faith. The Roman Catholic bishops of the province became ex-officio members of the Council and one third of the Council was Protestant.

The formation of the Council of Education and the independence of the two Committees were further affected by an Act passed in 1899. Matters concerning the interests of both Roman Catholics and Protestants collectively are placed under the jurisdiction of the Council. Through its two committees, however, the Council finds complete expression. Each Committee has authority regarding all matters related exclusively to the education of the children belonging to its faith. The Committees have jurisdiction over the entire content of the subject matter of education and the training of the teachers who impart or direct it.

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With slight modifications, the educational system of the Province of Quebec has become stabilized in its operation along these lines. It may appear complicated to the outside observer and has many unusual features acquired in its historical growth. But, to those who understand it and work under its auspices, it is found to meet adequately the very complex situation in which two races, with different cultural backgrounds, different languages and different forms of the Christian religion are seeking to live together in peace and amity based on mutual respect for each other's differences.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH ? By Ti-Jos No. 22

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$500! HOW'D YOU EVER MANAGE IT?
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This is a Canadian.

He didn't pose for the picture.

It was taken on a far-away beach just as he got ashore through a hail of shells.

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His troops are falling back now—but slowly.

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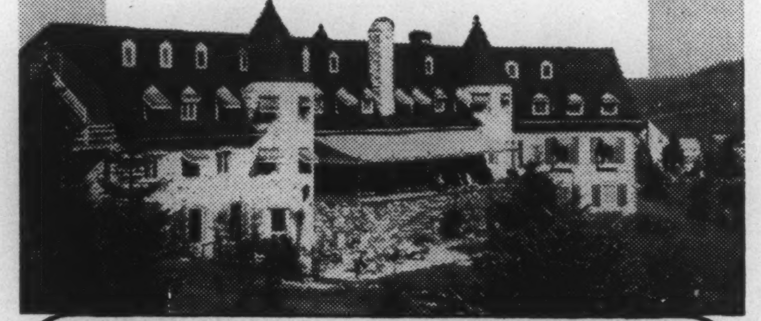

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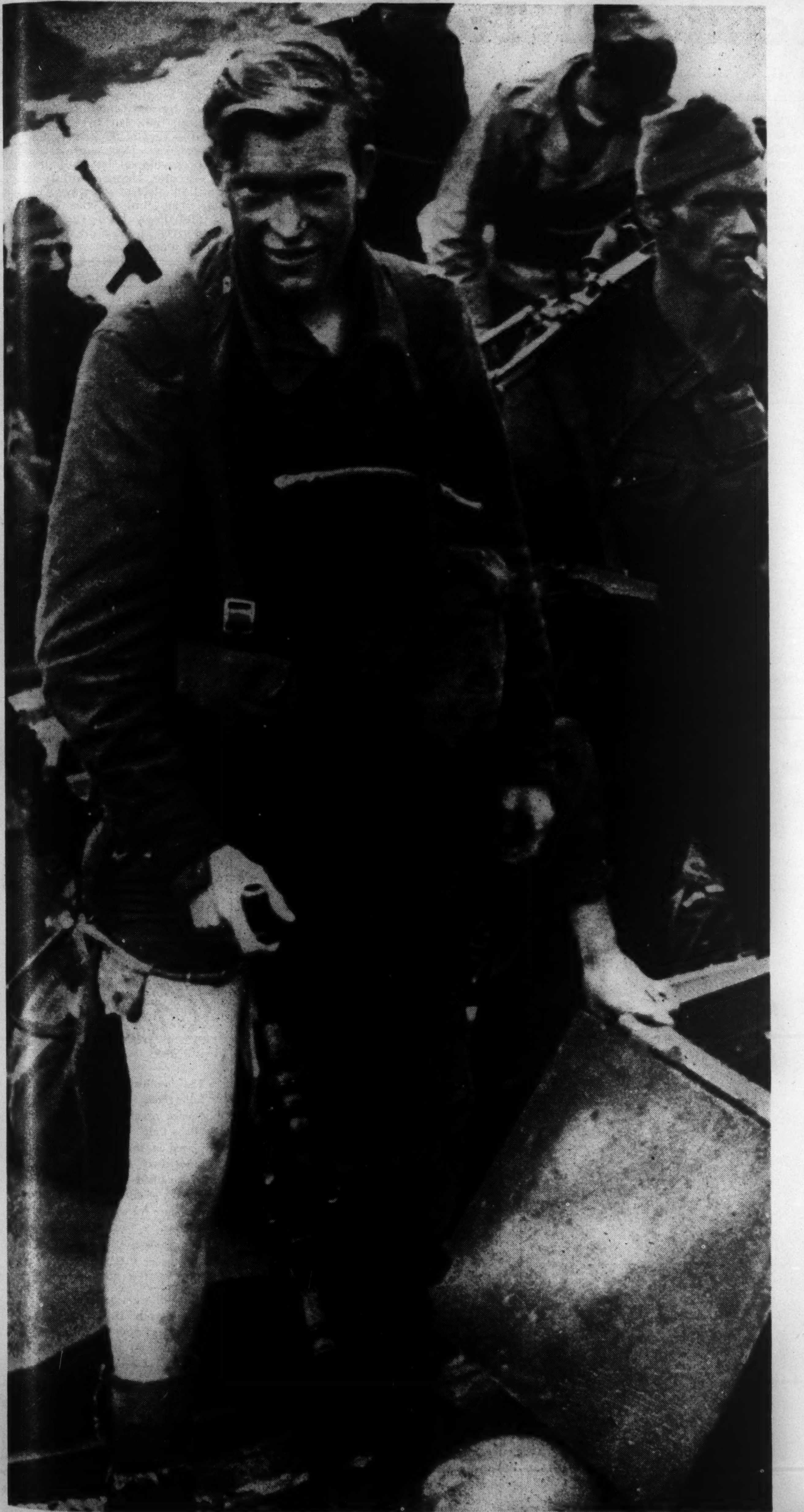

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Here's Model Vocational Training—in Prison

BY O. T. G. WILLIAMSON

Why, asks Mr. Williamson very reasonably, should it be necessary for young Canadians to commit a crime before they can obtain the benefit of the excellent vocational training which is being provided at the Guelph Reformatory? "What should have been their birthright is given to them only as a form of punishment."

But the work that is being done for the more intelligent among the young persons committed to Guelph is a fine example of what could be done for those non-criminals who today are to a large extent deprived of educational facilities of the kind they need.

MORE years ago than the writer cares to acknowledge, he used to fish for trout in Sweatman's Creek which paralleled the York Road immediately east of Guelph. At the lower end it ran through swampy, rather forbidding ground. To-day, clear and inviting, it lazes in shapely pools or makes great play over miniature falls and rapids. The swamp is gone and in its place is a sweep of well-kept lawn and flower beds leading up to the Ontario Reformatory. The main buildings have more the appearance of a hospital than a prison and, for all the efficient cells and bars and locks, this feeling is not dispelled on a tour through the interior. Everything is spotless. Light and fresh air are abundant. The dining rooms and kitchens are austere in their trim cleanliness, but it is an austerity that smacks of a school or of a monastery. The gymnasium is well equipped and, as a concert hall, it will accommodate eight hundred men. It has its motion picture booth and screen. The library contains 4,067 volumes. Ontario can have few rivals in its accommodation of its short-term criminal offenders.

The report for 1942 shows that 2,151 were committed to the institution during the year. Of these 594 were under the age of 21 years. Three hundred and thirty-four were first offenders, 248 were there for the second time; for a third term there were 193 and 1,376 were convicted for more than the third time. Previous terms had been served in this institution by 854. These figures deserve some close attention. It is at once apparent that reformatories, even such an ideal institution as that at Guelph, do not reform. It is deplorable that such a large number of first offenders must serve with practiced criminals undergoing sentence for more than the third time. The ratio is as 15 to 63.

Inmates Lack Education

Further examination of the report throws an interesting light on the mentality of the inmates. Fifty-seven per cent are mental defectives or borderline cases of dull normal intelligence. Of the group of normal mentality, only 1.96% were rated as having superior intelligence. Educational tests were applied to those of normal intelligence: of these 12.2% had entrance standing or better and 60% were lower than Grade VI. Education would therefore appear to be the determining factor in our prison population, and education is not neglected in the Ontario Reformatory. Of nine who tried the entrance examinations, nine passed and good progress was made with the illiterate and junior classes. The pity is that such a large number of boys of normal intelligence should have failed to secure even a complete primary education. One is prone to wonder whether the right people are incarcerated at Guelph.

Prisons at best are not pleasant places, but any slight feeling of depression was dispelled by a further examination of the grounds and workshops. These are an inspiration to anyone concerned with the proper training of our youth. That it should be necessary to undergo a prison sentence in Canada to secure the vocational training which should be free to every Canadian boy is a sad commentary on our general lack of public conscience. Any man of decent feeling, anyone who has tried to re-establish a time-expired offender, all who have listened to the maudlin sophistry which passes current for constructive thought in respect to youth training, would be enraged to think that the wonderful work being done at Guelph is the result of a sentence and not of a competitive examination. The Ontario Reformatory has a one-thousand-acre farm with some of the finest land in Wellington County, a county noted for its farms. There is an extensive orchard of twelve-year-old trees. A herd of one hundred and eighty Holstein cattle supplies milk to a value of over twenty thousand dollars annually. Five hundred and sixty-five hogs were raised and marketed and the general farm produce amounted to almost $60,000. All this gave healthful employment and valuable training to a very considerable number of the inmates but this was only a beginning.

Modern Shops

The industrial departments had a revenue of $545,695.54. This is enough of figures. In going through the various shops one forgot, in the evident interest shown by the operators, that these were not normal young men and boys learning trades and skills of their free choice and for their ultimate good. The woollen mill was rather a revelation. Before our eyes we saw bales of raw wool, carded, spun into yarn and woven into serviceable blankets. The equipment was modern and efficient. Socks were being knit on machines of super-intelligence which did not hesitate at the turning of a heel or the shaping of a toe.

We saw in the metal-working shop tubular steel hospital beds and angle-iron prison beds complete with their woven wire springs. Mattresses are made in the clothing shop and working shirts, laundry bags and overalls. Good tweed suits, well cut and tailored, are produced in quantity for other provincial institutions. All this is done in a tailor shop equipped with modern machine equipment. In the wood-working shop, an order of oak chairs, the sort you might place in your office, was going through. The workmanship everywhere was good. The instructors all appeared to be leaders not drivers.

This day the cannery was canning corn, and corn produced on the Reformatory farm. It was being husked by hand, which to the writer appeared the only feasible method. All other operations, from its being stripped from the cob to its final appearance in a gallon tin, were by machines and equipment of standard canning type. Canning operations are extensive as an output valued at approximately $83,000 shows.

Corps' Plan in Miniature

Last we come to the abattoir. There were some flies outside. It was a warm day. There were none within the building. It was no more unpleasant than a butcher shop and certainly far better stocked than those we see in these meagre days. In the refrigerator rooms were sides of fine quality beef. Twenty-two animals had been killed that day. Hogs and lambs were dressed and waited shipment. One large room was filled with eggs purchased, for the farm has no poultry, when the price was low. Bacon of most appetizing smell had a cold room to itself. Cooked and cured meats of several sorts are produced and the work is done by youthful prisoners under the supervision of six skilled men.

For one, like the writer, who has advocated a plan of vocational training on a national scale, the plan proposed by the Canadian Corps Association, the visit to Guelph was at once a revelation and a maddening experience. Here was the plan, not fully developed but full of promise of greater things, and it was not available to Canadian boys until they had run foul of the law. What should have been their birthright was given to them only as a form of punishment. They were being given training, and instead of a diploma the best they could hope for was an

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unequal struggle with a censorious world. Instead of being able to say proudly that they were graduates of the National Vocational centre at Guelph, they would have to admit that they had had their training in a reformatory. The blind folly which leads us to educate a part of our youth in a jail when with better results we might do it in a school is the result in large part of public indifference and selfishness. This is no plea for young men whom the law has dubbed criminals. It is an indictment of old men whom the conscience of our people has not yet rated as fools. It is folly of the most blithering kind to maintain at great public expense an educational system which neither educates nor inculcates those principles of conduct which give sufficient character to keep boys out of jail.

Still Scope at Guelph

There is, however, so much of promise in what is being done at Guelph that this article must end on a more pleasant note. The success that has been attained is not the work of one man. To the Hon. W. J. Hanna goes the credit for the establishment of reformatories in Ontario. This was the result of a wave of public feeling for prison reform. Productive employment was recognized as likely to play a vital part in reformation. The present industrial buildings were constructed more than twenty-five years ago. They have given good service but should be replaced by more modern buildings and the equipment should be improved in some departments. The scope of the training should be extended. The weaving of cloth and the manufacture of boots from leather produced and finished on the premises are suggested as possible activities. All Ontario Governments, since Mr. Hanna's time, are to be congratulated on their unbroken record of enlightened treatment of minor offenders and should be encouraged to do more.

A policy, no matter how wise it may be, is coldly impersonal and its success is dependent on the enthusiasm and wisdom of the men who give it effect. The writer therefore desires to close with a word of tribute to the present staff, which even a casual inspection disclosed as being of definitely the right type. It was evident that Dr. J. D. Heaslip, the Superintendent, had their respect and the respect of the inmates as well. The beauty of the grounds, which cannot fail to have a wholesome effect on the men who from year to year work to enhance it, was conceived and in large part created by Mr. C. F. Neelands, now of the Provincial Secretary's Department but for years Superintendent of the Ontario Reformatory. While Ontario has such an official our juvenile offenders are in good hands. If the people of this province had a greater knowledge of his work, there would be an instant demand that it be extended and that similar training centres, without the stigma of a prison, be immediately organized throughout the country. The copybook maxims still are true. Prevention is better than cure.

Allied bombers faced with a challenge to "shoot it out" with German fighter planes are being equipped with extra guns. This new remote-control powered chin turret of the B-17 boasts two extra machine guns.

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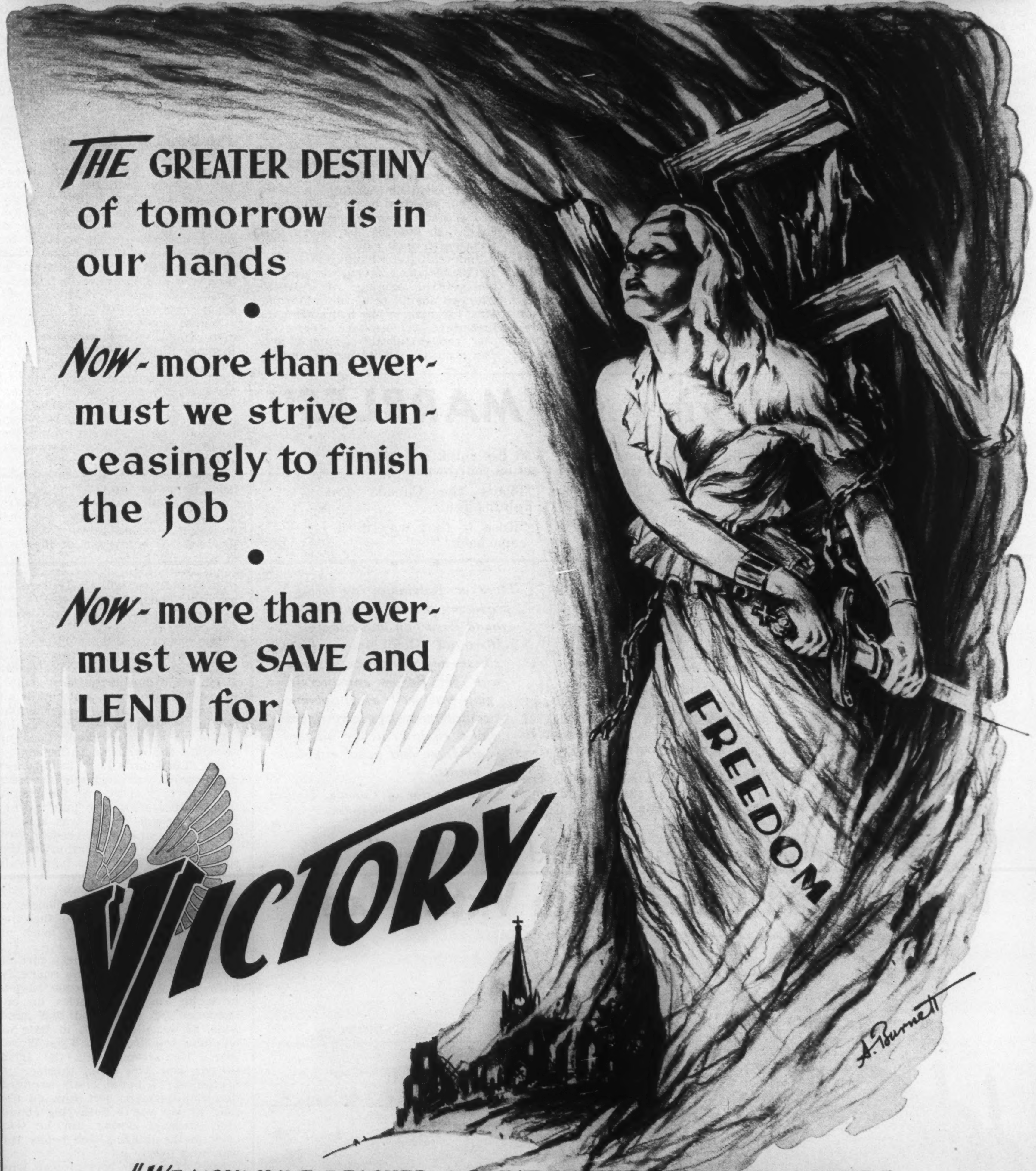

"WE NOW HAVE REACHED A POINT IN THE JOURNEY WHERE THERE CAN BE NO PAUSE. WE MUST GO ON! IT MUST BE WORLD ANARCHY OR WORLD ORDER."

—WINSTON CHURCHILL *(at Harvard University)*

SUN LIFE OF CANADA

THE LONDON LETTER

Difficulties of the Drama Critics

BY P. O'D.

IT IS not very often that a theatrical producer steps down into the journalistic arena, and setting his good fountain-pen in the position of attack, charges head-long at the dramatic critics. Mr. Michael Redgrave, the producer in London of Maxwell Anderson's "The Wingless Victory," has had the courage to do so. He has raised some interesting questions—none the less interesting because it is not likely they will ever be settled.

Mr. Redgrave's criticism of the critics has not been inspired by their reception of "The Wingless Victory," though that has been a good deal short of enthusiastic. The critics generally have expressed their appreciation of the American dramatist's serious intention, but most of them have made it pretty clear that they consider much of his eloquent dialogue to be more remarkable for sound than content—to be, as one of them put it rather brutally, "august boloney."

Perhaps Mr. Redgrave could see something of that sort coming. In any case, his article on dramatic criticism and critics came out before the opening night—which seems to show that he believes in getting in his punch first.

Among the demands that Mr. Redgrave makes of the critics is that they should sign their articles, that there should be none of what might be called shoot-on-sight criticism, but that there should be an interval for studious reflection, that facetious headlines should be barred, and that there should be a follow-up of further notices giving an account of changes in the cast or the production.

There is a lot to be said for each and all of these demands. They represent what may be considered a counsel of perfection. It would be pleasant and salutary, no doubt, if dramatic criticism could always be made the subject of lengthy reflection, could always be signed by recognized dramatic critics, and should always be head-lined with a proper respect for its dignity.

Unfortunately, news is news, and news-editors are news-editors. They are interested in dramatic criticism only in so far as the drama is news. They want criticism served up hot and spicy, and critics have to accommodate themselves to these demands. Otherwise there is nothing to prevent the news-editor sending the racing-reporter — or the office-boy, for that matter—in their place.

In London dramatic critics do what they can to sustain the dignity of their calling. They have established a Critics' Circle, to which only fully recognized dramatic critics are admitted. It is a body with considerable influence in the world of the theatre, and membership is highly prized. But all they can really do is to exclude an interloper. They can't prevent him writing about the theatre, whether he is really qualified or not. Dramatic criticism, like any other kind of journalism, still remains an open job.

Under all these handicaps and uncertainties, the amazing thing is that the general average of dramatic criticism should be so high. Morning after morning, a few hours after the first-night performance, there appear thoughtful and scholarly articles, pointing out its merits and defects and its special appeal (or otherwise) to play-goers, with an analytical precision and a charm of style that could hardly be bettered by a week of reflection. How in the world do the critics do it? People like Mr. Redgrave should really be grateful. Taking one notice with another, both producers and the public are getting grand service.

The Late Lord Castlerosse

Years ago, when for a while I served on the *Daily Express* in London—on the principle that they also serve who mostly stand around and wait for things to happen—one of the men just beginning to cut a considerable figure in Fleet Street was Lord Castlerosse. He was the sort of man who would have cut a figure almost anywhere—physically as well as in other directions.

Seldom could you find a modern man who looked so completely the Regency Buck. You felt he ought to have ruffles down the front of his shirt, a voluminous neck-cloth (if his neck left room for it), trousers strapped down over his insteps, and a tall clouded cane. He was born too late—sartorially, in any case. None the less, he was a very impressive-looking person.

Browne may seem a rather plebeian name for the 6th Earl of Kenmare, the 12th Baronet of Molahiffe, and the Lord of Killarney. But such it was, Valentine Edward Charles Browne. As eldest son of the Earl of Kenmare, he bore the title of Viscount Castlerosse; and so it is likely that Fleet Street will always remember him, though he succeeded to the earldom in 1941. Few men were ever more popular in "the Street."

Castlerosse was the perfect man-about-town. He was also a born "colyumist." He knew everybody worth while, he was the most genially gregarious of men, and he was an endless and most entertaining talker. Moreover, he wrote as he talked, in an effervescent flood of anecdote and amusing reflection.

His "Londoner's Log" in the *Sunday Express* was a complete success from the very start. As the *Times*, in its rather prim way, puts it, "his fund of urbane gossip was able to provide a great body of readers with that vicarious participation in the social round which is so highly valued by many." Whatever it may think of gossip-writers—or, at any rate, of such eminent practitioners as Castlerosse—it seems clear that the *Times* doesn't think very much of gossip-readers.

Castlerosse soon became a sort of legend in Fleet Street—his reputedly huge salary, his humorous adventures, his rollicking stories, his enthusiasm for good food and good wine, his excellent golf, in spite of an elbow crippled in the First World War. He served with the Irish Guards and was taken prisoner in September '14, but so badly wounded that the Germans left him on the field as not worth bothering about. They guessed wrong, for he was back in the fighting line before the war was over.

He was not the sort of man who ever lives to be old. He enjoyed life too much, and gave himself too freely. But what a lot of fun he crowded into his 52 years!

Problem of Health in War

National health is one of the most important factors in such a war as the present. With almost everyone taking some kind of part in it, it is obviously essential that everyone should be as well as possible, if they are to pull their full weight.

On the Health Front the national record is still astonishingly high—fewer deaths, more births, less serious illness of every sort, except venereal disease and tuberculosis. The venereal disease may be discounted as one of the deplorable but inevitable accompaniments of war. But there is something especially disquieting about the increase of tuberculosis. It indicates that the strain on the national stamina is greater than most of us are apt to realize. The increase in "short-term" illness may also be taken as a similar indication. We are probably not so fit as we fancy we are.

The Minister of Health, in his recent Summary Report for the year ended last March, gives a warning on this subject.

"There can be no doubt," he says, "that the nation's prodigious war effort has imposed a severe strain upon the health of the people. So far as we can, we have made ready to meet any attack that disease may make. But the strains of war are progressive, and their effects on health may be long-term. Certainly in the fifth winter of war, we must not relax our watchfulness or reduce our activity."

In the case of a nation, as in the case of an individual, the sapping of vital energy is a gradual process. It can go on for a long time without being noticed, even in the elaborate graphs and statistical records which seem to notice everything. People merely get tired a little more easily, or catch more colds or more headaches, things to which they pay very little attention — until an epidemic sweeps the country, as 'flu did at the end of the last war. It is well indeed to be prepared.

Clearing the Clink

Germans are doing a lot of squealing about the "British terror raids" —without wringing the withers of the rest of the world very much. Even in Germany itself there must be a good many people who remember the jubilation, naked and unashamed, over the bombing of London and other cities in this country. Certainly Londoners require no reminders. The immense scars are still there to show. All that can be done so far is to tidy things up a bit.

Recently I have been reading an account of the progress of this work in the ancient district of Southwark. This is one of the oldest and most famous parts of London—it may be even the oldest of all. Before the coming of the Romans there was a ferry service of sorts across the river and an embankment on the South Shore about where London Bridge is now. But what really attracted me to the article was its title, "Clearing the Clink"—in The Times, too, where you don't expect headings in slang!

But in Southwark "the Clink" is not slang. It is the title of the ancient prison where the Bishops of Winchester used to imprison heretics. For the Bishops of Winchester had an early and lengthy connection with Southwark.

They built a great Norman palace there, with a park of 70 acres or more, and exercised almost sovereign rights in their "liberty", as such domains were called—including, it seems, the right to deprive other people of their liberty. There is still a Clink Street to remind us of the place where the ecclesiastical clink used to stand.

There are many other historical associations with Southwark, but perhaps the most memorable of all—and the best remembered—are the literary associations. It was in Southwark that Chaucer's Pilgrims gathered at The Tabard for their journey to Canterbury. It was there, too, that Shakespeare produced his plays, and acted in several of them, in the Globe Theatre. Southwark was the theatre district of Elizabethan London.

Southwark is now sadly fallen from its former glory. It has become a district of factories and warehouses and rather mean streets—not all, but most of them. There are, however, famous and impressive buildings still, such as Southwark Cathedral. Even where the buildings have gone, historic sites remain to be marked and made impressive where possible. At any rate, the Nazi bombers have given a great opportunity to the town-planners. If they take advantage of it, the new Southwark may regain something of the dignity and beauty of the old.

"I'm not playing for MARBLES"

"This is it.

"We're headed straight for the open doors of hell. Maybe I'll come out alive, maybe I won't.

"I'll take that chance, because I know, now, what I'm playing for over here. And it isn't marbles.

"I'm not fighting for the right to wait in line for my daily bread.

"I'm not staking my life out here so anyone back there can tell me where and what and how to worship.

"I'm not outguessing madmen with machine guns in their hands for the privilege of being told what to say and when to say it.

"I'm fighting for FREEDOM!

"I'm fighting for the things that made Canada the greatest place in the world to live in.

"So don't anybody tell me I'll find Canada changed.

"Don't anybody tell me there's a bridle and bit waiting for me with my name on it!

"That's what took the humanity out of the men I'm up against now. And *I don't want any part of it!*

"I want to come back to the same Canada I left behind me . . . where our way of living has always brought us new and better things . . . and always will . . . the Canada where there's freedom, and justice, and opportunity for all . . . where you can think and plan and act on your own.

"That's the Canada I'm fighting for.

"Keep it that way until I come back!"

* * * *

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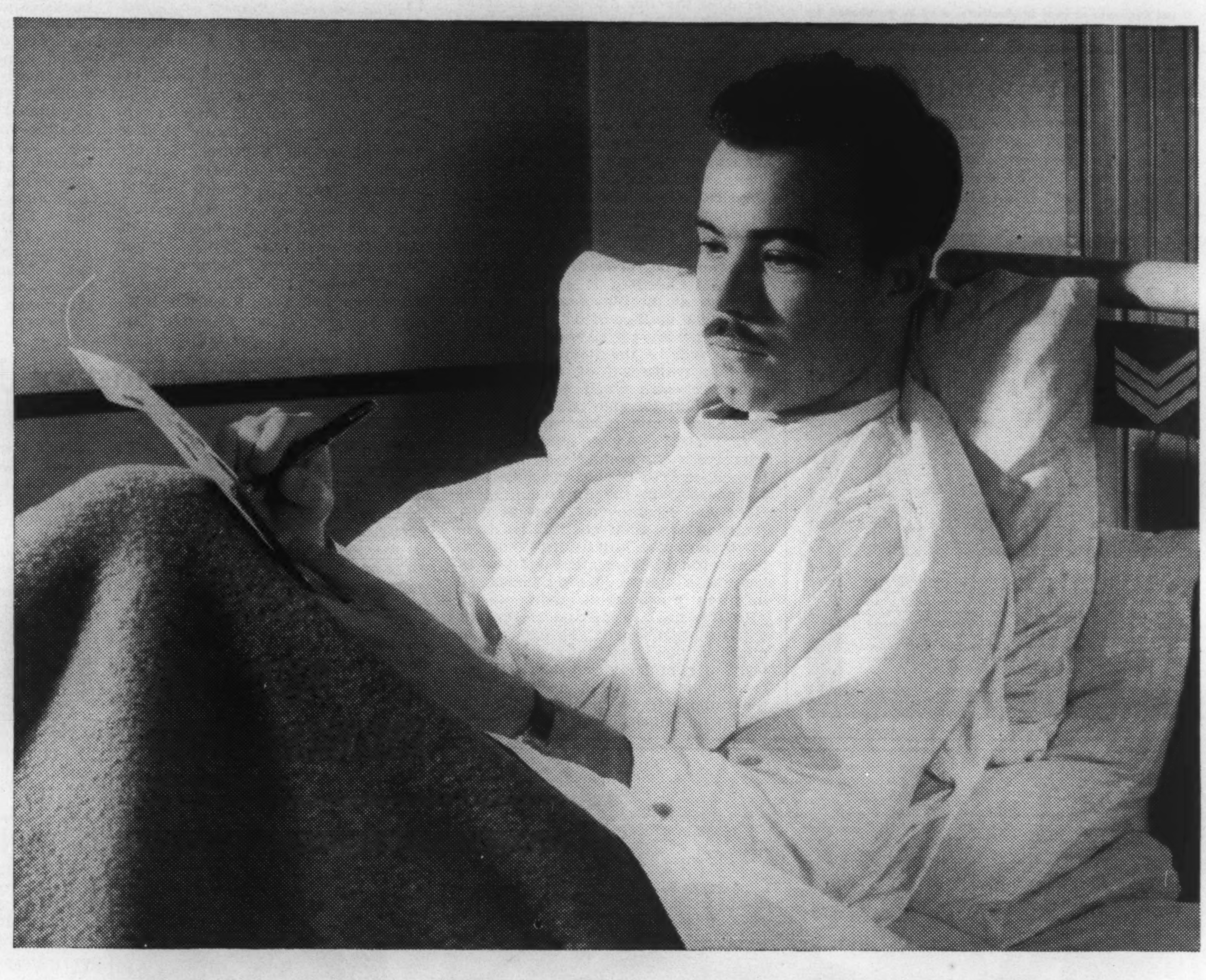

"Straight talk from the front, Dad"

"We've been over here quite a while now. Four Christmas seasons away from home, some of us, . . . and we're not complaining. There's not a drop of quitting blood in the whole gang.

"And we haven't any doubt how this thing will end.

"It isn't that. It's just that we want to know you people at home are matching our job with everything you can do there.

"Since we've marched into some of these countries, we've seen poverty and hardship you folks couldn't even dream of.

"And we've seen how these Nazis deal with beaten people. We're over here to see it doesn't happen to us and ours.

"So we're asking you to keep sending us the weapons to lick these madmen once and for all.

"Frankly, dad, we'd all be glad to finish this job and get back to normal life. The more stuff you send the sooner we'll be back—**and the more of us will see home again.**"

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Stokowsky on Music

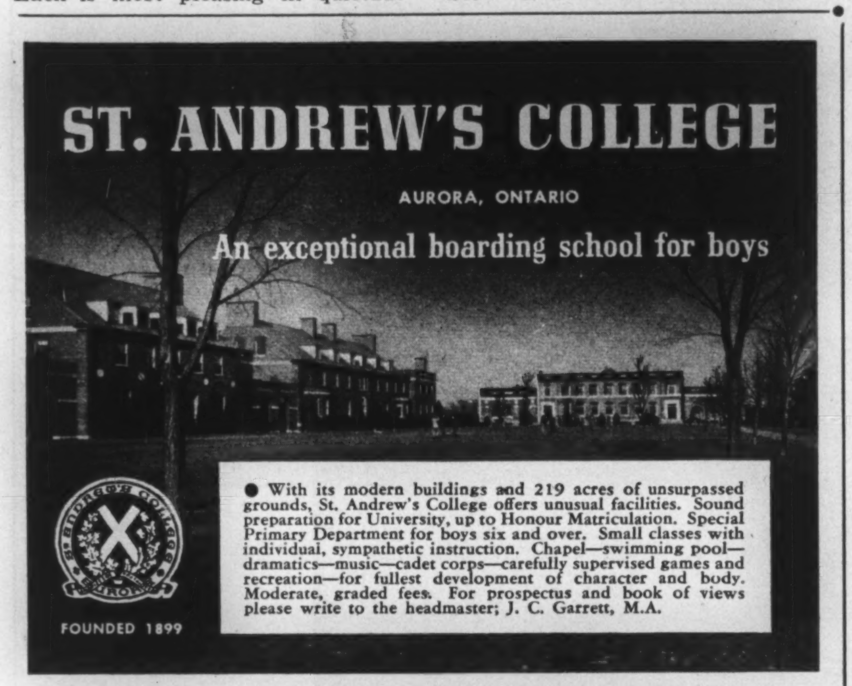
MUSIC FOR ALL OF US, by Leopold Stokowsky. (Musson, $3.50.)

IT IS difficult to speak moderately of Stokowsky, or of a volcano. Each is most pleasing in quietude and overpowering in eruption. Each of them commands attention and respect, if only by extreme beauty and terrible efficiency. As a conductor "Stow" is an unconscious exhibitionist. His very back is thrilling, and not to the ladies alone. The most hard-boiled man in the audience must be envious of that stream-lined torso, of the fire and grace of those gestures. And the music flows past him in cataracts of glory, for the instrumentalists beneath him are all true believers, fascinated by his enormous knowledge, his poetic temperament and his rich personality.

Not content with music, as music, wherever invented or performed; in Africa, in the South Sea Islands, in Tibet, in China, he dives into the Physics of it, consorts with scientists plotting molecular and atomic vibrations, seeks to discover how sound melts into the seven colors of the spectrum, and thence into electricity. Is a 6/4 chord of D Flat Major a mixture of purple and pink, and what's the voltage of it? If anybody knows the answer to that fool question it will be the fiery Leopold.

So he walks out of the Philadelphia Orchestra when he has made it an incomparable instrument of expression and goes adventuring with Walt Disney, to make Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" a flame of humor, and to dabble (perhaps unfortunately) in the improvement of Bach and Beethoven. The movies, the radio and their possibilities have given him an infinite field of exploration and experiment and he's as busy as a pianist playing Liszt, and infinitely more enthusiastic.

In this book he discusses, perhaps a trifle breathlessly, the wonders of music in the hope that the growing body of symphony and opera listeners, buying records, or hanging over the radio, will listen more, and still more intelligently.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Kind Words from Abroad

WILLIAM Rose Benét, writing in *The Saturday Review of Literature,* on The Season's Poetry, has this to say of Prof. E. J. Pratt, of Victoria College:

I consider E. J. Pratt's work exciting. Fortunately there is present in my pile of books for review a separate volume of Professor Pratt's, "Brébeuf and His Brethren," winner of the Governor-General's Annual Literary Award for Poetry in 1940, It is published here by the Basilian Press of Detroit, Michigan. This poet's former poems, "Titans," "The Roosevelt and the Antinoe," and "The Titanic," drew praise from the late Edwin Arlington Robinson, from John Masefield, and from the late Laurence Binyon. I read two of the books, and the long poem on Dunkerque, and considered this man at once one of the best narrative poets of our time. It is a gross oversight that he is so little known in this country. This present story, of the Jesuit martyrs of Canada, is an epic of heroism true to the facts of history, what Michael Williams has called "a noble tribute paid to the pioneering spirit of the Church by a member of a Protestant communion." Pratt is a Newfoundlander by birth. Here he writes in blank verse, but his rhymed verse is strikingly deft. "The Cachalot" is one of the best whale poems in existence. Readers should take this occasion to become acquainted with his work.

"The Breaking of Nations"

BY W. S. MILNE

THIS WAS THEIR LAND, by A. E. Lloyd. (Musson, $3.00).

THE time is May, 1940, when the Germans were advancing on Paris, and the place is a little village on the Seine. Most of the inhabitants are fleeing in panic, adding to the throng of refugees that fills all the roads south. But a little group of peasants, too closely rooted to their soil to be able to depart, stay on. To them come wounded soldiers, stricken fugitives. Old Louis and his wife Amélie and their daughter Marcelle give shelter to all who ask. They experience the first horror of aerial attack; they see the pathetic throngs on the roads; they hear the rumors of defeat and despair coming from the north, and they stay on, milking their cows, and baking their loaves.

The wise old shepherd, Albert, comforts and strengthens them with his philosophy of outer passivity and inward strength. The story ends with the birth of Marcelle's baby, itself a symbol of the new France brought to birth in the travail of the old. This is a notable book, notable for its restraint, its simplicity and its deliberate and moving clarity of style. It will probably become one of the minor classics of the war, long after more melodramatic and sensational stories have been forgotten.

Vatican Policy

PRINCIPLES FOR PEACE, Selections from Papal Documents, Leo XIII to Pius XII. (National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, $7.50.)

WHATEVER may be said of the Nations and their leaders—and much can be said in an uncomplimentary vein—the voice of the Vatican has been consistent and invariable. It has called for amendment of private life, for the abandonment of injustice and cruelty and frivolity. It has adjured States to remember that there is a higher law than expediency, a greater glory than might. It has followed the Prophet Micah in demanding justice, mercy and humility in action. While it has defended the right of individuals to unite in associations for the betterment of their condition it has always pleaded for conciliation rather than violence.

This translation into English of all the important utterances of the present Pope and his four immediate predecessors on the Social fabric is most useful for all students of European and world affairs. It is printed under authority of the American Bishops' Committee, and ably edited by Rev. Father Koenig, Librarian of St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, Mundelein, Illinois. There is a useful preface by the Archbishop of Chicago.

Looking Backward

CENTENNIAL SUMMER, a novel, by Albert E. Idell. (Oxford, $3.25.)

SOME of us grow a little weary of the modern and juvenile sophisticates who pour their contempt upon the Victorian Age. Certainly it had its faults, but the people worthy to point them out are looking at the present-day customs and holding their tongues. The unworthy chatter about antimacassars, haircloth sofas, hair-oil, elastic-sided prunella boots, petticoats, bustles—and modesty.

This novel follows the usual pattern of emphasizing externals and exaggerating character, and though competently done, and amusing, is not likely to stand on the short shelf built to accommodate the most distinguished literature of 1943.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Threnody on The States

JOURNEY INTO AMERICA, by Donald Culross Peattie. (Allen, $3.75.)

AMERICAN HISTORY is a book of travel; first a march inland from three coasts, then an endless trek over the mountains to the Ohio, to the Mississippi, to the prairies. A restless people, always crossing natural frontiers; and sometimes artificial ones, such as the early boundary of Mexico or the boundary of Canada. So the author of this amiable book goes a-travelling in words, for the pretended instruction of a good anti-Nazi German, well-known and beloved a few years ago along the Cote d'Azur, but who probably by this time is dead.

It's a book of praise for the People, who generally knew better than their masters, and, obliquely, for God, who, as it is written, can make the wrath of man to praise Him. For the author deals mainly with popular figures, such as Daniel Boone, Jim Bridger, the mountain missionaries Whitman and Sprague, Kit Carson, Rogers, Clark, Fremont and Lincoln.

The facts are laced with imagination and perhaps obscured by the decoration. The history, though romantic enough in reality, is even more romantic and moving when viewed through rose-colored glasses. Mr. Peattie wears these glasses with an air. He writes with abundant charm, but manages to make occasional bulls, as when he speaks of "that new-fangled thing called shorthand" used by reporters during the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Cicero's slave Tiro was a dabster at it, and so was Sam Pepys who wrote a Diary of some moment.

Perhaps a Canadian may politely conceal a smile over the fact that the whole book contains not one word of kindness or obligation to the British Government and people. School books south of the border have often been of that kidney, but the point-of-view is unworthy of a gentle spirit, such as Mr. Peattie, however fervently patriotic.

Very Mixed

BY W. S. MILNE

THE TRESPASSERS, by Laura Z. Hobson. (Musson, $3.50).

THIS book is an irritating mixture of a powerful and timely theme well handled, and a cheap, vulgar story which does much to nullify the real merit of the tale. The main theme is that of Europe's unwanted. In this case, it is a distinguished Austrian psychoanalyst, who with his family is seeking to leave Vienna just before the *Anschluss*. He succeeds in getting as far as Switzerland, where he has a considerable sum of money banked, but all his attempts to get a United States visa are blocked. He is never actually refused, but the red tape is most unwillingly unrolled, and not even the assistance of influential American friends can satisfy the successive demands of the consul at Zurich for affidavits and guarantees and photostats and all sorts of other documents.

One difficulty successfully met produces another mimeographed form and another irrational demand. Eventually strings pulled at Washington produce prompter action, although too late to save his wife's life. As background to Dr. Vederle's long struggle, the author sketches other similar cases, some more tragic, and as she reviews the progressive erection of barriers against immigration by one country after another, makes us feel vividly the senseless and inhuman tragedy of hopelessness in the despairing hearts of those who through no fault of their own, often for their very virtues, find every border closed against them, even that of the land that was founded by just such fugitives of freedom.

So far, the book is strong and fine, written with passion and restraint. But its author has elected to mix with it a sordid tale of domestic intrigue among the doctor's American friends, a tale told with few reticences of decency. It cheapens the whole thing, and I cannot imagine anyone who is likely to favor such "True Confessions" type of literary offal being greatly interested in abstract concepts of the rights of Man or the duties of democratic governments.

WATCH THE SUN RISE, a Collection of Poems, by Dorothy Dumbrille. (Massey Pub. Co., Ottawa, $1.)

GENTLE verses of family life, old-fashioned in form but tender in spirit, which will appeal to gentle, old-fashioned folk, who are the salt of the earth.

Iron of the West

BY MARY DALE MUIR

O RIVER REMEMBER, by Martha Ostenso. (McClelland and Stewart, $3.00.)

NO ONE who has lived in the Middle West can doubt the authenticity of this tale. Here are the great windswept plains offering a living and more to those who have vision and perseverance; a fortune, perhaps, to those with a streak of shrewdness, hardness and a modicum of luck. Here, too, are the quick tragedies that, in little more than a moment of time, wipe out man's effort—the advent of the locusts in such clouds as to devour the wheat and other grains almost arrived at maturity.

It is the country made fertile by the Red River at the time of its settlement. The story is historical even to the coming of the Red River cart brigade with the voyageurs and their furs. Side by side live the dreamy, easy-going Shaleens and the Wings who emigrated from Norway in 1870. Ivan was content to have just the land he could use but Magdali must have all that she could acquire, overriding the Shaleens to do so.

The resulting tragedy piles high, too high, perhaps. Only one escapes it and that not entirely. It is the tragedy of unrealized possibilities both intellectual and emotional by those who have fallen too much and too young under the influence of a ruthless and dominant personality. In the third generation, however, Norma Shaleen and Brill Wing mend the breach between the two families.

As in other of this author's tales, to one reader, at least, the scene is more than the actors. The characters seem merely to "point up" the picture.

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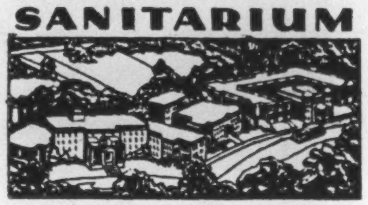

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Speed the Victory!

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CROSS OUT THE AXIS!
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WORLD OF WOMEN

New Status of French Women

BY BERNICE COFFEY

A PERIOD of enemy occupation may not seem one particularly conducive to the extension of feminine rights and privileges, and yet, perhaps, no other women in the world have made such progress along the road of emancipation lately as those of France.

They have General de Gaulle's assurance that they will be allowed to vote in the liberated France of the future, but they are not waiting until the final victory to assume an equal citizenship footing with men. Already they have shared fully in the administration—as in the dangers—of various resistance movements. Already they are taking some civic affairs into their own hands—as is witnessed in newly-freed Corsica—where women have assumed sole responsibility in the matter of food provisioning.

The work will be carried out through the Women's Popular Committee for the Struggle against Privation, whose secretary, Mme. Renee Pages, in an important departure from French custom, has just been elected to the Municipal Council of Ajaccio. She is also delegate for that town to the departmental assembly.

In dealing with the food problem the Women's Popular Committee is organizing public meals with the aid of a dozen women from a cooking school, and has called upon the grocers for assistance. Members of the Committee visit the market every day, and encourage women to send delegations to the municipal council to discuss their problems and complaints. Trucks are sent throughout the countryside to gather food. If merchants refuse to co-operate goods are requisitioned and paid for. If a merchant repeats the offence, however, the requisition is made without payment.

Efforts are being made to restore confidence in regular and open business transactions.

Celebrities

Sponsored by the Local Council of Women, the Town Hall Series at Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, gives promise of an unusually entertaining season. Proceeds will go toward a fund for a permanent Council home.

The program includes Sinclair Lewis and Lewis Browne who will debate "Is The Machine Wrecking Civilization?" (December 9) . . . Emily Kimbrough who has been in Hollywood acting as technical advisor for the screen adaptation of her and Cornelia Otis Skinner's lively book, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," will be the attraction on January 31. . . Dorothy Crawford, diseuse, who is ranked with Cornelia Otis Skinner and the other few outstanding exponents of the art, will star February 28. . . Ilka Chase, the tall brunette of the acid tongue and smart clothes, conducts a radio program, has acted on Broadway, is the writer of many articles (and a book which set Hollywood on its collective ear). She is the daughter of Edna Woolman Chase, editor of "Vogue." Miss Chase's appearance will close the series on April 19.

Speakers' Panel

The panel of speakers arranged by the Toronto Women's Division for the Fifth Victory Loan represents every important women's organization. Not only will representatives of these groups speak concerning the Loan but they have accepted the responsibility of arranging for other speakers within their organizations.

Among those on the women's speakers' panel are—

Mrs. Arthur J. Milner, Women's Voluntary Services; Mrs. William Junor, Heliconian Club; Mrs. H. B. Spaulding, Unit Auxiliary Association; Mrs. A. Monro Grier, Women's Canadian Club, Mrs. R. F. J. Dixon, American Women's Club; Miss Evelyn MacDonald, Teachers' Federation; Mrs. R. Burns Lind, Junior League; Mrs. Egmont L. Frankel, Canadian Jewish Congress; Mrs. Kathleen R. Drope, I.O.D.E.; Mrs. E. T. Guest, Canadian Dental Auxiliary; Mrs. J. Isobel Ross, Board of Education; Mrs. Norman C. Stephens, Local Council of Women; Lady Kemp, Citizen's Committee, Canadian National Institute for the Blind; Mrs. Peter Heenan, Catholic Women's League; Mrs. John A. Sherman, Hadassah; Mrs. Gordon S. Shipp, United Church W.A's.

Mrs. R. C. Matthews, Navy League; Mrs. Arthur W. Ellis, Ontario Red Cross; Mrs. Alfred Redpath, Federated Women's Institute; Mrs. A. R. McMurrich, W.M.S., Presbyterian Church; Mrs. James O'Dwyer, Catholic Junior League; Mrs. A. H. Seguin, Ave Maria; Miss J. M. Pearce, Baptist Women's Association; Mrs. M. Chambers, Order of Eastern Star; Mrs. H. J. Cody, Church of England; Mrs. J. L. Halpenny; Mrs. Andrew Dunn, Home & School Club; Mrs. W. Rean, Y.W.C.A.; Mrs. Kaspar Fraser, Welfare Council.

Miss Frances Steinhoff, Toronto Women's Press Club; Mrs. R. T. Spooner, Salvation Army; Mrs. W. R. Walton, Jr.; Mrs. D. W. McGibbon; Mrs. Irving Hall; Mrs. Arthur Vandervoort; Mrs. J. Harold Couch; Mrs. Floyd F. Chalmers; Mrs. T. J. Cohn, Board of Education; Mrs. Eugene Montgomery; Mrs. H. H. Marsh, Mrs. George Robinson, Board of Education; Mrs. J. H. Boyd; Miss Mabel Stoakley; Mrs. H. M. Howell, Mrs. Fred J. Conboy; Miss Mona Clark, Gossip Limited; Mrs. H. M. Aitken.

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THE DEPARTMENT OF MUNITIONS AND SUPPLY
HONOURABLE C. D. HOWE, Minister

WORLD OF WOMEN

Modern Babes in Woods

BY LEONORA McNEILLY

THE sun was climbing high when we walked through the glades of Toronto's High Park in search of the magic school where the Three R's share honors with the three essentials of health—physical, mental and moral. Glorious vistas stretched ahead until presently through lacy foliage of birch and pine, we glimpsed the little denizens of the forest in sky-roofed, tree-walled class-rooms, eight groups, dotted here and there.

THE NIGHT TRAIN

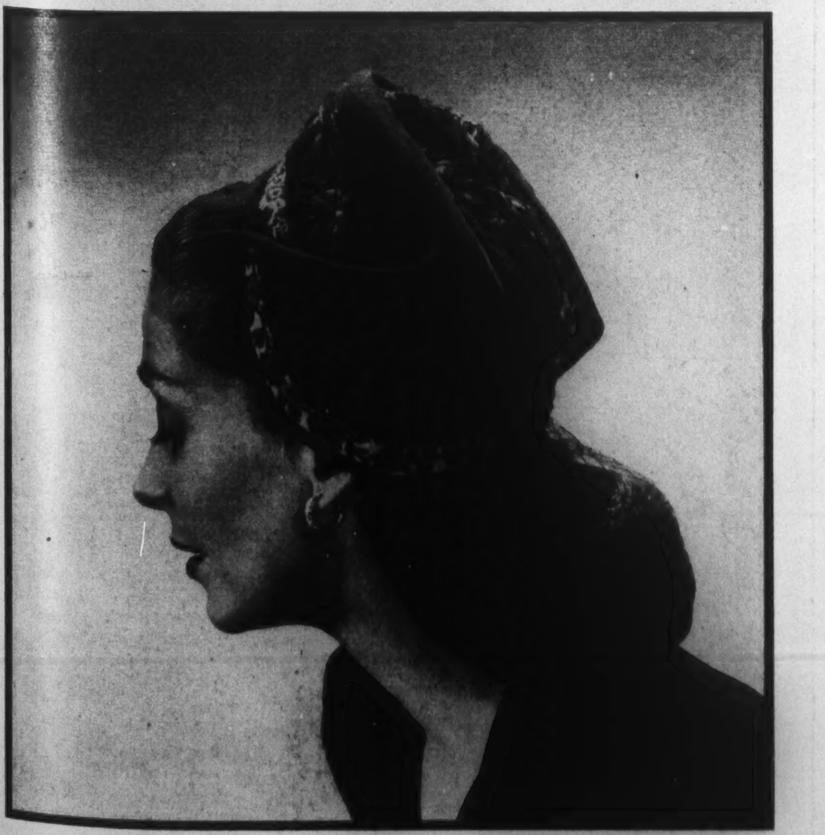
A PIECE of paper buys
Release from indecision.
Through the lighted windows
You can glimpse them,
The happy will-less people,
Who do not have to doubt.
Having given their will to the machine,
For a while
They can talk and laugh and sleep,
As the iron monster
Whistling shrill purpose
Bears them inevitably
To their destination.

DIANA SKALA.

As we stood for a moment, watching this little drama of the forest the dinner gong clanged. Children sprang up from everywhere, and they romped through forest aisles to the Pavilion where a demonstration was given of how the Forest School functions in matters of cleanliness, orderliness and discipline.

Forty Loaves

That little chore, for example, of washing grubby hands, behind ears and backs of necks which from time immemorial has fomented uprisings, was taken in their stride. It became competitive, each vying with the other for the high water mark of cleanliness. The fun of grabbing a chunk of paper towelling from a little monitor rushing up and down the lines; of marching into the wash-room; of using their own duly numbered nail-brush, soap and wash-cloth; the excitement of performing their ablutions under the watchful eye of a teacher in her watch-tower, was not to be missed. Nor was the march-past into the dining-hall where voices rose in "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," this grace before meat being the signal to fall upon their vitamin-plus food. The zest with which they demolished it would permit the Department of Health to at least strike appetites from their list of worries. And when it takes five cooks and one dietitian, plus forty loaves of bread, seven pounds of butter and fifty-six gallons of milk daily to appease the hunger of these children, the management need not worry. Nor need the school dentist. Although perhaps he should. Judging from the rate at which molars and bicuspids are scoured following dinner, he may have to park his forceps.



Inspired by the Russian peasant woman's headdress, this Sally Victor hat is of green felt, hand-embroidered in vivid-hued yarns and appliqued with paisley print. Smartest when worn with a simple coiffure.

Rest and Fresh Air

In addition to the lesson that cleanliness is next to Godliness, the children have also learned that rest is a "must" in the upbuilding of health.

So, at one o'clock 264 little Babes in the Woods snuggle in warm woolly blankets in single iron beds under the sky. For two hours nothing can be seen but flushed cheeks. Nothing heard but rhythmic breathing as life-giving ozone is drawn into their bodies under the watchful eye of a fat ground-hog sitting on its door-step.

The Forest School is a dream come true of those who began the school in a small way back in 1916, who envisioned just such a school, where abnormal and under-par children could be given an uplift; where frail bodies—legatees of improper care and ignorance of mothers who worked too much, or played too much, could be made strong and well.

This public service has been brought to its present high status by the efforts of the Board of Education and the Department of Health, supplemented by those of the school staff. In its Head Master, Mr. Samuel G. Ellison and his eight teachers, it would be difficult to find more enthusiasm or devotion.

The impression in some quarters that the school is for tubercular children is erroneous. The odd pupil, suspected of tubercular tendencies, is enrolled, it is true. But such cases are infrequent.

Nor is the school for under-privileged children. There are no class distinctions. Ill health alone is the Open Sesame. The "awful sick, teacher" subterfuge of pupils who long to enter this magic school does not make him eligible. Only latent weaknesses detected by the watchful eye of the school nurse, with the subsequent medical examination and doctor's certificate, qualify him for transfer to this health school.

Long Waiting List

But the capacity is limited; absorption of standing lists impossible. It would require four such schools to take care of the waiting quotas in the various city schools, it is said.

Small wonder there is such a demand. With the health-building curriculum of alternate work and play—manual training, handicrafts, music, games—the extra-curricular courses so frequently a drag on the delicate become a joy and a welcome change. Mid-morning and afternoon refreshment, definite rest hours and fresh air administered in large continuous doses, pay extraordinary dividends, dividends that call forth expressions of gratitude from parents in the opportunities again afforded their children to forge ahead with their classmates to the upper reaches of learning.

For most of the children classified as abnormal are pronounced normal at the end of six months. Occasionally, a second term may be necessary. A third, very seldom.

The gain for pupils at the end of the term, carefully charted by a nurse in daily attendance, is an average of almost twenty pounds.

Through this pattern of life, contentment and happiness filter, fed by the camaraderie existing between pupil and teacher, even affection, lavished upon the pupil who for one cause and another has been affection starved.

No Truancy

Absenteeism, that national sin so hard to cope with, is unknown, hookey and truancy having been relegated to the limbo of remote yesterdays.

At 4.30, responsibility does not end. It extends through the Park and into the individual homes of the children. Much mooted juvenile delinquency gets no footing at Forest School. It is headed off by the Head Master's ruse of setting up a counter attraction—lining up the pupils four abreast and to the thrill of tramping feet — "right-left, left-right" — they are marched to the waiting Bloor cars before they know it. So absorbed are they in obeying orders to enter single file, without crowding, they are unaware that they are being headed for home and mother, side-stepping the pitfalls that frequently await loitering home-going school children.

The Forest School, the only one of its kind in Canada, is open from the first of May to the end of October.

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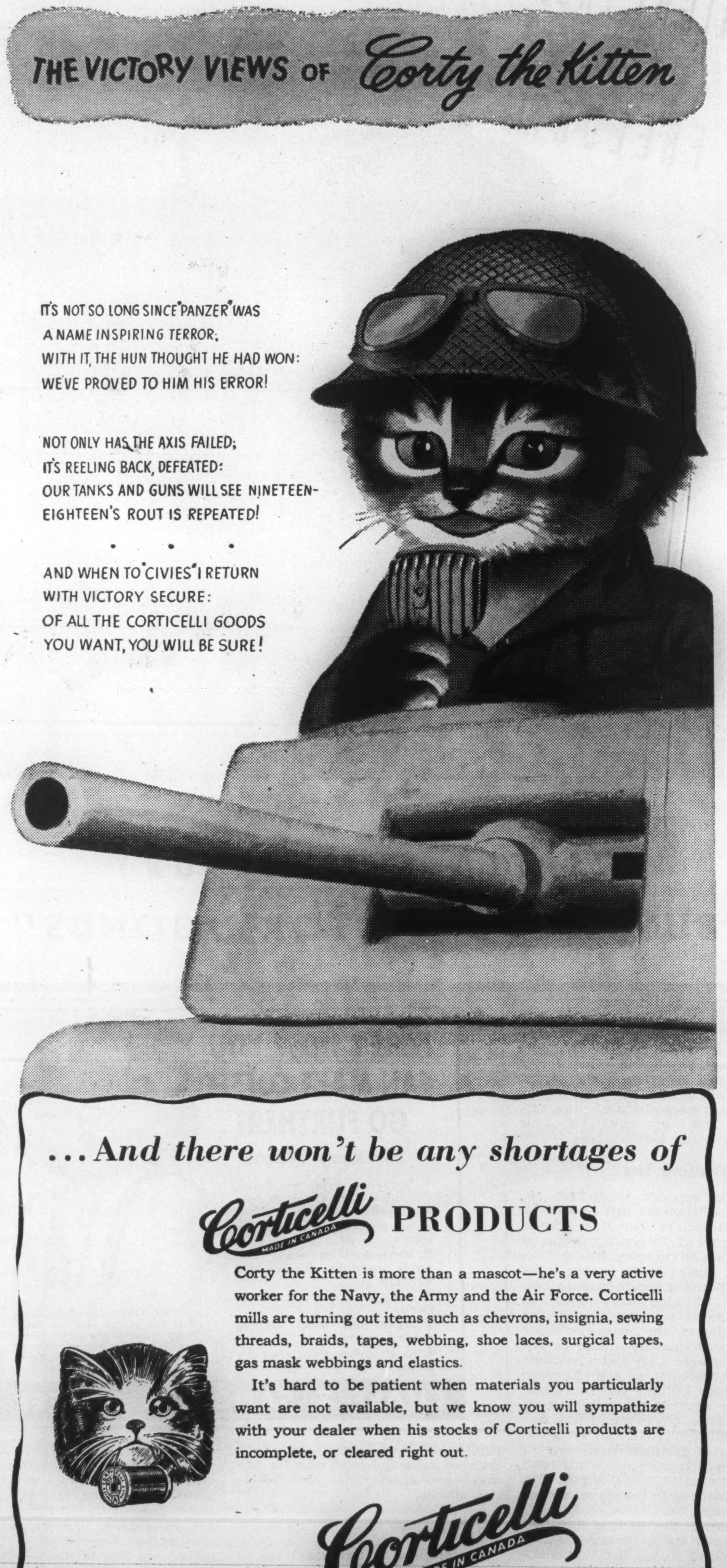

THE VICTORY VIEWS OF Corty the Kitten

IT'S NOT SO LONG SINCE "PANZER" WAS
A NAME INSPIRING TERROR;
WITH IT, THE HUN THOUGHT HE HAD WON:
WE'VE PROVED TO HIM HIS ERROR!

NOT ONLY HAS THE AXIS FAILED;
IT'S REELING BACK, DEFEATED:
OUR TANKS AND GUNS WILL SEE NINETEEN-
EIGHTEEN'S ROUT IS REPEATED!

• • •

AND WHEN TO "CIVIES" I RETURN
WITH VICTORY SECURE:
OF ALL THE CORTICELLI GOODS
YOU WANT, YOU WILL BE SURE!

...And there won't be any shortages of

Corticelli MADE IN CANADA PRODUCTS

Corty the Kitten is more than a mascot—he's a very active worker for the Navy, the Army and the Air Force. Corticelli mills are turning out items such as chevrons, insignia, sewing threads, braids, tapes, webbing, shoe laces, surgical tapes, gas mask webbings and elastics.

It's hard to be patient when materials you particularly want are not available, but we know you will sympathize with your dealer when his stocks of Corticelli products are incomplete, or cleared right out.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Beware! Winter Is a Killer

BY LILLIAN D. MILLAR

FALL and winter months bring increased driving hazards and chances of having an accident are nearly double what they are in summer months. The skilful driver recognizes these added dangers and compensates for them by greater caution and precaution.

What are these seasonal driving hazards?

First, shorter days mean more hours of darkness. Everyone knows that to drive safely one must be able to see clearly. Now, when darkness falls, unless you are driving in a brightly lighted street, your vision is restricted to the narrow strip of highway in the path of light ahead of your car. You can see nothing at the sides and what you can see in the near foreground is indistinct and blurred. At best, clear vision does not go beyond a few hundred feet.

How Quickly?

Glare further reduces vision and adds to night driving hazards. It is not difficult to realize the reason when you consider how your eyes function. The pupils of the eye automatically contract in bright light and dilate in dim light. This adjustment is not instantaneous. It takes time. And during this split second you cannot see clearly. This is the reason that you grope about blindly when first you enter a darkened theatre. When passing a car with glaring headlights there are two periods of such "partial blindness". One is when the glare strikes the eyes and the pupils contract and the other is when the car has passed and the pupils dilate again to the dim light. Thus, a blind spot follows every car you meet at night and if pedestrians or a horse-drawn vehicle are in this spot you cannot see them.

The only way to compensate for this restricted vision which darkness brings is to slow down. The safe rule is to drive so that you can stop within the distance you can see clearly. This brings up the question, how quickly can a car be stopped?

Many tests have proved that very few drivers can answer this question correctly. Yet you cannot drive safely if you do not know how far your car will go before you can bring it to a full stop. In fact, the difference between safety and disaster depends upon whether you can stop before your car hits someone or something. If you can always stop in time you will never be responsible for an accident. As the old colored man said, "If you can't start, der you is, but if you can't stop, whar is you?" When you try to stop a car you come up against two unchangeable laws—mental reaction and momentum.

Most people believe that they think and act simultaneously. This is not so. Even the quickest move takes time. Suppose an automobile suddenly swerves into the path of your car. What happens? Your brain telegraphs to the right foot to get off the accelerator and onto the brake and to start pushing. This message has to pass along the nerve paths from the brain to the foot. And this takes time. The time lapse between mental impulse and its resultant muscular reaction is called "reaction time".

People differ greatly in their reaction time—the time it takes to put the foot on the brake. The fastest may be about one-third second but the average is three-quarters of a second. During this three-quarters of a second your car is unchecked. It still is plunging ahead at thirty or forty miles an hour. At thirty miles an hour you go 33 feet before you can start to do anything about it.

Put Your Foot Down

But, when you do put your foot on the brake and start to push, the car does not stop immediately for you come up against the law of momentum. Matter in motion tends to stay in motion and matter at rest has a tendency to stay at rest. Thus, when you apply the brakes, your car must travel some distance before the brakes can overcome the momentum of the car. Momentum is a mighty force which grows rapidly as speed increases. At twenty miles an hour

A short dinner dress of crimson wool jersey sponsors the low oval neckline outlined with a narrow collar; sleeves with flap cuffs. The diamond clip is worn necklace fashion on a slender crimson velvet ribbon.

your car will go 18 feet after you put your foot on the brake. At forty miles an hour it has not just doubled but has quadrupled and it goes 71 feet. At sixty miles an hour you go nine times the distance or 160 feet.

Therefore, at forty miles an hour, with the average driver at the wheel and under ideal road and weather conditions, a car must go 44 feet before driver gets his foot on the brake and another 71 feet before the car actually can be brought to a full stop. This is 115 feet. Tests show that the average driver believes that he can stop in 55 feet.

Zone of Danger

Thus, always ahead of your car lies a danger zone—the distance within which you cannot stop. When driving 20 miles an hour, a car must go 40 feet—about 2½ car lengths—before it can be stopped. At 30 miles an hour it goes 73 feet or nearly 5 car lengths. When driving 40 miles an hour, it takes 115 feet or nearly 8 car lengths to bring a car to a full stop. At 50 miles an hour a car cannot be stopped in less than 11 car lengths and at 60 miles an hour it takes 226 feet to stop.

You cannot beat the unalterable laws which fix these stopping distances. Therefore, at night if you can see only 100 feet ahead, obviously it is dangerous to drive at 40 miles an hour for you cannot stop within 115 feet. In defiance of these laws, every day in heavy city traffic you see cars travelling only a few feet apart. No wonder there are so many locked and bent fenders and crushed mudguards for if the car ahead stops suddenly a crash is inevitable for, as shown above, even at 20 miles an hour a car cannot be stopped in less than 40 feet.

Stormy Weather

But winter brings not only more hours of darkness but also stormy weather. Rain, ice or snow on windshield makes driving dangerous because it blurs vision. And wet and slippery roads are treacherous and call for expert driving. Have you ever stopped to consider that the friction between the road and four small areas of tire surface about the size of the palm of your hand is all that enables your car to be started, stopped or turned—that the control of the car depends upon the grip of the tires on the roadway? Worn tires or wet or icy roads greatly reduce this grip. The less friction there is, the less rapidly you can change the motion of your car and the farther it will go before you can stop it. The longer it takes to stop, the more liable you are to have an accident because you cannot stop in time to avert it. When pavements are slippery or tires are worn, the stopping distances given above may be doubled or even trebled.

Stopping on icy roads calls for special care. Don't stop suddenly or you may find yourself in a disastrous skid. Remember that it takes a much greater distance to stop and begin far ahead. Exert a slight pressure on the brake and then release it almost immediately. Repeat this operation—braking and releasing—and you will find that gradually you are reducing speed and that you can stop without a skid. Do not disengage the clutch until the vehicle has about stopped. Be careful not to stall the engine. When roads are slippery, take curves slowly and do your braking early and gently.

If your car starts to skid, don't get excited and don't jam on the brake. Turn the steering wheel in the same direction as the rear of the car is skidding. Don't lift your foot off the accelerator pedal suddenly. Don't throw out your clutch.

Avoid driving with tires running on street car tracks. If you try to cross from a position too parallel to tracks you are liable to skid. Reduce speed and turn wheels across the tracks at a sharp angle.

Shorter days mean longer odds against you. You gamble with your life when you drive at summer speeds under winter conditions. If you win, what have you gained? One minute or maybe two. If you lose you may pay with your life or with a liftetime of remorse. There is only one way to even the odds—slow down.

New Improved
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
WINS
In Test After Test!

ONE CAN OF OLD DUTCH CLEANS YOUR BATHTUB 34 MORE TIMES than a can of any other leading cleanser! No wonder Old Dutch is standard cleaning equipment in millions of shining bathrooms. It's a real economy—and you finish faster.

New scientific tests have *proved* Old Dutch is a real economy because there's more cleaning in every can! Quick—safe—*thorough* cleaning. All leading brands were compared by independent laboratories on everyday household tasks under actual living conditions. And in *every* test Old Dutch came out *far ahead!* Read actual scores below and see why more women use Old Dutch than any other cleanser!

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ONE CAN OF OLD DUTCH CLEANS YOUR FAVORITE PAN* 77 MORE TIMES than a can of any other leading cleanser. Take advantage of the economy and speed of Old Dutch every time you wash the pots and pans—more than a thousand times a year!

* 2-quart size aluminum pan

ONE CAN OF OLD DUTCH CLEANS YOUR WASHBOWL 97 MORE TIMES than a can of any other leading cleanser by actual test! Cleans quickly—easily—without scratching beautiful porcelain and enamel finishes! Better get Old Dutch for *your* bathroom.

It's what you get . . . not how much you pay . . . that spells real economy. That's why more women use Old Dutch than any other cleanser!

OLD DUTCH IS ALSO A WONDERFUL HAND CLEANER . . . REMOVES GREASE AND GRIME IN A JIFFY!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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MADE IN CANADA

MUSICAL EVENTS

First Hearing of Miaskovsky

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LAST week the tenth season of the Proms at Varsity Arena concluded, for the second year, with a concert in behalf of the Navy League of Canada, (Canadian Merchant Marine.) All participants donated their services again under the direction of Andre Kostelanetz, who was appropriately honored with the rarely-bestowed medal of the League.

Mr. Kostelanetz was not content with homage to the inestimable bravery of our sailors; he conferred a boon on music lovers by presenting unfamiliar orchestral works of real importance. Recently in writing of Dimitri Kabalevsky, I alluded to the number of eminent Russian composers whose works are unknown outside their own land. One is Kabalevsky's teacher Nicolai Yakovlevitch Miaskovsky, whose 21st symphony (mark the opus number) was heard for the first time in this country. It was the first occasion, in fact, that I have heard any of his music, despite the fact that his first symphony was composed in 1907.

Miaskovsky is now 62 and held in special honor in the Soviets, because, though a member of the old military caste, he accepted the Revolution of 1917 almost immediately. In 1881 when Poland was still part of the Czarist Empire he was born in a Polish fortress where his father, a Russian general, was commandant. Like many Russian composers he had a dual education, as soldier and musician. He was a pupil in composition of Glière, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Liadoff, and as a military officer fought throughout the last war. Adhering to the Soviet he was appointed a professor at Moscow Conservatory over a quarter of a century ago, and holds rank as the most prolific creator of symphonies in modern times. His "21st" was written in 1940 when Russia was living in a fool's paradise of peace, and won the Stalin prize for the best composition of the year. It is free from the atmosphere of conflict; but it is said that he has since composed a brace of symphonies which reflect the tragedy of the past two years.

Authorities on the music of modern Russia speak of Miaskovsky's talents as pessimistic and neurasthenic, but I could not discern these characteristics in the work heard last week. It is crisp, original, melodious, and at times powerful, but optimistic rather than pessimistic. In several of his works, Miaskovsky has reverted to the pre-1750 type of symphony, in use before Haydn developed the classical four-section structure;—a single extended movement similar to an overture, like the "Pastoral Symphony" Handel interpolates in "Messiah." Primitive in form Miaskovsky's 21st in originality of devices and colorful use of wind choirs, is in every sense modern. Mr. Kostelanetz must have taken much pains in rehearsal for the orchestra gave a sparkling and expressive rendering.

There was no doubt of the favorable appeal made by the guest soloist, a young Iowa baritone, Walter Cassel, who, judging by the number of operas in which he appeared last winter, is already on the way to fill a niche at the Metropolitan. Physically and vocally he is of the same type as Lawrence Tibbett and in course of time may become as great an artist. His tones are noble, resonant and mellow, and his style and diction admirable. Obviously he has fine dramatic intuitions and made much more of the "Toreador" song than a rollicking roundelay. His expression in the Prologue to "Pagliacci" was impressive and one felt indebted to him for singing so buoyantly the traditional English ballad "A Sailor's Life." In "The Road to Mandalay" he avoided the nasal twang so many baritones employ.

Serkin's Noble Pianism

THE regular concert season at Eaton Auditorium opened last week with a piano recital by Rudolf Serkin. He is one of Czecho-Slovakia's many contributions to music; the composers Smetana, Dvorak, Mahler and Weinberger, the singers Schumann-Heink and Emmy Destinn, the virtuosi, Moscheles, Kubelik, Popper and many others. At forty he is of the "middle" group of pianists, a mature interpreter, standing between the younger generation and the veterans, now fast disappearing.

The splendid impression he made on his local debut in the winter of 1937, was augmented two years ago; and last week many lovers of the pianoforte found him better than ever. In beauty of touch, mastery of nuancing and well-governed power he has few rivals among contemporaries. Last week his program consisted largely of works great masters of his instrument have for decades loved to play,—works integrally identified with the art of pianism. They permit a freshness of approach that renders them ever new when interpreted by men of genius. They included Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, Schumann's "Carnival," Mozart's Ten Variations in G. and a Mendelssohn group. To them all he brought a broadly poetic individuality, expressed through a beautiful and fluent technique.

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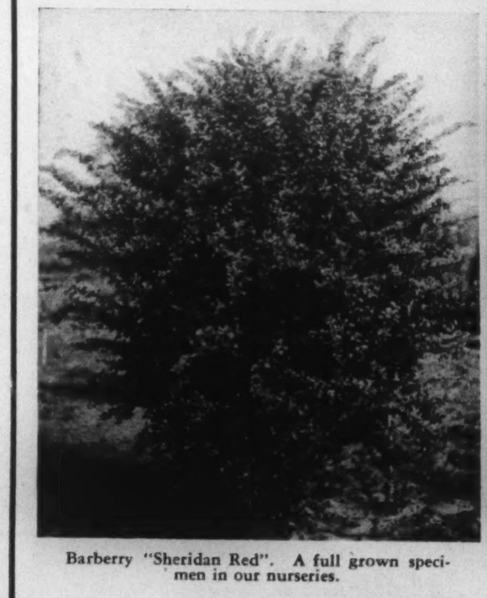

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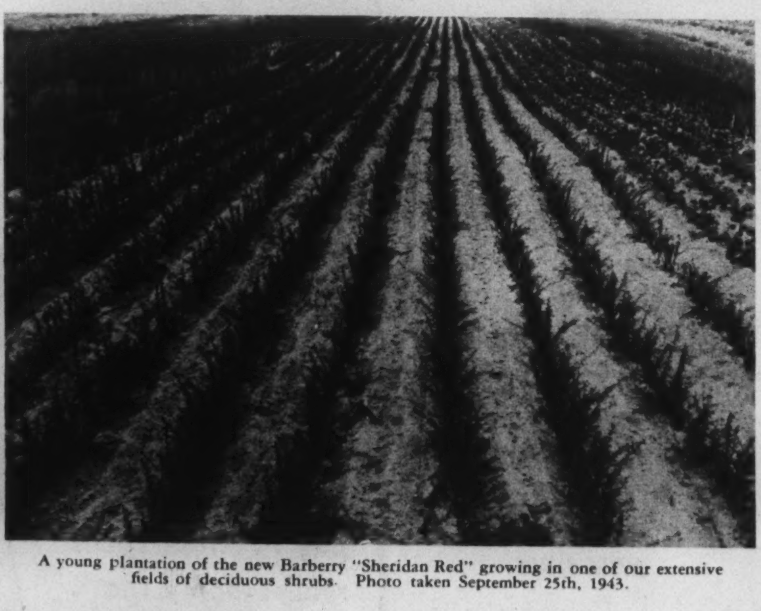

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THE THEATRE

Jefferson Has a Bicentenary

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

FOR the appropriate comment on Sidney Kingsley's play "The Patriots," currently running at the Royal Alexandra with a magnificent cast, we have to go back to Nurse Cavell's "Patriotism is not enough." It is not enough to ensure a good play. Mr. Kingsley has a habit of suddenly discovering something that he thinks the American public ought to know about, and then deciding to tell them about it by means of a play. (A play, of course, reaches only a relatively small number of the American people, and Mr. Kingsley may have in mind the project of subsequently reaching a great many more of them by a movie, for which his kind of playwrighting is much more suitable.) Some eight years ago Mr. Kingsley discovered the devoted work of certain doctors on certain diseases — I think they were tropical,—and wrote "Men in White," which quite comprehensibly made an excellent movie, but quite incomprehensibly achieved the Pulitzer Prize. Since then he has been in the Ten Best Plays at least a couple of times, once with "Dead End," which was also a social document. And now he has discovered Jefferson, the Father of American Democracy.

I am afraid that the chief reason for Mr. Kingsley discovering Jefferson is the fact that this year is the two hundredth anniversary of his birth. There is one other, and fundamentally more important, element of topicality about the play, and that is the parallel between the reaction of American conservatism to the French Revolution in the 1790's and that of American conservatism to the Russian Revolution in the 1920's and onward.

Few Canadians of today are aware that the impact of the French Revolution almost dissolved the structure of the American Republic, the cement in which was scarcely dry. They will learn a lot from Mr. Kingsley's series of scenes and episodes, but these are not a play, and they are not even, as was "Victoria Regina," a series of complete little works of art in themselves; some of them are indeed very sketchy, notably the prologue on board ship in a noisy storm, with its series of visions of Jefferson's early life, and the epilogue with its delivery — in Walter Hampden's superbly melli-

Sonya Stokowski as Mrs. Alexander Hamilton in "The Patriots" playing at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, for the rest of this week.

fluous [illegible] tones—of Jefferson's inaugural [illegible]eech as President. Only one of the [illegible]enes has real dramatic body in its [illegible] and that is the one during the epidemic of the plague in Philadelphia, seat of government before the building of Washington; the dialogue between George Washington and Jefferson, in which the tired old Father of His Country persuades the veteran of Monticello to remain at his cabinet post, is rhetorical but genuinely moving.

The casting is magnificent. Walter Hampden and Cecil Humphreys are both perfect as the two old statesmen, and Guy Sorel has evidently made a very careful study of the ample material available about Alexander Hamilton, whose major contributions to the structure of the Republic are however not included in the play's design. Julie Haydon is emotional though not very "period" as Jefferson's daughter, and there are many good bits and no serious weaknesses in the remainder of a large cast. A large number of scenic changes are provided quite effectively without undue delay by the device of concentrating the realistic elements at the centre of the stage and using curtains and dim light on the outskirts. Decidedly a performance to see, but one which will be remembered for its acting rather than its matter.

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THE FILM PARADE

Temps Perdu

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

DURING the ominous winter of the *Sitz Krieg*, the French studios were busy on "The Heart of a Nation", a study of French life from 1870 onwards, and an analysis, considerably simplified of what it means to live next door to the *Herrenvolk*. The *Herrenvolk*, of course, knew exactly what was going on and ordered the film confiscated and destroyed the moment they moved in. Fortunately a single print escaped and was brought to America where the Free French organization took it over and carefully pointed up any angles that the casual movie-goer might have overlooked.

Ardently French as it is "The Heart of a Nation" has a resigned and fatalistic quality which, curiously, reflects the spirit of the period in which it was produced. The French, it makes touchingly clear, are a gay, intelligent and endearing people; but this merely puts them at a disadvantage when they must live next door to a nation which has no particular use for these civilized qualities. "We make. They destroy" is the sad reiterated note of "The Heart of a Nation". In spite of its moments of high comedy it is the film of a people already defeated.

The story opens with the siege of Paris in 1870 and follows the fortunes of a single French family through recurrent invasions and the intervals of peace. The best of the film is in its between-wars sequences when the director can forget the long grievances of history and turn his attention to the intimate daily events of family life. The dominant personality in the Fremont family is a volatile uncle with a great taste for family celebration. He is played here by Raimu, a great actor and a superb clown. The rest of the cast, though less distinguished, have the same vivid and articulate charm which only French actors seem to possess. It is a wonderful quality and probably explains why the French have never taken the elaborate pains with production which is characteristic of American films. If an actor can create and sustain every necessary illusion why throw away a million dollars on production?

"CORVETTE K. 225" is Hollywood's handsome tribute to the Canadian corvette convoy service. It was made with the collaboration of the Canadian navy which saw to it that the information it contains is current and exact. This has given it such a business-like and authoritative air that Miss Ella Raines, the only feminine member of the cast, has the irrelevant look of a heroine who has wandered by accident into a documentary.

It is the story of a corvette from the day of its completing and launching until, limping and battered it brings its first convoy safely to the other side. This means that the plot itself travels a fairly straight course from port to port. There is to be sure the heroine, Miss Raines, who has a misunderstanding with the corvette captain Randolph Scott at the beginning of the film. However this is cleared up briskly before the corvette leaves port and after that nobody, including Captain Scott, gives the poor girl a second thought. The convoy service gets priority here and love is put in its proper place as a matter incidental to shore leave.

It isn't till the corvette finally engages a submarine that "Corvette K. 225" really goes epic in familiar Hollywood style. The industry can take advice on matters of technical observance but it doesn't need anyone to tell it how to put on a battle at sea. This one goes on and on, setting off louder and louder explosions of violence and destruction, with the sound track pitched to its height. I'm not sure however that it was finally as impressive as the similar encounter re-enacted in a single brief sequence in the recent Canadian documentary, "Corvette Port Arthur". The perils of convoy escort have a reality that doesn't call for the special exaggerations of action-drama.

The Sergeant of Police in "The Pirates of Penzance" one of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas to be presented at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, week of November 1.

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When Barbarians Retre

BY OLGA VOITINSKAYA

From the ashes and rubble of war-wracked towns, villages and cities, Russia's people build anew. Pogoreloye, a small village, is typical of the many hundreds of Russian communities from which the invaders have been driven.

THE communiqué was brief and concise. "Last night," it said, "our troops recaptured the township of Pogoreloye." It told nothing of the suffering endured by the people during the 10-months occupation. Nor did this brief dispatch convey the emotions of the villagers as they emerged from their caves, dugouts, barns and huts to greet the Red Army men.

Of the 3,076 inhabitants, 900 remained—one-third of the population, who lived in this peaceful farm community, situated on a hill, overlooking a river. Their homes, small one-story dwellings, with eaved roofs and latticed windows, were heaps of rubble and ashes. Even the trees, broken or felled, showed signs of the Nazi terror.

Before the Germans retreated, their demolition squads had systematically destroyed the granary, the hospital, the library, the schoolhouse, the motor tractor station, the movie theatre—even the beehives. They burned or demolished all but 41 of the 483 houses. Yet the people of Pogoreloye were returning, many of them from the woods, to start their life anew; and in spite of the gaunt chimney stacks, their joy was touching to behold.

In Hiding

I found one old villager, his wife and grandchild in an improvized hut, which I would not have noticed had it not been for a new signpost, the house number bravely painted on it. The rubble next to it was the cottage in which the two old people had lived all their lives.

When the Germans first came, the old man told me, no one ventured out of doors. Even the general store was empty, with only powder puffs and collar buttons left on the shelves. The guerrillas had taken everything movable with them, foodstuffs, farm implements, clothing, and even the signplates affixed to the town hall. The Germans would never have these plates for scrap metal.

Whatever else remained in Pogoreloye the Germans gradually confiscated. They killed off the fowl and cattle, until not an animal was left, and even the river was empty of fish. All the cats and dogs in town disappeared.

Of the 11 original members of the Ilyoshin family, three died from starvation and five from typhus. This old couple and their grandchild were the only ones left.

Epidemics spread, but the villagers could get no medical relief. One woman, Anna Ivanova, a 50-year-old farmer's wife, pleaded with a German doctor to help her grandchild. Little Masha was in a delirium, her frail body ravaged by typhus infection. The doctor gave her an injection and a few hours later she died. After this, no one else appeale the Germans for medical aid.

The hospital was the first thing t villagers repaired. In one day the erected a makeshift building. Furn ture and linen was sent by peop from neighboring towns, which ha escaped the invaders.

When the Red Army came, t people lacked the barest of nece ties. The soldiers who recaptu the town wrote letters home descr ing what they saw, and their fa ilies in the interior sent parcels blankets, soap, matches, househ utensils, felt boots and toys for children of Pogoreloye. The peo of Khabarovsk, 10,000 miles aw opened a Pogoreloye relief acco in the state bank. They raised 30 rubles. In far-off Kamchatka a dier's mother collected 5,000 ru from friends.

The Neighbors Help

Even from distant North Ame aid came to Pogoreloye. The pe are grateful for the Russian W Relief shipments of children's sw ers, gloves, socks, top coats, can milk, medicine and vegetable se This assistance from friends ac the ocean has inspired them with newed hope and courage to res their normal lives.

The town is still a ghost of its mer self, but doctors, agronomi engineers and mechanics from M cow are helping to restore it. A public bath house has been ope and sanitary facilities partially stored. Small, standard one-s houses, designed by Boris Yofan, architect of the Soviet Pavilion at New York World's Fair, are be built.

The people have black bread n A public dining room and bakery h been organized by the army com sary, and the general store, while shelves are bare for the most p has some supplies, drugs, utens etc., shipped from Moscow. A far er in a near-by village just set as a bull and some white flour for goreloye's people; another dona three pigs he had raised for his family; and a third contributed flock of geese to the collective fa ers. The greatest excitement p vailed, however, when the guerril returned and with them the 150 h of cattle they had driven off into woods before the Germans arriv

It wasn't easy for the people Pogoreloye to begin over, but m of them, having spent all their li in this little community, had no sire to leave it now. Before the p ple could bring themselves around reconstruction, they had first to their spirits by erasing every dence of the Germans.

Already a temporary school been constructed by the child themselves. They were supervi by a teacher who returned from guerrilla detachment. This you woman had the foresight to bury pile of textbooks.

Seeds From Abroad

The farmers and their wives eager to cultivate the shell-pock fields, and many an acre will be so with North American seeds. Seve new tractors and combines have rived as gifts of the Rostov Agric tural Machinery Works, which evacuated from Rostov to Uzbekist in Central Asia. If the people do have enough tractors or horses pull the plows, they use spades mattocks or work with their ha hands. The ashes left by the G mans make excellent fertilizer, a this summer the field of Pogorelo were green again with rye, flax a wheat. The cows give eight lit of milk a day and the hens lay we Even the ubiquitous sunflowe whose seeds are used for cooking in this part of the world, bloom aga and hold their heads high to the su No longer will the enemy tramp over them.

Pogoreloye is rising from its rui and it is one of hundreds upon hu dreds of villages being reborn toda Only the charred carcasses of so of the burned buildings remind t people of the fascist nightmare.

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An Englishman Visits Eire

BY C. E. M. JOAD

England's famous philosopher and 'stump the experts' expert takes a look at the Eire of today, after four years of neutrality. He finds that the Irish are mostly pro-ally but still not any more pro-English than ever.

IT IS astonishing how quickly one takes the external differences for granted—Eire's lighted streets, the "meated" meals, the admirable and apparently inexhaustible sherry, the abundant table wine, the not-so-abundant butter and cream.

One learns to condole tactfully with the Irish on the tea-drought, a shortage of coal so acute that, in the smaller hotels, everybody has to take their meals at the same time while the one or two trains a day puff laboriously along on a diet of peat, and a lack of petrol which has abolished the car even more effectively than it has done in England; learns, too, to congratulate them on their perspicacity in never having buried the horse, so that, when the shortage began, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to bring out the buggy and the trap, which had never been wholly laid aside, to take the visitor for a ride in Phoenix Park. What a knock-down of a place, by the way, the biggest, I am told, in Europe and right at the gates of Dublin, an added grace to the innumerable, incidental beauties of that lovely city.

And yet perhaps it is not so astonishing after all, since for the external differences one had been prepared, while, to the internal differences, no amount of preparation could do justice. To these, the change between the spiritual climates of a country at war and a country at peace I never succeeded in adjusting myself; it hit me so quickly and so squarely in the face in the shape of a letter waiting at my hotel, asking me to take the Chair at a students' debate at University College on the Resolution "That Ireland's only hope for National Unity lies in a German victory."

Impressions

That, I confess, rather knocked me off my usual balance, nor did the whirl of faces, the babel of voices anxiously, often simultaneously, and always differently, explaining Ireland to the Englishman as he floats along floods of talk from what is surely the most articulate people in the world, help me to get it back again. ("We would so like, Mr. Joad, to know what you think about"—well, whatever it was, Irish politics, Irish women, the end of the war; always biddable, you opened your mouth to tell them and, before you could get a word out edgeways, all together they started answering their own question, by telling you what they thought.) When at last my mind came to rest sufficiently to drain off the surface scum of its impressions from the sediment which remained, I select:

First, the extreme hospitality of the Irish. Whatever they may think about England they have nothing but the warmest of welcomes for the visiting Englishman. How nice they were, and how charming—the fact may not be important, but it would be ungracious not to record it.

Secondly, the strictness of the censorship. With what infinite circumspection is the war approached. Printed with admirable impartiality side by side in the newspapers, the British, the German and the Russian communiqués drop like stones into the well of the universal silence containing apparently nothing to excite even the gentlest splash of comment. The Russians, incidentally, still figure as "The Reds."

Nevertheless—and here is the third impression—interest in the war is irrepressible. Into every conversation sooner or later it rears its head. Inevitably intended to meet mainly the pro-Ally-Irish — everybody, by the way, is labelled in advance pro-Ally, pro-Axis or neutral—but whether it was that the pro-Allies are, as I was assured, in the vast majority, or whether, perhaps, that the Irish can no longer conceal from themselves the direction in which the cat is jumping, I got the impression that nearly everybody wants us to win the war.

In 1940, I was told, it was not so. "Thank God, the cursed English are beat at last," an Irish gardener was heard to say in the autumn of that year. "But you don't want the Nazis coming over here, do you?" asked my friend. "Faith, but the English Navy won't let 'em." The conversation, perhaps apocryphal, perhaps true, was, I am told a not unfair expression of the mood of the time.

Fourthly, there is an obsession with the English. It was England this, England that and England the other —all three, by the way, deriving from the past, as if Ireland could never forget. As for the rest of the world England, it seemed, was the medium through which the Irish viewed it, providing, as it were, the antennae through which they felt it, all this incidentally coupled with the reiterated insistence that England doesn't matter any more.

Anxious for Our Reaction

And, inevitably the Irish display an almost painful anxiety to know what we think about them. How much do we mind their non-participation in the war? Are we embarrassed by it? And so on. My answer that most of us are much too busy with the war to think about them one way or the other was met with indignant incredulity. "But you must concern yourselves with us," I am told, "we are on your doorstep." I could only remind them in reply that for the daughter who has won her latch-key to complain that the wicked stepmother is no longer interested in her comings and goings is to have it both ways. Either freedom or the grievance, not both.

But, of course, there is the grievance—the grievance of the six counties. Stripped of its color and eloquence, what the Irish seemed to me to be saying was this:

(1) "We are heartily glad not to be in the war and very grateful to de Valera for keeping us out." (De Valera's popularity and power are, as it seemed to me, at their zenith. The fact is not surprising. Meeting him one gets a definite impression of greatness such as I, at least, derived from nobody else, certainly not from any other member of his government, or of the opposition party.)

(2) "Why should we fight in England's war anyway? We have never forgotten the past—Cromwell, the Potato Famine, the Black and Tans. Even now our country is arbitrarily cut in two and part of it forcibly separated from us. If the English were to abolish Partition, maybe we might have fought for them.

(3) "Nevertheless, we concede that the English have, on the whole, not done so badly by us, since the war. They might have violated our neutrality in pursuance of their war strategy by taking the ports. But they did not, and we are duly sensible of their forbearance. You know, by the way" they would add, "that 150,000 of us are fighting with the British anyway?"

(I had, and have, no means of verifying this figure, but I suspect that my Irish informant was being generous as usual.)

And our reply? It runs, as I conceive, something like this "Right! You have got your freedom and taken your own path and so far as we are concerned, there is precious little resentment. You are free to choose your own line, and it is not for us to scold if it isn't ours; we lost that inclination when you took your latchkey. But there is one thing which it seems worth-while to point out. The world picture after the war is to be painted not by any one hand; certainly not by that of England alone, but by the joint hands of the United Nations. Have you considered your place in that picture?"

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"I DON'T LIKE to spoil her. But this time I had to break down. It all started a couple of months before the war. We were looking over the new refrigerators.

"'Bill,' she said, 'why don't we get the one that's sure to last—the one with no moving parts—the Servel? It's silent and—'

"Well, you know how women are. That's exactly what we bought, a Servel. And, friend, are *we glad!*

"No moving parts in its freezing system to wear. Low operating cost. Quiet as can be. We *know* it will see us through.

"Why am I crowing like this? No, not just to show off. It's because refrigerators are sure to come back some day. And I just wanted to tell you how downright pleased we've been with our Servel—and why I handed the little lady a compliment."

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Life-giving serum is just one of many drugs and foods supplied our armed forces that need the protection of constant, dependable refrigeration. Servels are providing this protection for military supplies in all parts of the world.

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SOUPS
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GOURAUD
The cream to use before the evening dance. No rubbing off—no touching up. A trial will convince.
White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tan
4

CAR-SICK?
Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of
Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

CONCERNING FOOD

Bread Without Broth is Very Good Indeed

BY JANET MARCH

IT IS well known that the old woman who lived in the shoe found housekeeping so difficult that she was forced to give her outsize family broth without any bread. Mother Goose's homeland where the owl was the only soldier must have been suffering a depression rather than a war, for if the country had been fighting the meat would have gone to the army and the children would have had bread without any broth. It is unlikely that we will ever run short of bread in Canada so we can safely count on having that companion to nearly every known food.

"A loaf of bread" the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need;
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed."

And he eyed the oysters hungrily. The carpenter had a conscience though, if not a ration book.

"The Carpenter said nothing but
The butter's spread too thick."

Personally I don't think butter can be spread too thick, and on the brown bread which they were eating with their deliciously fresh raw oysters it could lie like a yellow icing. We have been told that there may be shortages of pepper but if you can find the oysters this month I bet you can line up the pepper and the rest of the trimmings and realize again what a pleasant time the Walrus and the Carpenter had.

It's not very much good giving you succulent oyster recipes. If you can get them you probably know what to do with them, and it's no good annoying the others. This was one of those months with a large R in it when we all used to go to town on oysters. Better concentrate on bread even if we can't live by it alone.

If you have never made bread then it's time you started. I don't mean that if you have a good baker you should tell him never to call again and tie yourself up to that routine which calls for large receptacles full of dough to be sitting around muffled in blankets beside the warmest radiators in the house. You can make bread very rapidly if you use enough yeast and don't then have to battle through that recurring theme song in so many bread recipes, "Wait till the dough doubles in size." The reception given home made bread is almost on a par with what the hero back from the war gets.

Honey Bread

Buttered honey bread is a good afternoon tea substitute now that cake is so seldom seen.

¼ cup of honey
1 egg
1 teaspoon of baking powder
½ cup of brown sugar
2 cups of flour
1 teaspoon of soda
1 cup of sour milk
¼ teaspoon of nutmeg and ground cloves

Combine the milk and honey. Sift the dry ingredients and then stir into the honey mixture. Pour into a greased baking pan and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes to an hour.

Cheese Bread

3½ cups of flour
1 egg
1 cup of grated cheese
1 cake of yeast
1 teaspoon of salt
1 teaspoon of sugar
2 tablespoons of water
1 cup of milk

Add the sugar and salt to the milk, saving a little bit of the sugar. Then add the remaining sugar and water to the yeast. Let this stand for five minutes and then stir it into the milk mixture. Add the egg and the cheese, and then sift in the flour. Knead thoroughly and then put in pans and leave till it has doubled its bulk. Bake about three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Rolls

1 cup of shortening
½ cup of sugar
2 teaspoons of salt
2 eggs
2 cakes of yeast
6½ cups of flour
1 cup of cold water
1 cup of hot water

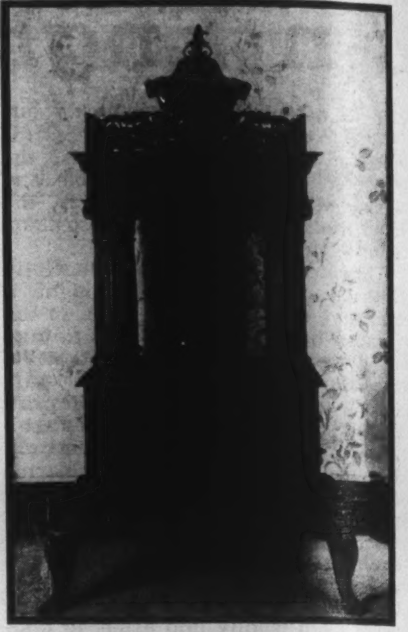
Pour the hot water on the shortening and add the sugar and the salt and mix well. Then stir in the beaten eggs. Soak the yeast in the cold water and stir it till it is smooth, then add to the shortening. Sift in the flour and knead well, and then put in the refrigerator for about three hours where it will increase in size to a certain extent. If you want to have fresh rolls for dinner take the dough out two hours before dinner time and shape into what shapes you like. What you don't use put back in the refrigerator where it will keep for a week.

It is fun to make braided rolls and you do this by making three long strands and plaiting them just like your daughter's pigtails. Cut off in short lengths with scissors. Crescents are made with rounds of dough which you cut in V shaped pieces. Roll them up beginning at the top of the V. When you have shaped your batch of rolls put them in a greased baking pan and let them stand for a couple of hours during which time they will double in size. Then bake them in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes.

Coffee Cake

1¾ cups of flour
½ cup of sugar
½ cup of cream or rich milk
1 egg
¼ cup of raisins
½ teaspoon of salt
½ teaspoon of cinnamon
2 teaspoons of baking powder

Add the raisins to the sifted dry ingredients. Mix the cream and egg and stir into the flour. Pour in a pan and sprinkle the top with some of the brown sugar saved out for this purpose and a little cinnamon, and daub with a few small pieces of butter. Bake for about forty-five minutes.



To early stove makers, it appears, there was no such thing as simplicity in cast iron. Tops and sides had columns, curves, urns, court scenes in relief. From a purist point of view most of the stoves are bad enough to be wonderfully good. The upsurge of Victorianism in interior decoration, combined with new heating problems, accounts for much of their increased popularity among collectors. The old iron living room stove (circa 1840-1860) shown above, has Roman columns, also two urns for water mixed with scented oil.

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Goes On

SIMPLE, sincere hospitality is the order of the day. A few hours spent with genial friends will relieve the tension of today's "all out" activities. Add to the cordiality of your at-home entertaining by using WEDGWOOD Bone China. In the wide assortment of beautifully hand-decorated WEDGWOOD patterns available, you will find a design to harmonize with your particular interior furnishings.

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CAKES ARE LIGHT, FLUFFY... COST IS LESS THAN 1¢ PER AVERAGE BAKING!
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MAKES THE WHITEST, LIGHTES
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GREAT-GRANDMOTHER SAYS:

"I've baked my bread with Fleischmann's Yeast ever since I was a bride."

GRANDMOTHER SAYS:

"Of course, I use Fleischmann's Yeast for bread. It's so dependable."

MOTHER SAYS:

"I get better bread when I make it with Fleischmann's Yeast."

DAUGHTER SAYS:

"I know my bread's good when I bake with Fleischmann's Yeast."

FOR 4 GENERATIONS

Canadian women have relied on Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast to bake bread with fine, smooth texture, sweet, delicious flavor! If *you* bake bread at home use Fleischmann's, Canada's *favorite* fresh yeast. Order from your grocer today!

GET MORE VITAMINS — MORE PEP! Eat 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S *fresh* Yeast every day. This Yeast is an excellent natural source of the B Complex group of vitamins!

MADE IN CANADA

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Let the Children Reign Unconfined

BY "TEACHER"

DEAR Miss—:

I understand that you are collecting material for your "Education Week" program. I am therefore submitting the following article on the Winnetka system of teaching.

Whereas this system has been in force throughout the States, and in many parts of Canada for some time, I understand that Toronto is so far steeped in the old tradition, as not to have accepted it.

Because you are of Toronto, I expect you are not familiar with the Winnetka theory. I shall therefore state briefly its salient points, which will, perhaps enlighten you concerning my later observations.

Free Will

The basis of the system is free expression, and lack of inhibition. A child must on no account be forced. For example, if the teacher is taking arithmetic, and a child does not feel in the mood for that subject, he must be allowed to withdraw from the group, and pursue a subject for which he is in the mood. "At the risk of growing up to believe that two and two are five?" you might ask. Yes, most emphatically! Far, far better a slight arithmetical error, than a blunted initiative!

I have had the unforgettable experience of seeing a Winnetka class in action. That was in pre-war days, but I now know that, could we but put these little ones in uniform and parachute them into Germany, the entire nation would flee in terror, leaving Herr Schicklegruber hiding his head like an ostrich deep in the mountains of Berchtesgaden.

However, there was no war then, nor did I then know the high calibre of the expression those children were to dispense so freely.

I was therefore quite unprepared, when I entered the room with several other observers, for the scene which followed.

Expressing Themselves

It was peaceful in that room, with the peace which so often precedes a storm. Suddenly the door burst open, and an Arkansas Twister hit the room. Chairs and tables turned upside down. Books hurtled through the air. Chalk whizzed past our heads like flying shrapnel. The floors shook, the windows rattled, the walls trembled. Then all was still. I peered from under the debris. Why, it wasn't a storm after all! It was the children—God bless them. They were glad to be back at school, and were abandonly expressing their pleasure.

They had stopped for breath, and the teacher seized this opportunity to launch an academic attack. "Now children, we will do a little number work. What's that, Mary? You don't feel like number work? Well look, darling, here's a lovely little book, all done in color! Oh—you don't like it? Well maybe you'd like to—Oh, you want to dance? All right, darling. You run along to the back and show the ladies what a lovely little dancer you are. Now, class—Oh—you *all* want to dance? What fun! Run along, then, with Mary." (To us) "Aren't they graceful? And they picked those steps up themselves."

Graceful? Well, maybe buffalo *are* graceful. I just hadn't thought of it before. And they picked those steps up themselves, eh? Well that's O.K. too. It's the way they let them down I don't like. I'd like it a heckuva lot better if they'd keep 'em up. However, they should make good rugby material. Ouch! there goes my leg. Cracked right in two. "Oh *no*, darling, it's quite all right. See —I have another one—I can hop home, just like a birdie!" Ha ha. Quick, Flora—here comes Bridget—Duck! Too late. But grab your hat! Late again. Oh well, what's ten bucks—it might have been your head. "My glove?—Oh no, don't pick it up—I think little Jason wants to step on it again. Mustn't frustrate little Jason." What's that the teacher's bellowing? She wants us to get up? The children want our chairs for a take-off. Mind? Not at all! Why we might have a little Lindy in our midst. I'd just never get over it if I spoiled his first flight. What's that? They want me to be a tree, so they can crash? Oh well, I'm sap enough to make a good one. "Here I am children—see my pretty branches?" Ouch again!

Fourth of July

Well night *does* come fast out here! Just look at all those stars. And such purty colors. Just like fireworks. Just like the post-card Aunty sent of July 4th in Chicago. Sounds like fireworks too—all that sizzling and popping—and that bell —It sounds like a—Good heavens, it *is*. It's school! I've been knocked out! I'm flat on the floor. The kids are coming—I'll be trampled—I'll—too late. They're here.

So this is what a stampede is like. And what a way to see it! Right from the ground up. One gets the feeling of it that way. I hope they have a brace of stretchers in that cloak room. And a Red Cross kit. A hooker of brandy is too much to hope for—although they act around here as if they used it instead of water. So this is the Winnetka idea. We call it by a different name at home. And we lock 'em up all safe and sound. They're always bragging about the raw and real west, where they call a spade a spade. Well, then, why don't they call nuts nuts? Where do they get this fancy Winnetka handle? Whom do they think they're fooling? Not me, I hope.

I'm going home. I'm going back east, where they maybe call a spade a shovel, but they know how to use it. Where teachers teach, and kids are too smart to crash when they play planes. Where rugby is played in a field with balls, not indoors with human beings.

I did, so now you know. Perhaps a time *will* come when you will want to try this little scheme in Toronto. If so, I shall be delighted to drop a few hints. Meanwhile, I shall withhold my name and address. I feel it more than sufficient honor to be an apostle of this great cause. I do not desire public recognition and returns. (On the contrary, I've always had a horror of being tarred and feathered.)

Yours very truly,
One Who Has Seen The—Dark.

Trigere designed this simply tailored duck green wool dress with interesting stitched front and tasseled belt. Plain bodice and high neckline are a perfect background for the matched set of diamond and gold-pierced heart earrings and clip. The felt cartwheel hat is by Walter Florell.

Winged Victory 1943 Model

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DAY-BY-DAY
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Biscuits
AN ASSORTMENT OF UP-TO-DATE BISCUITS
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● Youth, riding the skies of death-spitting wings, is helping to bring about Victory, when again, Peek Frean's famous English Biscuits and healthful, tasty Vita-Weat Crisp-bread will be back.

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HELPS YOUR
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YOU can help your meat ration with the concentrated beefy goodness of BOVRIL.

A little BOVRIL much improves soups, gravies, stews, hot-pot, shepherd's pie, left-overs, etc.

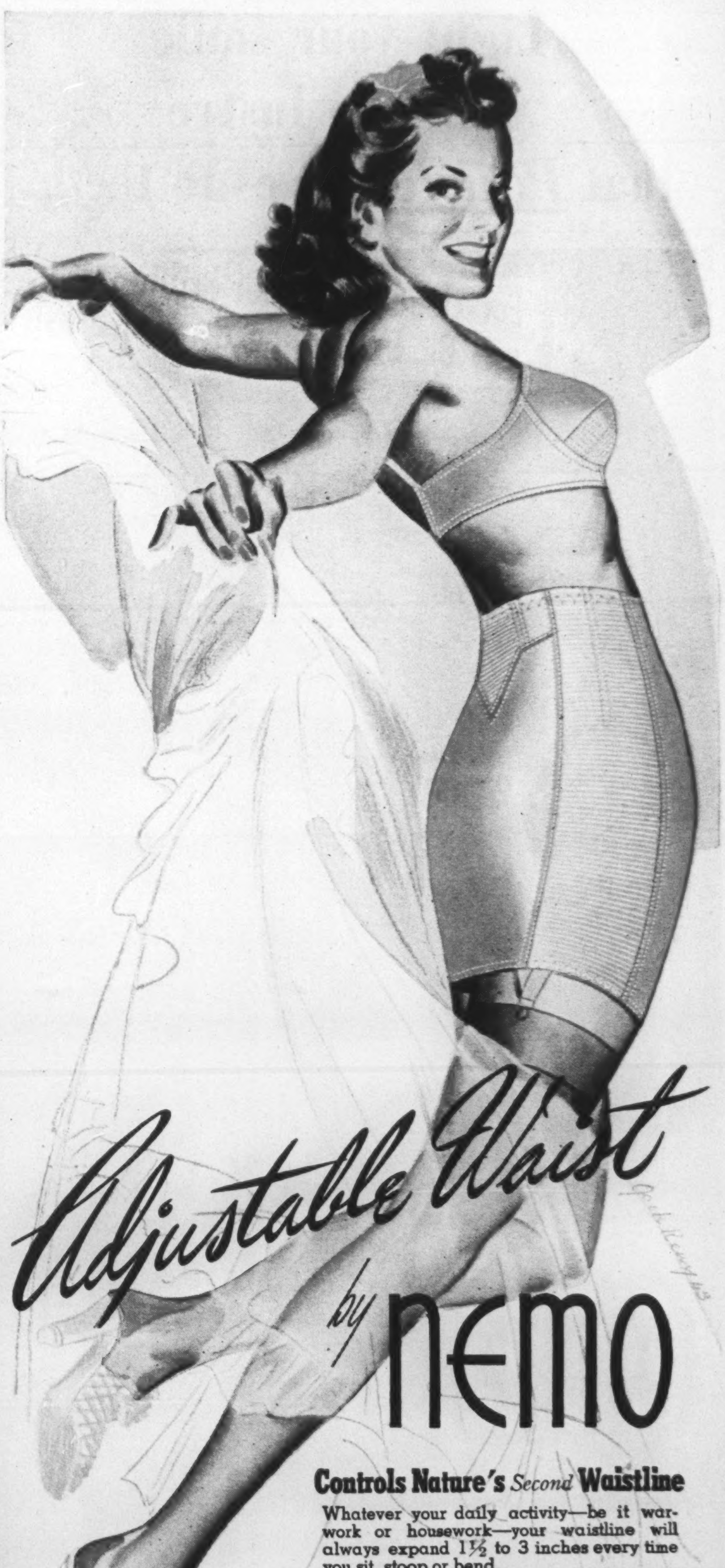
BOVRIL adds rich meaty flavour to meatless dishes like spaghetti and macaroni: In fact, you can use less meat if you add a little BOVRIL before or during cooking. (Mix with a little hot water and stir in).

BOTTLED BOVRIL, spread thinly, makes a deliciously beefy sandwich spread, with or without cream cheese or butter: delightful on hot toast. Try it!

BOVRIL
"MEETS" THE RATION!

BOVRIL
BOVRIL
CUBE

43-10



Controls Nature's *Second* Waistline

Whatever your daily activity—be it war-work or housework—your waistline will always expand 1½ to 3 inches every time you sit, stoop or bend.

Women today, working at a wartime tempo, need more than ever a NEMO "Adjustable Waist" to control that second waistline.

NEMO is the one correctly designed foundation that definitely controls nature's normal expansion . . . the patented horizontal stretch at top back of "Adjustable Waist" automatically takes care of midriff expansion without loss of style or comfort.

NEMO'S "Adjustable Waist" is made in a wide variation of figure types—for Junior, Average, Straight Hip, Full Hip, Short and Larger figures.

Sold in leading Corset Departments from Coast to Coast

NEMO THE HOUSE OF COMPLETE CORSETRY TORONTO

DRESSING TABLE

Off On The Right Foot

BY ISABEL MORGAN

UNLESS a building's foundation is sound and strong, the structure cannot be secure. The human structure requires a sound and strong foundation, also. If the feet are impaired or if their functioning is disturbed by the wrong shoes, the effects can extend throughout the entire body.

The human body was intended to be erect, with the chest high, the shoulders even and back, and the diaphragm flat. A line dropped vertically from the top of the head should pass through the centres of gravity in the chest and abdomen, and through the feet just in front of the ankles. The normal foot holds the body in this balanced position.

But improper fitting of shoes, or shoes of the wrong type, may cause changes in the structure and functioning of the foot that throw the body completely out of balance. Fatigue and pain are certain to leave their mark.

The human foot is a mechanical marvel more amazing than any ever conceived by the mind of man. No device for locomotion has ever equalled it for satisfactory and long-term performance. But unlike man-made locomotive equipment, it cannot be patched up with spare parts.

Don't insist upon a pair the same size as those being worn. First, because feet change; they may grow for a period even in adult life, or a change in your weight may be reflected in feet that are thinner or fleshier. Second, the old shoe may be the wrong size for you, and you don't want to repeat the mistake.

See that the new shoe coincides with the foot at the ball—the widest points on the inside and the outside of the shoe should be over the first joints of the big toe and the little toe, respectively.

See that the shoe fits neatly into the arch of the foot without exerting pressure against the arch when you stand.

There should be easy fit which permits the ball of the foot and the toes to spread normally when walking. . . Run your finger along the throat of the shoe to test whether it is cutting into the foot. . . The heel should sit firmly into the heel cup. Notice whether the top of the shoe gaps away at either side of the heel when you stand; if so, the heel seat is too narrow.

Watch your ankles when you stand in your new shoes. If the ankles bulge inward and you toe far out, your arch is weak or flattening and you should have an arch support and avoid high heels. If your ankles turn outward so that you are treading the heel over on the outer side you should wear a lower heel and one which gives a broader area of contact with the ground.

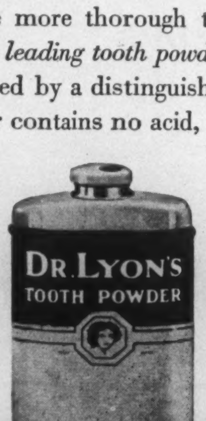
Light your smile
with the lustre
that *Powder* gives to teeth!

For cleaner, fresher brilliance...
use DR. LYON'S on a moist brush

TO BE beautiful, teeth must be bright . . . clean . . . kept free of lustre-dulling film. So care for yours with *powder*—Dr. Lyon's used regularly on a moist brush. For experience shows that no dentifrice can cleanse teeth more effectively than the simple combination of powder and water!

The better the powder, of course, the more thorough the cleansing. That's why Dr. Lyon's, *Canada's leading tooth powder*, is used by millions elsewhere, too. Developed by a distinguished practicing dentist, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder contains no acid, no pumice, nothing to injure tooth enamel. Yet it brightens teeth from the first brushing. Refreshes the mouth. Yes, and it also saves you money! Matched for price, Dr. Lyons' outlasts tooth paste two-to-one.

Your druggist has Dr. Lyon's. Ask for it today. You need no empty tube when you get Dr. Lyon's Tooth *Powder*.



For brighter, cleaner teeth . . .
DR. LYON'S
TOOTH POWDER . . on a moist brush

She Will Go A Long Way

BY FREDERIC MANNING

MY EXCURSIONS to this particular branch Public Library have been infrequent until lately. A few weeks ago a friend of mine became too fancy on a badminton court with disastrous results to an ankle. While he was confined to his house, I volunteered to be the go-between between him and the library. As he reads at a furious rate, my trips have been frequent.

All went uneventfully until one day last week. I presented my books, at the desk, to a librarian I had not encountered before. She was small, youngish as librarians go, fair and very, very firm. She took my card, pointed to the number and explained, very carefully, that if I would take a pencil (there were several, she said, on the desk in the centre of the room) and write the number of my card in the back of the book, and bring them to her, she would then only have to stamp them, or it, and it would save time.

It all seemed a bit involved to me, but I had the strength to ask her whose time it would save, because if she was thinking of me, I was in no hurry. The librarian smiled faintly and said it would save everybody's time, especially if there was a line-up at the desk. As there was no one else at the desk, except a loud-voiced female discussing a violin concerto with another librarian, I wasn't impressed.

Something to Read

Seeing my lack of enthusiasm she said gently, "Of course, if you don't wish to be co-operative. . ." She left this in mid-air and I said I wasn't a very co-operative person, and anyway, I had always suffered, or was suffering now, from the strange delusion that librarians were in libraries to attend to would-be readers, mark and hand out books, and I also said that at the branch I went to regularly, that's just what they did.

This drew another rather sickly smile as she suggested that I must like that branch.

I said I did. I had always liked service, although I felt these days we were getting less service.— I was prepared to go on longer, but her voice warned me. "I am supposed to be getting all those books checked off and returned to their shelves." She pointed to several piles on a desk behind her.

The discussion on the previous evening's violin playing had now reached the second movement. I gathered it was a local student who was rapidly crowding Heifetz to the wall.

"Do all the librarians just check and sort books?" I asked.

"Oh no," she replied, "Miss Wilson," nodding in the direction of the violin concerto, "is our book advisor."

"What do you mean by that?" I inquired.

Again the patient smile. "Miss Wilson will advise you what you ought to read."

She didn't tell me how I could talk down the violin discussion to ask what a man with a broken ankle should read, and anyway, I had a momentary spasm when I thought of Bob's reaction if I returned with some books recommended by a social hostess in a branch library or whatever her title is.

"Well," I said, "I have been coming here for some weeks now and you are the first librarian to suggest to me that I do my own writing. The others have just done it for me."

She gave me a look in which pity and patience were almost equally mingled and her voice was very, very gentle. "Maybe the others thought it was easier that way," she said as she expertly stamped the books and handed them to me.

I have a feeling that girl is going a long way—but not with me.

TIP
FOR TEA-
STRETCHERS

1 level teaspoon per person is plenty if you steep sufficiently (3 to 5 minutes.) But to be sure of a completely satisfying cup . . . richer in fragrance and flavor . . . always use the choice YOUNG leaves. To get them, ask . . .
by name . . . for
Tender Leaf
Tea.

TENDER LEAF TEA
TENDER LEAF TEA
Superior Quality

At your grocer's in two convenient sizes . . . also in improved FILTER tea balls.

BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

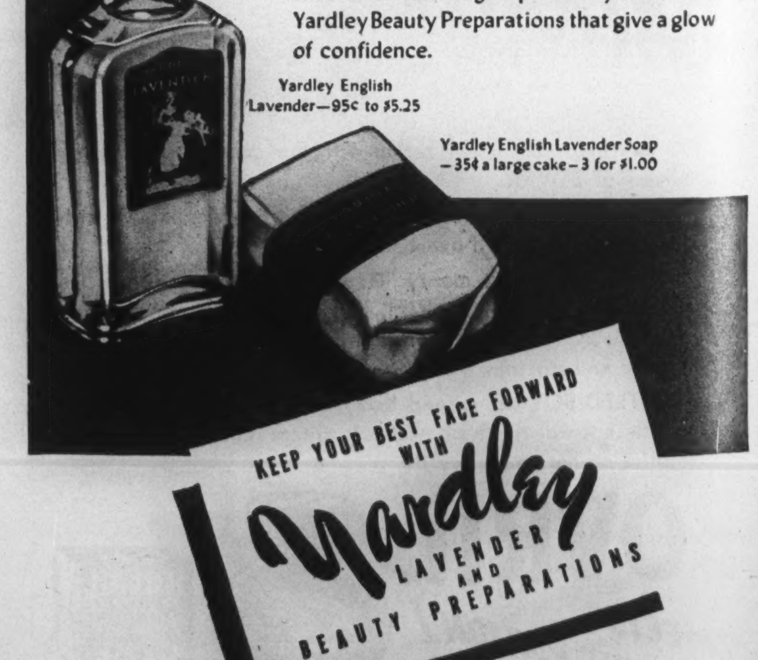
BY APPOINTMENT

Big, little things

Duty's so pressing these days . . . but the big, little things are more than ever vital — big, little things like the Yardley Lavender that breathes high-spirited youth, and Yardley Beauty Preparations that give a glow of confidence.

Yardley English Lavender—95c to $5.25

Yardley English Lavender Soap —35¢ a large cake—3 for $1.00



KEEP YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH
Yardley
LAVENDER AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

The Clinging Vine Technique And Pal Harold

BY FRANCOISE MARTIN

"THE trouble with you is—" (and I knew that once again we were about to go round the prickly pear) "The trouble with you is," she said in a voice that meant to be kindly and a frame of mind that meant to be constructive, "you're too much of a pal with all the boys. You simply don't give men a chance to do things for you and so you don't let them grow fond of you for letting them do things for you."

"You don't," she went on, "wait for a man to open doors for you. You figure he should take one door and you the next. You don't let them light your cigarettes. You don't let them offer you cigarettes. Oh, I don't mean that you refuse all these assorted offers. You just slam-bang go ahead and do them before the man thinks about them. And, well, I guess they don't like it."

Not An Amazon

Personally I have never regarded myself as a militant Amazon intent on carrying at least a fair share of the world's burdens on my shoulders. Truth to tell I've been underweight for years, constantly get my feet wet and catch colds come spring and fall, and generally cause considerable concern for relatives. Food I find interesting and inviting and highly edible most of the time, but the figure is certainly more angular than curved.

Personally, while I continue on the theme, I'm not the least bit averse to having a sturdy oak nearby. It's just that I don't cling with a mad tenacity, and imagine that no oak enjoys being strangled anyhow.

My thoughts are feminine most of the time, but I think I'd get most bored with a Sir Walter constantly flinging his cape over mud-puddles for me, and in a vagrant mood push him into it at the third performance.

I've always taken the attitude that here I am such as I am, and if I use camouflage, decoy, trickery and/or all the rest of the wile methods, I'd be a dismal failure because I'm flat-footed verbally, and no actress even in the privacy of my bedroom.

DECOLLETE

AFTER hours of sun-tanning, then
comes fall,
Fall when the social affairs begin
And who do you think is the belle
of the ball?—
None but the gal with the lily-white
skin!

MAY RICHSTONE.

"The trouble with you is. . ." she renewed her theme. But I cut her short. "Okay, okay," I said. "I'll pacify you momentarily. The next new man I meet I'll go all feminine. Mind you, it's just this one who'll have to put up with the mess which is bound to evolve. But, as soon as I meet a new man, I'll take off in the prescribed fashion, and let him push all doors, revolving or otherwise, part with his cigarettes, and all that. Every time I'm within sight of him."

The New Man

I didn't meet a new man for quite some time, but being a gal as sticks to her word, I remembered what she had said and waited patiently. That was still in the early stages of the war and there *were* men around and there *was* some point in waiting.

I waited about five days. Harold was the first new man I met. He was a very nice lad. He was taller than I. He had a nice smile, and we found that we could talk together quite agreeably.

I wasn't impressed much with this particular phase of my association with Harold, because I've always enjoyed talking with men, and they never acquire a vacant absent-minded look in the eye when the conversation is shaping into something tangible.

He offered a cigarette and I took it. He lit the cigarette. We walked along the street and came to a door. He opened it. He rang for the elevator. We went up and he opened another door.

By this time we were in a hive of men and at a meeting. Harold and I had landed the same assignment for our competitive papers.

The meeting ran along in its usual fashion, with both of us taking notes. My thoughts were jumping ahead a bit. I was thinking that after the meeting we'd go and have coffee, after he had opened more doors for me. I figured I was doing everything she said I should and I was wondering how I was making out.

Suddenly his voice cut into my reverie.

"What *is* this stuff all about? I've covered school board meetings all over the country, but I certainly can't figure out what this adds up to."

I started to explain and between the two of us we whispered enough to have the whole of the meeting swing round and glare. I was wondering whether I should say I didn't understand either, but it was the same old business of statistics about communicable diseases and medical examinations that the board thrashed out monthly, so I went on explaining.

It became clear to Harold, so we submerged into silence. I tried to reclaim my reverie. My handing him the explanation probably started me a bit off keel, I thought, but maybe I could right the ship quickly.

Another point in the meeting, and Harold saying "I guess you'll have to explain this one to me, too."

I said "Yes. Sure. After the meeting we can sort everything out. Maybe over a cup of coffee?"

"That's a swell idea," he said. "Yeah, let's have coffee after the meeting. They told me the other paper had a girl reporter and I've been waiting to meet you. Yeah, coffee."

The meeting went on, and I was beginning to think maybe she was right after all, and that maybe the ship was righting itself, besides.

The meeting went on and everything stayed clear in our minds. Then Harold, saying, "Say, can you buy the coffee this time? I forgot my wallet at home."

I think he said something about he'd buy the coffee after the next meeting, as I took the next door.

Peppermint Stick Prints
man-tailored by TOOKE

As sweet and clean a stripe as ever delighted your eye. Gay it is and fresh as an autumn morning. Peppermint Stick colors, dancing with light, to take new honors for the Man-Tailored shirt — by Tooke. Vivid scarlet, blue, clear green, bittersweet, shining tan, cocoa and sunlit gold, all on white grounds. Two dollars at quality shops across Canada.

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LEND... for this end!

SOMETIMES you'd think it was all over but the shouting, and that the boys would be home in a couple of days! But that isn't so. There is still a long, hard road ahead . . . hard fighting and hard work, too. How long and how hard is going to depend a lot on you. Here is how you can help.

Lend your money for Victory Bonds now. Take this personal means of helping to shorten the war, of hastening final victory, of bringing our men back safe, victorious, *sooner*. Lend all you can from savings . . . then lend more on the instalment plan. Every Bond you buy will play its part in speeding the end of the war by aiding Canada to send extra power to our fighting forces, to maintain them, and to reinforce them, until lasting peace is won.

Victory Bonds are backed by all the wealth and resources of Canada, and by an unbroken record of repayment. They earn good interest, and are a sure protection for your future.

But above all . . . when you buy Victory Bonds you are lending your money to speed the day when our troops will be home again with their loved ones, enjoying the peace and prosperity they have preserved for us, sharing in our rich and happy future. It is your duty, as well as your privilege, to lend for this end!

Speed the Victory

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English Quality BISCUITS
BREAD and CAKES

This space contributed by George Weston, Limited

THE OTHER PAGE

Wild Poets I Have Known -- Robert Frost

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

IT WAS in the blossomy month of May, in 1939, that I first met Robert Frost. That meeting took place in a Montclair high school, where the poet delivered one of his lyceum lectures to a crowded audience. The audience was so crowded, indeed, that the best I could get was a back-row seat. And there I had trouble in hearing the white-haired speaker while he wandered restlessly about the platform as he talked on the art of poetry and later read a baker's dozen of his own poems.

I wish I could say he read those poems well. He had done them often enough. Perhaps he had done them too often. It was neither disdain nor indifference that kept his reading from being dynamic. It was more a vague mental remoteness, an offhand abstractedness, slightly suggestive of the automatism of an overtired vaudevillean going through a familiar turn. I harvested the impression that he was taking things too easy, that instead of fire I was merely getting the frostiness of Frost. He seemed very far away from that back seat of mine, behind a corps of ardent young students with note-books (since Robert is "required reading") and a more indifferent army of postprandial suburbanites in evening dress.

Then I met Frost face to face. The meeting occurred in an empty classroom, into which the poet retreated with a friend or two, after the hand-clapping had died down, to escape the autograph-fiends who nowadays dog the heels of celebrity. And there I discovered how wrong I had been. For distance, I saw, had deceived me. Frost hadn't been taking things as easy as it appeared. He had all the marks, at close range, of a very tired man. His voice was thin with weariness and the hand with which he signed and dated a copy of "A Further Range" for me was not a steady one. The moist shirt-front, in fact, made me feel like an intruder, even more than did the poet's unparticipating face with its disturbing grey pallor not unlike the pallor of exhaustion,—though I learned later that this lichen-like greyness of skin was organic with him.

BUT it came home to me, at the moment, that there is a great difference in poets. Some of them shrink back into their shell and some of them unfold as affirmatively as a morning rose. James Whitcomb Riley, at the end of a lecture, was like that. He was glad to fraternize with anything that looked friendly. Yet when I met John Masefield at the end of a public reading in Los Angeles, a quarter of a century ago, it was about as intimate as an introduction to one of the lions in Trafalgar Square. John remained cuirassed in the armor-plate of British reserve. He reminded me of the Matterhorn by moonlight. His eye was glacial and his answers to my questions were chastely monosyllabic. It left me wondering how a shell so vitreous could house a spirit so warm with compassion and so responsive, on paper, to the wants and weaknesses of his fellow-beings.

The Wordsworth of New England, I felt, had none of Masefield's Alpine remoteness. He was merely tired. He looked, in fact, as though a generous swig of Yeats's "Bushmill's" would have done him good. But, since first impressions are important, let me paint the picture of that Lincoln-like yet valorously smiling man as I saw him there, the man who had been twice crowned with the Pulitzer Prize for poetry and is today generally accepted as America's most representative singer.

I beheld a rather big-boned man whose ruggedness was tangled up with a suggestion of frailty, like that of a twisted shore-tree lashed by too many storms. Not that his spirit was broken or seemed breakable. But he was neither blithe nor melancholy, just as he was neither tall nor short. He had a rebellious mop of white hair that cascaded down over his left ear, a Hosea-like brow that shadowed kindly and contemplative eyes, a firm yet full-lipped mouth with just a touch of the elfin in its slightly upturned corners. The abundant white hair and the prison-pallor of the skin made him look older than his sixty-five years. Yet the lower part of the face, with its restricted and reluctant smile, carried a suggestion of boyishness, façading that whimsicality which threaded so much of his verse with its almost sly bucolic comedy.

I REMEMBERED how Waldo Frank had proclaimed Frost to be not only a beautiful poet but a beautiful person. It was not, however, the beauty of a Shelley who could leave apple-women gaping after his passing pulchritude. It had more of an autumnal appeal, the granitic austerity one sees in those sober New England hills where Frost spent so much of his life. For there was nothing rhapsodic about this poet. His lineaments were as clear and sharp as his landscapes. They gave an impression of sobriety, of honesty, of stubborn sincerity. And behind that sincerity was a faun-like sort of shyness that seemed to carry a threat of turning into impatience if and when life crowded a little too close to him.

I had heard of Frost's volubility. I had heard how at the Amherst College luncheons he used to talk until the last student-waiter had departed. But on this occasion he was not voluble. He had done his talking. He made me think of an orchard after an ice storm. He struck me as a man who would always act slowly and think slowly. For as he himself expressed it: "A poet must lean hard on facts; so hard, sometimes, they hurt."

That, I think, explains much of Frost, just as my talk with him that night helped me to understand his poetry. For Frost is not always easy to understand. Delusively simple as some of his poems are, it is hard, at times, to grasp all his implications. That stems, I suspect, from his odd duality of directness and elusiveness, and from an intellectual reticence that prompts him to diminish rather than exaggerate.

When giving his Harvard lectures on poetry he protested he was only talking commonsense. Yet his talk had its streaks of magnificence, as was attested by his explanation of how poetry comes to the true poet, who has to begin as a cloud of all earlier poets, yet take form like a waterspout at sea. "First the cloud reaches down towards the water from above, and then the water reaches up towards the cloud from below, and finally cloud and water join together to roll as one pillar between heaven and earth." Which same, it seems to me, is as astute a definition of the artist's essential union of frantic effort and inherited formalism as was Frost's dictum when he said writing free verse was like playing tennis without a net.

THESE are homely comparisons, as homely as his description of poetry as "a crooked straightness or a straight crookedness." Yet they pack a punch. And they are characteristic of this man who was a farmer by circumstance and a philosopher by instinct, a philosopher who could so often temper profundity with playfulness. Somebody once called him the barefoot boy of the college campus.

That anomaly is only one of the many anomalies in his life. He is accepted as the poet of New England, yet he was born in San Francisco. He is not, technically, a college man (he had two none-too-happy years at Harvard and a few months at Dartmouth), yet he has lectured in many a seat of learning and has had many a college degree showered upon him. He is today probably the most honored of all living American poets, yet a good deal of his first volume waited twenty long years for print and parts of his second volume marked time in script for a full decade. He is an intellectual, yet he is not erudite. The parnassian fruit that swings from the espalier of scholarship is not for him. He usually fails when he goes formal. The more he is like the mill-run of poets the less interesting he proves. He may show the influence of Coventry Patmore—with just a pinch of Sill and Emerson—yet he is the least scornful of all our latter-day singers. Many of his lyrics are sombre, yet they remain whimsical. He is the most American of poets, yet his first book was published in London and his first recognition came from England. He is an exponent of rural life, yet he was a failure as a farmer. For when in 1900 his grandfather bought him an eighteen-hundred dollar farm in New Hampshire Robert year by year suffered from hay-fever every August, milked his cows around ten at night, arose somewhere about eleven in the morning—which he still does—and obviously gave more time to the cultivation of the garden of the imagination than to the tilling of his stony acres.

He loves New England, yet every year-end he hikes off to Florida to escape the New England winter. He is a poet, and poetry is reputed to be the step-daughter of passion, yet he has remained a crusader for personal purity and respectable cleanness in the life of the artist. He had a fondness for tennis, but he preferred playing that game in his stocking feet. When he decided to build a squash court he built it, individualist to the last, down in his cellar.

BUT all this has little to do with Robert Frost's contribution to the literature of his country. And one definitely important thing Frost did. He swung the pendulum back from the abstruse to the simple. The opening century had seen poetry more and more touched with preciosity, more and more tending towards a sort of intellectual acrobatism. It threatened to grow into an ingeniously elaborated game, a game played with great relish by a private circle of sophisticates before an audience so diminished that it promised to leave the bards one and only one hope of subsistence,—by taking in each other's washing. These new-age singers, assiduously practising an art they were too proud to explain, were almost insulted when a reader understood what they had written. And while the free-verse revolters were trying to fight their way down from the ivory towers of dilettantism a New England farmer came along and talked in unaffected rhyme about cows and hired men and woodchucks and blueberries and small-town drunkards and stone walls and lonely farm women and old barns and tramps in mud-time. His language was the language of everyday life, but it remained clear and sharp. His characters were country characters, but they took on the quiet dignity of the rock-bound hills behind them. His subjects might be described as mean, but they were never meanly beheld

SOMETIMES, it is true, his reticence tapered off into thinness, for both his manner and his mental nature forbade rhapsody. You could never imagine him apostrophizing his mountains as Byron apostrophized his sea. Yet with all Frost's absence of ardency, of surprise, of instrumented language, he startles by his sheer simplicity, by his honest homeliness. He brought back to English verse something that had seeped away in the over-melodic lines of Swinburne and Tennyson. He made no effort to be either rich or subtle. He merely remained sincere.

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 30, 1943

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

"Iso-Octane": The New Wizard of Aviation Fuel

BY CLAUDE L. FISHER

"Iso-octane" is the "perfect fuel", the standard by which all other gasolines are rated by octane numbers according to their performance, "iso-octane" being given the rating of perfection, 100.

"Iso" is but a small part of ordinary crude, less than ½ of 1%, and practically impossible to separate by distillation. The amount from this source is negligible.

It is practically all made synthetically, and in quantity to meet the enormous demand.

A fleet of 25 bombers (A.B.-19 Douglas type) uses 100,000 gallons for a trip from London to Berlin and return, each bomber requiring 650 gallons an hour.

"Iso-octane" is the "must" aviation fuel of today.

MEET Mr. Octane—not Mr. "Normal" Octane but his brother Mr. "Iso-Octane"—the fellow little known until quite recently. "Iso" is the "perfect fuel" all by himself—a pure hydrocarbon with no tetraethyl of lead or any other artificial pep in his make-up. He is a departure from "normal octane, it is true—but not a freak, rather a genius that enables our airmen to "take the wings of the eagle and soar into the azure", (Churchill's colorful words in his Harvard address), and there perform feats of bewildering and almost incredible complexity.

"Iso" is the spirit of aviation, the gremlin, as it were—not of the malevolent type that sits on the wings and plagues the pilot—but a benevolent sprite who rides inside the combustion chamber, prodding aviation engines to prodigious tasks of bursting energy.

For instance—to cite but one—a plane fueled with pure "iso-octane" with its rating of 100 octane can climb five miles into the atmosphere in 12½ minutes as compared with 20 minutes when 87 octane gasoline is used.

Both "normal" octane and "iso-octane" are hydrocarbons with exactly the same number of carbon atoms, (octo-eight) and their complement of hydrogen atoms to make up the molecule, but they differ in molecular structure. In the "normal" type, the eight carbon atoms are united in a "straight chain" structure while in "iso-octane" there are only seven carbon atoms in the chain—the eighth being off to one side or "branched".

As the "normal" type is by far the greater, the prefix "normal" is usually dropped and the "iso" prefix is used only when we wish to designate the rarer or "branched" type.

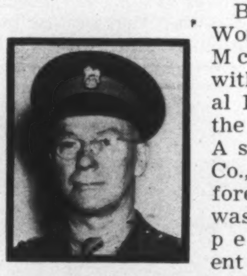
They are both *"saturated"* hydrocarbons; that is, the carbon atoms hold all the hydrogen atoms possible and thus form a *stable* compound. "Saturated" hydrocarbons are so stable that even the strongest acids—sulphuric, nitric, hydrochloric or chromic—have no effect upon them. "Unsaturated" hydrocarbons, on the other hand—that is those that have not got all the hydrogen that the carbons atoms will hold—are readily attacked by those acids.

Both octanes, "normal" and "iso", belong to the "paraffin" series, a family or series beginning with one carbon atom in the molecule up to thirty with an occasional one above thirty. Those with carbon numbers 1 to 4 are gases; those with 5 to 16

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

COL. J. A. McCAMUS

TWENTY-SIX years ago, Col. J. A. McCamus, then a young lieutenant with the Canadian Machine Corps, helped repulse the Germans' counter-attack on "Hill 70" and was awarded the Military Cross for outstanding gallantry, incidentally winning his captaincy in the same action. In this Second World War he is back helping finish the job begun in '15 in his new capacity as Commandant of A-33 Canadian Armoured Corps Training Establishment, at Camp Borden, succeeding Col. S. A. Lee, M.C., now overseas.



Before the first World War, Col. McCamus was with the Actuarial Department of the Canada Life Assurance Co., Toronto. Before this one he was general superintendent of agencies with the North American Life Assurance Co., Toronto, which position he still holds. But in the interval between these two great struggles, he was the leading spirit in fostering and developing the organization of the Canadian Machine Gun Corps Association. Exactly two years after demobilization of his unit in 1919 he assisted in organizing the First Canadian Machine Gun Battalion in Toronto, and commanded it until 1932. In 1933 and again in 1935, he was president of the Canadian Machine Gun Corps Association, which for eight years he represented on the conference of Defence Association at Ottawa.

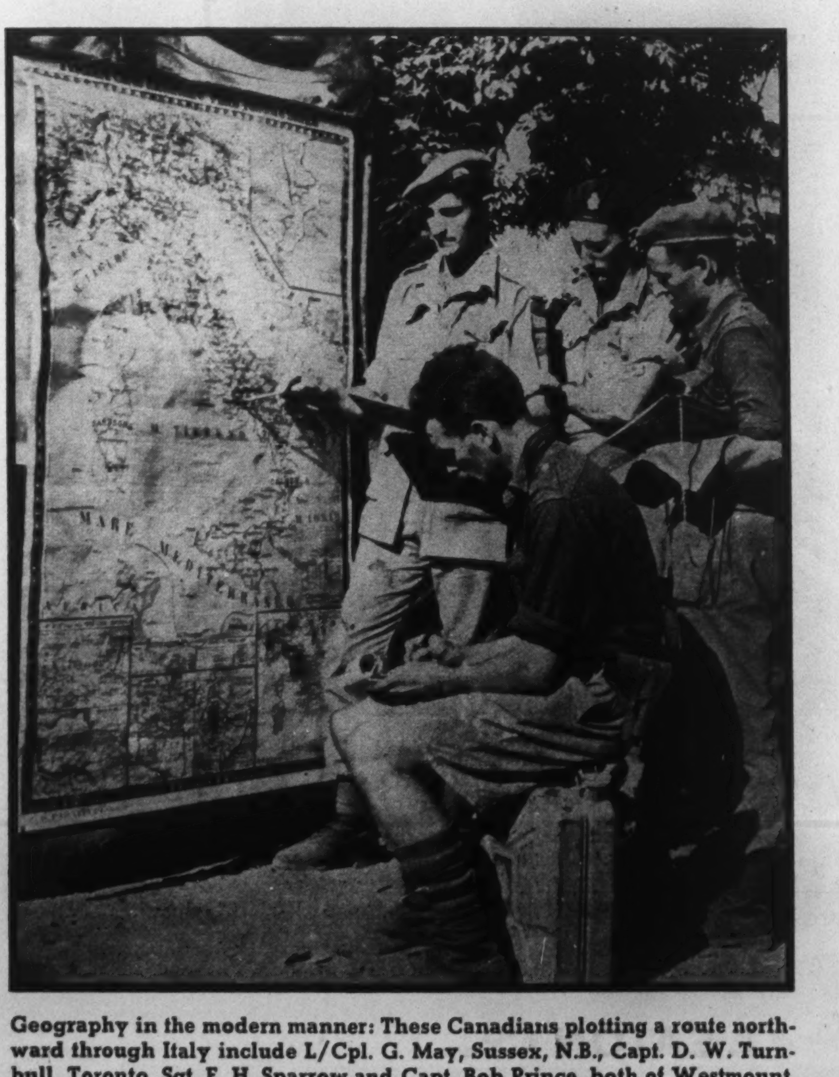
The importance of this farsighted and progressive interest on the part of Col. McCamus was more fully realized when war broke out in 1939, in that "spade work" necessary to placing these units on a wartime basis was at least partially accomplished. Also, largely through his efforts, together with Lieut. Col. G. T. Scroggie, of Toronto, a volunteer machine gun training unit was organized at Col. McCamus' old Alma Mater, the University of Toronto. In one year, this unit turned out more than 900 trained machine gunners.

In June, 1941, Col. McCamus was recalled from the Reserve of Officers for active service, and was sent to Camp Borden to organize the Canadian Armoured Corps Training Centre designated as A-9, which with other units became the present A-33. As lieutenant-colonel, he served as officer commanding the unit until its reorganization as a Training Establishment last May, when he assumed command of No. 2 C.A.C. Training Regiment.

Col. McCamus was born at Gore's Landing, Ont. As the son of a Methodist minister, subject to periodic transfer to new charges, he attended schools in Picton, Napanee and Lindsay, before enrolling in the University of Toronto.

Graduated as a lieutenant at London in 1915, he went overseas with the 81st Battalion of Toronto, then transferred to the Machine Gun Corps, with which he served until the end of the war. His majority was granted while he was fighting in the Arras area in the Spring of 1918.

Singleness of purpose and enthusiasm, demonstrated equally in his chosen field, insurance, and in things military, have been Col. McCamus' outstanding characteristics. That he has been able to transmit the latter to others is self-evident. His 16-year-old son, John, who belongs to No. 1 C.A.C. Training Regiment, is one of the troopers under his command.



Geography in the modern manner: These Canadians plotting a route northward through Italy include L/Cpl. G. May, Sussex, N.B., Capt. D. W. Turnbull, Toronto, Sgt. E. H. Sparrow and Capt. Bob Prince, both of Westmount.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Socialists and Anti-Socialists

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THE big stores are reported to be frantically trying to line up sales clerks for the Christmas season. In peacetime the stores like to increase their normal staffs by 25 to 75 per cent to take care of the Christmas rush, but most of them are already short of sales people and they don't know where they're to get the extras. An American store which put on a special radio program to attract new help has now given it up; the boss explains; "You can't squeeze blood out of a turnip. The Government has taken all the people."

Yes, the Government has taken all the people. Everyone has a job. It may be a headache to managers but it's a joy to most people, who wonder only why we can't have full employment all the time. Everybody working; everybody earning good wages. Why not? It's merely a matter, they think, of organization, and of being progressive enough to throw out old ways of doing things that no longer meet our requirements, and of having the courage to tread on a few toes, if necessary, in the process.

They've been told that our national production is now more than twice what it was immediately before the war, and three times the amount produced at the low of the depression. If, then, we can get along as well as we do with half or more than half of our production going into war uses, how well off wouldn't we be if everything we produced went to satisfy our own peacetime needs! If we have the capacity to make things that are needed, why should workers and factories be idle as they were in 1932? Why should war be a national emergency, calling for the rallying of all the energies of state and people, and widespread unemployment not be one?

Can't Be Shrugged Off

There's a lot of sense in these questions, and they can't be shrugged off. They can't be answered by the statement that continued government control of trade and industry will destroy the "private enterprise" system, for the average man seems to think that a system which tolerated the Great Depression of the '30's is not worth preserving. And it's no good, or very little good, to talk about the preservation of personal freedom, because the average man can't imagine himself not being free.

The defenders of the private enterprise system clearly must not content themselves with merely denying the postulations of the seekers after betterment; it's perfectly true that the war has proved that we possess capabilities for enlarging production and employment undreamed of before the war, and that society cannot in future permit people to be destitute when it has been demonstrated that it has the means to supply their wants. We can be certain that whatever private enterprise may fail to do, the government will have to do, or rather try to do, also that the more we depend on government to sustain the economy, the more surely and completely shall we drift into state socialism.

Why not state socialism, if it works out successfully, and if the people are willing to put up with the limitations on personal freedom of action it imposes? But would it, and would they? It is highly desirable that we should make up our minds on these points and not merely drift into socialism, because the penalty of being wrong might be economic and social disaster. This column itself does not believe that the people of Canada are willing to accept the discipline and regimentation that totalitarian state socialism would necessitate; it believes that to most of them socialism is only a matter of benefits, and not at all of obligations and sacrifices.

Definite Obligations

There would, of course, be personal obligations and sacrifices in a completely socialistic regime. It would be necessary for the state to order the lives and occupations and employment of its people in peacetime as it now does in wartime. That is, the government, being obligated to provide the people with sufficient coal or food or housing, would have to draft workers for the coal mines or the farms or for construction if there was a shortage of volunteers. Even in time of war, when defeat holds the prospect of enslavement by a foreign foe and when there is no doubt as to the need, we don't take kindly to being drafted. Would we accept it in peace, when we might not agree on the existence of a condition of emergency? And would we accept food diets and housing accommodations set up by the state rather than choose for ourselves? It will be said that no one proposes to carry state socialism in Canada to these lengths, but the answer to that is that these are the lengths to which state socialism inevitably tends to go.

A sensible man whose car has developed a bug has it fixed; he doesn't throw the car on to the scrap-heap. Surely it's silly to advocate, as the C.C.F. in effect is advocating, the scrapping of a system under which we've made such progress, merely because we find it needs some adjustments. Let's make the adjustments. But that requires willing co-operation by all the parties concerned—by the owners of capital (probably today most of all by them), by labor, by farmers, by government and by all the other elements in our national community. Today there's little sign of co-operation. The anti-socialists resist all change; the socialists want to change too much; every group in the country tries to get more for itself instead of to improve the common lot. We've got to do better than this.

carbon atoms are liquids, (naphtha, gasoline, kerosene, diesel oil, fuel oil, etc.), and those with 17 carbon atoms or more are solids, of which paraffin wax is one.

For every carbon atom in the molecule in this series, there are always twice as many hydrogen atoms and two extra. The octanes, therefore, always contain eight carbon atoms and eighteen of hydrogen.

This group or series is also sometimes called the "chain" or "straight chain" hydrocarbons (from the nature of their structure) to distinguish them from the hydrocarbons in coal tar where the carbon atoms are arranged in a "ring", and therefore called "ring hydrocarbons."

This concept of molecular structure is very important in "cracking" to form lighter molecules or, conversely, in joining light molecules to form a desired heavier compound. Science has made great use of this difference in the molecular structure in building up many synthetic products such as drugs, (aspirin, etc.), dyes, vitamins and rubber. But to come back to "ISO".

The "Perfect Fuel"

There is but little "iso-octane" in crude oil—less than one-half of one per cent. "Iso", having exactly the same number of carbon atoms and hydrogen atoms as "normal" octane, is of *exactly the same weight* and therefore cannot be separated by ordinary distillation. Thus, being hard to isolate and forming but a small part of crude petroleum, no particular effort was made to study the behaviour of "iso" by itself. In fact, it was less than twenty years ago that in laboratory tests it was found that "iso-octane" has remarkable anti-knock qualities, and immediately afterwards it was adopted as the standard of the *"perfect fuel"*.

It was still too rare and costly for commercial uses but enough was available for measurement standard and thus "iso-octane" became the goal towards which all other gasolines should aim.

The octane number of a gasoline is its anti-knock qualities as compared with pure "iso-octane". As common gasolines approach the performance of this "perfect fuel", they are assigned numbers indicating their individual rating, for instance, 69 octane, 75 octane and 81 octane. These three ratings, as it happens, were the three usual types in the standard gasoline service stations until the highest (the premium grade of 81 octane) was cut off by Government order.

The best former aviation fuel was 87 octane. To-day we have 100 octane fuel in quantity, for "iso-octane" is now made synthetically in quantity.

In addition to pure "iso-octane" with its 100 octane rating we have blends of gasoline in which "iso" plays a most important part along with good basic stocks and some other blending agents, like tetraethyl of lead, to produce gasoline of 100 octane rating.

In fact, science has now gone further and there are already being produced on a commercial, or semi-commercial scale, super-aviation fuels that are the equivalent of 115 octane and even 125 octane.

New Standards Necessary

The increase in efficiency beyond the 100 octane rating is so much more rapid that to rate super-fuels by octane numbers over 100 octane would be inaccurate, so new standards have had to be devised to measure the efficiency of those super-fuels. These new standards are, as yet, "military secrets", so we must be content for the present with the phrase—"the equivalent of 115 octane or 125 octane, etc."

Moreover, the end is not even then in sight, for on a laboratory scale a very special super-fuel that is even 50% better than 100 octane has been produced. This super-fuel is undergoing experiment looking towards commercial production.

But "iso-octane" was the original "perfect fuel" and started us on the way for better aviation fuels. A few years ago, when it was first made synthetically, it cost $50 a gallon. Even two years ago the United States Army was placing orders for fuel of 100 octane at $2.00 per gallon. To-day, it can be made for less than 20 cents a gallon. Like all synthetics, standardization becomes simpler accompanied by lower costs of production.

Various companies are now producing "iso-octane" synthetically, the total amount running into *hundreds of thousands of barrels daily.*

Scientists learned much about dealing with hydrocarbons but they have never been able to take one of the eight carbon atoms in the straight chain of "normal" octane and shove it around into a position on the side to form a branch and then say "Presto, there is 'iso-octane'." They have to do it indirectly and they do it through a much lighter hydrocarbon, butane—a comparatively cheap gas obtained as a by-product of distillation or "cracking."

Butane is a "saturated" hydrocarbon composed of *four* carbon atoms in a straight chain and ten accompanying hydrogen atoms. It has been found to be comparatively easy to do with butane what could not be done with octane—that is take one of the carbon atoms in the straight chain and shove it around to the side and form an "iso"—that is "iso-butane." When this is done a molecule of "iso-butane" (three straight carbon atoms and one branched) is united with a normal butane with four straight carbon atoms in its molecule, and there you have the "iso-octane" molecule, that is a molecule of eight carbon atoms with one of them branched.

Of course, the ten hydrogen atoms of "iso-butane" and the ten hydrogen atoms of "normal" butane make twenty, or two more than can be contained in the "iso-octane" molecule whose limit of hydrogen is eighteen, so the two extra atoms of hydrogen are crowded out and thrown away or recovered as by-product hydrogen. *There we have "iso-octane" synthetically.*

A simpler and much more efficient method has now been evolved. Instead of joining two butane atoms

(*Continued on Page* 47)

Over There
it's in every
fighting man's thoughts
CANADA
CANADA
Over Here
it's front page
news

Industry is helping win the war...
industry must help build a peacetime world

After the war is decisively won...
what kind of world is essential for a just and durable peace?

This question is being asked today everywhere in the world. No expert is needed to tell you the answer.

It must be a world as peaceful and neighbourly as your own town; a world in which decent people can bring up their children decently. In must be a busy world where factories and farms are working and where there are jobs for all.

How can such a world be brought into being? The surest way is to think and talk about it. Full and complete discussions on the porches of this country, over its fences, in churches, schools, clubs, and always at meals—that is how the terms of A JUST AND DURABLE PEACE can be formulated.

In your discussions keep in mind this fact; your terms of peace must be such that the people of other lands can agree with them. There must be provision in your plans for sustained production and for consumption of that production.

Only a world peace that squares with the conscience of men of good-will can be just. Only a just peace can endure.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
25 King Street West, Toronto

Speed the Victory Buy Victory Bonds

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 322

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, the FIRST day of DECEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 30th October, 1943.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on MONDAY, the SIXTH day of DECEMBER next.

The Chair to be taken at noon.

By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.

Montreal, 19th October, 1943.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND

On October 20th, 1943, a quarterly dividend of $2.00, plus a special dividend of $2.00, were declared on the Common Stock of this Company, payable in Canadian funds December 6th, 1943. to shareholders of record at the close of business, November 10th, 1943.

20th October 1943
J. A. DULLEA,
Secretary

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares, and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending November 30th, 1943, payable on the 1st day of December, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 2nd day of November, 1943. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.
R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, October 20th, 1943.

Gold and Dross

Your money is important. That is why each week in "Gold and Dross" we tell you what and what not to invest it in. And we try to do it as sagaciously and as expertly as possible. This requires patient and painstaking investigation and careful judgment, but the sound reputation of "Gold and Dross" built up over a number of years—more than we care to remember—has justified our effort and been our reward.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT
The Canadian Weekly

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

NEW FEATURE FOR INVESTORS

WITH the issue of November 13 a new feature will appear in this department—the first of a series of analyses of corporation securities which the editor believes possess long-term investment interest.

The securities dealt with will be those of companies having satisfactory records and which appear to have bright prospects for peace. Most, if not all, of these companies will have new products for the public's use after the war or new uses in sight for present products.

Analyses will be as clear, compact and informative as we can make them. They will show, when possible, the limitations on profits and dividends imposed by present income taxes, and the extent to which the individual company will be affected by the problems of reconversion to peace.

The intention is to include, in time, all Canadian companies of sufficient investment merit—whether industrial, mining, oil or public utility.

Revisions of past analyses will appear from time to time, as circumstances warrant, and it is suggested that investors and prospective investors clip out and retain each analysis until the revision appears. Thus they will, in effect, have their own continuously-maintained Canadian investment manual of lasting usefulness.

The editor hopes readers will like this new service. It should be emphasized that analyses will be made entirely from the long-term viewpoint; they will not be designed to help the speculator make a profit on short-term market moves. However, as stocks can be bought or sold more advantageously at one time than another, it is advised that the investor give attention also to the recommendations of the Business and Market Forecast.

Though the space formerly devoted to publishing answers to individual inquiries will be reduced by this new feature, the editor of "Gold & Dross" will continue to answer individual inquiries by letter as in the past, provided that each inquiry is limited to one subject and is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and the address label from Saturday Night as evidence that the inquirer is a bona-fide subscriber.

CAN. NORTHERN POWER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be pleased to have your explanation of the persistent drop in Canada Northern Power Corporation's earnings. Is it still continuing?

—F. C. K., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Yes, it's continuing, but the rate of decline has lessened lately owing to the company's ability to cut expenses. For the first eight months of the present year the aggregate decline in Canada Northern Power Corporation's gross earnings has amounted to $202,912 at $2,845,218 and while expenses have been cut by $93,052, there still remains a reduction of $109,860 in net earnings at $1,730,782. The company's business is the supplying, through subsidiaries, of electric light and power to mines and towns in northeastern Ontario and northwestern Quebec, and the steady decline in Canada Northern Power's earnings in the last two years is a reflection of the equally steady reduction in the production of the gold industry due to government measures and labor shortage. However, the war will not last for ever.

COCHENOUR WILLANS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

By following your advice about a year ago I now have a very handsome profit on Cochenour Willans' shares. However, I am wondering whether to sell now or hold. I would like to have your comments as to the present picture.

—L. R. J., Buffalo, N.Y.

Surface exploration and drilling have proven the extension of the favorable structure carrying gold values for a total length of 4,700 feet at Cochenour Willans Gold Mines and ore possibilities greatly increased. Excellent results are being obtained in lateral development to the third level and favorable structure and geology have been found by diamond drilling to persist to a depth of 1,000 feet, which makes it reasonable to anticipate an increase in productive capacity as soon as there is an easing in the present wartime restrictions. The acute manpower shortage has seriously curtailed development but this has been somewhat offset by the further extension of many of the known ore zones and the success met with in diamond drilling.

On the Kelson, adjoining to the east and which it controls, surface prospecting and diamond drilling has located sufficient ore exposures to warrant sinking of a shaft and consideration is now being given to such an undertaking.

Grade of ore on the present bottom, or 375-foot level, has been outstanding and it was reported at the recent annual meeting that one stope gave 12,000 tons of ore of an average grade of over $50, while the average grade from another stope was $90 per ton.

While estimates as to the ore reserves are not possible with any assurance of accuracy due to the complex and irregular character of the ore structures there is stated to be about three years' mill requirements at the current rate of production. Although the orebodies continue to display erratic characteristics, the past year has shown that a much clearer picture is gradually emerging. While drilling from the 375-foot horizon was done largely as a geological test three of the holes gave interesting values and a widespread area awaits exploration as soon as adequate labor is available.

The company's working capital position has been steadily increasing and as at May 31st, 1943, was close to $800,000 as compared with under $600,000 a year previous.

DAIRY CORP.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

The preferred stock of Dairy Corporation of Canada has been recommended to me, and I would appreciate any information, particularly regarding the conditions governing dividend payments. Do you consider that this company is making progress?

—A.C.W., Saint John, N.B.

Yes, Dairy Corporation of Canada is undoubtedly making progress; sales, earnings and financial position have improved steadily in recent years. And I am informed that the improvement has continued in the present fiscal year (which began April 1 last) with sales and profits running well above those of the corresponding months of the preceding year. With the initial distribution of $1.25 a share on the 5% preference stock of $50 par April, directors placed this stock on the regular annual dividend basis of $2.50 per share. A second semi-annual distribution for a similar amount was paid to preferred stockholders October 1. Giving effect to this payment, dividend arrears amount to $7.50 per share.

Under the reorganization approved in 1939, dividends on the preferred stock were to be paid out of surplus earnings to a maximum of 5% annually until October 1, 1944, after which dividends would become cumulative at the annual rate of 5%. Should surplus profits up to October 1, 1944, be sufficient to pay all or part of the annual 5% rate and directors fail to make the requisite declaration such surplus profits become cumulative for the benefit of the preferred stockholder and after April 1, 1945, dividend accumulations are payable, along with the regular 5% annual dividend, on the basis of one-fifth annually. In the period of approximately four years since the reorganization was approved earnings available for preferred dividends have been well in excess of the full requirement, amounting to $12.49 per share for the 1942-43 fiscal period; $7.91 for 1941-42; $5.79 for 1940-41 and $4.75 for 1939-1940.

Declaration of dividends on the preferred stock was deferred until this year, pending improvement in the company's net working capital position and liquidation of bank indebtedness. At March 31, 1943, bank indebtedness amounting to $420,924 at March 31, 1939, had been entirely repaid and an excess of current liabilities over current assets of $259,108 at the earlier date turned into net working capital of $267,676 at the later date.

STEELOY

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you give me any information on Steeloy Mining Corp., a recent promotion?

—M. J., Montreal, Que.

Steeloy Mining Corp., Limited, is carrying out a diamond drilling program on its property located about a mile south of the Indian Molybdenum property, owned and operated by a wholly-owned subsidiary of Dome Mines, to explore encouraging surface showings at depth. It is reported that all holes drilled to date have given indications of molybdenite but although values are encouraging widths so far are not sufficient to suggest the presence of an orebody. Only a small part of the property has been explored and company officials feel that if a substantial tonnage of material running 1 per cent or more can be opened up there is a good chance of a profitable operation even in peacetime. A gold prospect of eight claims is also held in Destor township, Quebec.

It should be noted, however, that the need for additional production of a number of strategic minerals has lessened recently. The Metals Controller for the Dominion stated late in September that in view of the favorable supply situation it was not proposed to recommend further contracts to purchase molybdenum at this time. The production from La Corne, the government-operated mine, in addition to the output of the Indian mine of Dome Exploration Company, will it is expected be more than sufficient to meet domestic requirements. A similar situation is said to exist in the United States.

VICTORY BONDS
AND THE HOME FRONT

Every living soul in Canada has confidence in this land of freedom. Let's all fight, work, save and buy Victory Bonds today, for that brave new world of tomorrow . . . a world that is swiftly and surely rising like a new planet from the blood, sweat and tears of all peoples as a shining tribute to democratic ideals.

Our modern Army, Navy and Air Force have the superlative support of the home front to provide the stuff, pass the ammunition and keep it coming. They will put it where it will do the most good.

Every dollar subscribed to this Victory Loan is a pledge from the home front that we are doing everything possible for the boys over there and a pledge to keep Canada just as it is, just as it must always be, a land of progress and limitless opportunities.

This space contributed for the 5th Victory Loan by
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THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF ONE AND THREE QUARTERS PERCENT (1¾%), being at the rate of Seven percent (7%), per annum, has been declared upon the preferred stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1943.

By order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

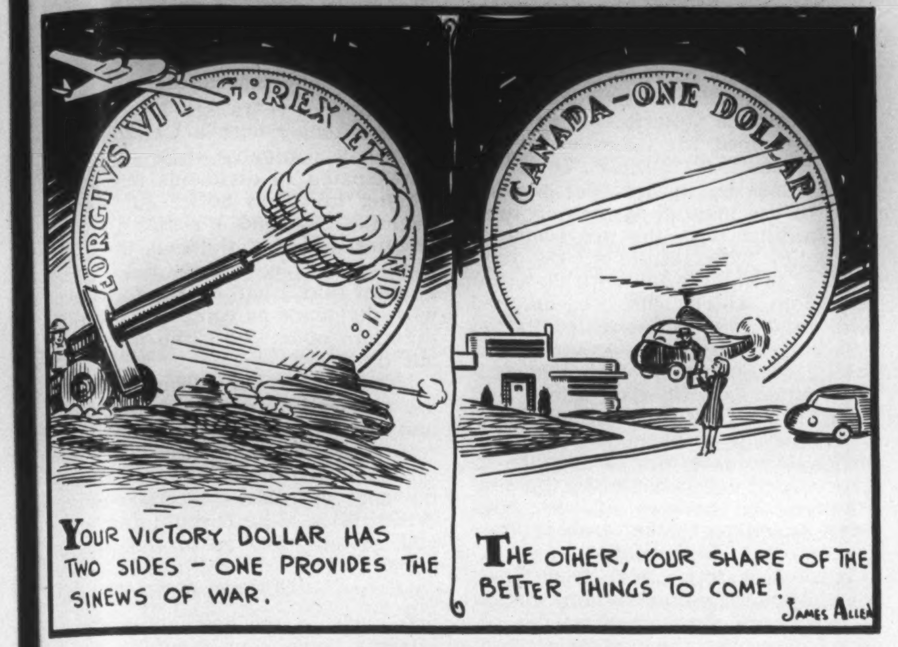
Valleyfield, October 20th/43.

The Montreal Cottons Limited

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF ONE PERCENT (1%), has been declared upon the Common Stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1943.

By order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Valleyfield, October 20th/43.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THE OTHER, YOUR SHARE OF THE BETTER THINGS TO COME!
JAMES ALLEN

IT'S A DOUBLE-DUTY DOLLAR!

DOMINION STORES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Some time ago I bought some shares of Dominion Stores Ltd. and have been well pleased by the price advance since then. Now I am concerned by the possibility that heavier taxes will mean a drop in earnings and that this will be reflected in the quotations on the shares. I would appreciate your comment.

—T. P. N., Huntingdon, Que.

While I can't say what the stock market will do, I don't see any particular reason for alarm in view of the present indications that even with the sharply increased 1943 taxes Dominion Stores Ltd. will show earnings above 80 cents per shares for 1943, comparing with current dividend payments at the rate of 40 cents a share annually and with 1942 per-share earnings of $1.02.

Earnings for first half of this year are understood to have shown an improvement of about 50% over last year—before deduction of refundable part of E.P.T. This showing is particularly striking in that gain in sales of grocery and meat stores throughout Canada as a whole showed an improvement of only 5.5%, in the period, as compared with last year.

The relatively greater improvement in average earnings per store has been due to continuance of company's policy of recent years, of closing unprofitable stores, and concentrating activities on larger and most-modern-type stores, where unit operating costs can be reduced to minimum levels.

Since 1938, earnings of Dominion Stores have been steadily improving, evidently in large part due to revamped merchandising and operating policies put into effect by the present management. After showing losses in 1938 and 1939, during the period of change-over earnings rose to 36 cents a share in 1940, to 61 cents a share in 1941, to $1.02 a share in 1942. Number of stores has been steadily reduced during this period, with net closing of 23 grocery units and 17 meat units last year, to leave 258 stores in operation at end of the year. The remaining stores have had benefits of economies from improved distribution and warehousing facilities.

Working capital position also has been steadily strengthened, with current assets at end of 1942, at $3,321,727, exceeding current liabilities by $2,350,660.

MOFFATT-HALL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some original Moffatt-Hall shares. Is there any activity in this company? Also, is Manitoba Basin Mining Co. still alive?

—R. C. P., Port Radium, N.W.T.

Yes, Moffatt-Hall Mining Co. is active at present exploring by diamond drilling a zone uncovered in surface work a couple of years ago and which gave some interesting assays. The zone being tested is about 800 feet south of the Bidgood Kirkland boundary. While the first hole showed indications of gold no values of commercial grade were secured. Once this break has been explored drilling is planned to the west about three-quarters of a mile south of the No. 1 Bidgood shaft.

Manitoba Basin Mining Co. is still in existence but inactive. At last report a base metal prospect was held in Manitoba, as well as controlling interest in the Five Sisters Gold Mines, an idle gold prospect in the Hutchison Lake area of Northern Ontario. Exploration of either property showed no results of promise.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND of the N.Y. stock market which chiefly influences the Canadian stock market, following its sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, is regarded by us as having registered a zone of distribution over the early half of the year, from which eventual cyclical decline should be witnessed, and the SEVERAL-MONTH TREND ~~turned~~ to a downward direction recently (August 2). See below.

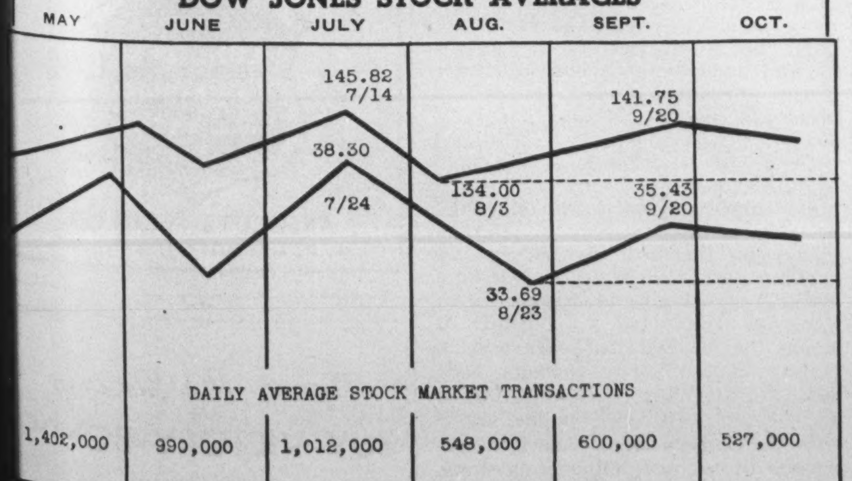
• INDECISIVENESS STILL RULES THE MARKET

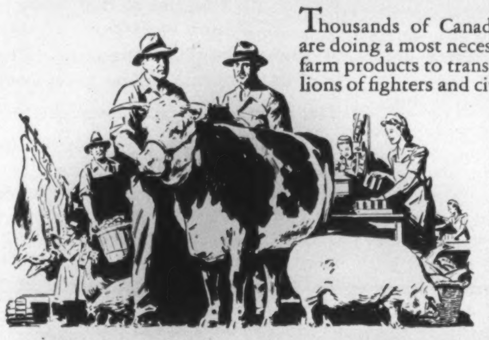
Stocks, pricewise, continue to move in the line formation, or narrow horizontal range, that has characterized the market since August 2, or for over two and one-half months. During this period the Dow-Jones industrial average has, in terms of closing prices, held within a seven-point range, the railroad average, within a two-point range. Lines gain significance according to their duration and the current seesaw movement has now run long enough to suggest an appreciable move when the line has been broken, whether this breaking be in an upward or downward direction.

Upside penetration, as would be disclosed by closes in both the rail and industrial averages at or above 36.44 and 142.76, respectively, could carry the industrial average to or possibly beyond its mid-July peak. The rail average, however, would probably meet considerable resistance at such peak and it is doubtful if penetration would be effected. In such event, the period would appear as one of further distribution following which renewed decline by both averages would be in order. However, a downside breaking of the line, as would be indicated by closes at 32.68 and 132.99, would call for the 125 to 112 level on the industrial average, said figures being the normal limits to a technical correction of the April 1942-July 1943 advance.

It is our viewpoint, as frequently expressed herein, that the market completed a zone of distribution in July, when it celebrated war's progress by Allied arms, and that it is now in process of discounting the demobilization effort or transition period that will be ushered in with a European peace. Accordingly, despite such rally as may be currently in progress (and which we have previously projected), we look for lower prices as probable.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES




Food for War

Preserved, Packed and Shipped

Thousands of Canadian men and women are doing a most necessary job of converting farm products to transportable food for millions of fighters and civilians overseas. Much credit is due those working in canning, dehydration, curing, packing, refrigerating, and shipping. With war industries and their workers the Bank of Montreal is working helpfully by supplying the kind of banking service suited to the times.

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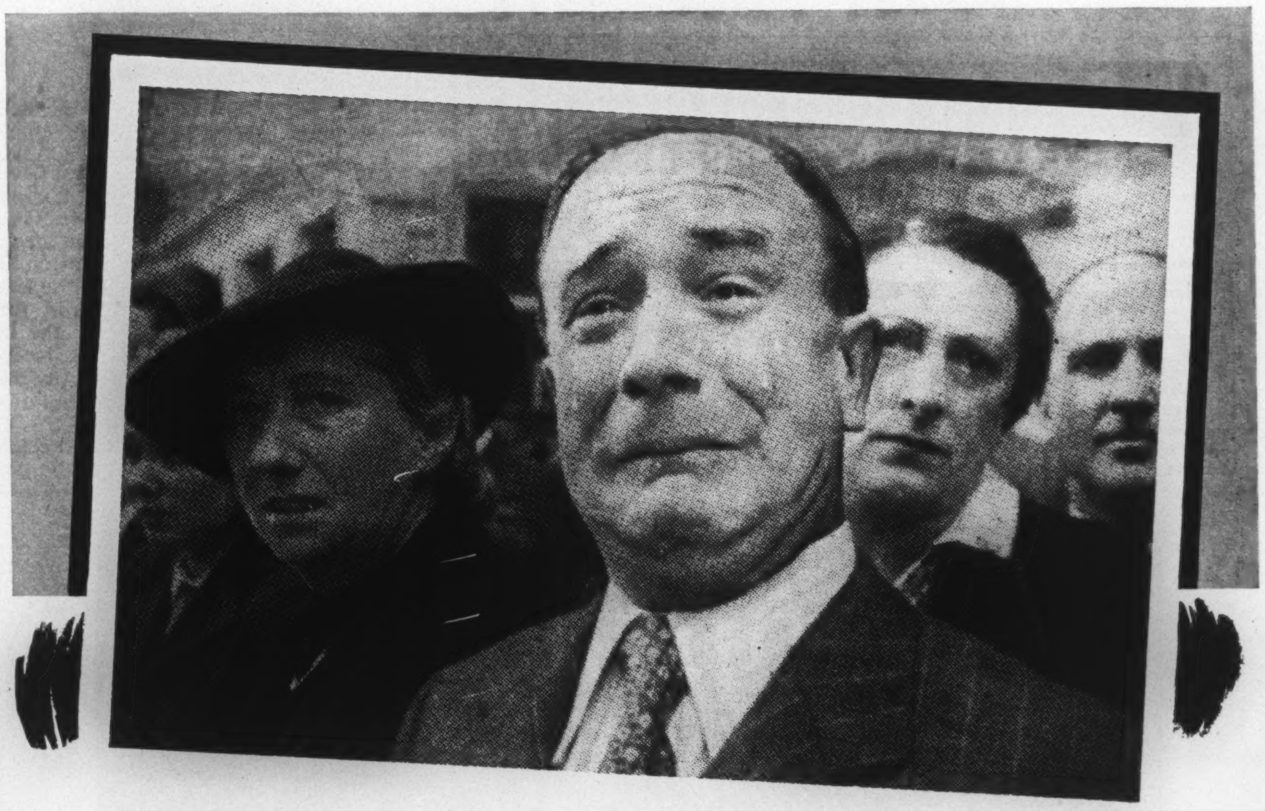
Modern, Experienced Banking Service . . . *the Outcome of 125 Years' Successful Operation*

A 179


Do you remember this picture?

MOST of us remember this picture of a heartbroken Frenchman. It recalls the darkest period of this War when France, demoralized and defeated, accepted the humiliating armistice terms granted by the vengeful Hun.

Since those days many things have happened. The fortunes of the British Empire have progressed unbelievably. We now have staunch Allies and between us we shall eventually restore to the World its liberty and freedom.

Despite all the many omens of success, however, there are stark, tragic days ahead. Not for us alone but for all our Allies and for those gallant peoples of occupied countries who must face new ordeals when the full force of our attack begins.

As we sit in our comfortable homes and offices, are we apt to forget all this? If not, why should we have to be argued into buying Victory Bonds and "sold" on the benefits to be derived therefrom? Apart from the fact that it is all some of us can do, isn't the realization that it will help to hasten the return of our loved ones sufficient reason enough? And what are material things when compared with the sufferings of those subjugated millions whose lot we cannot conceive, and whose fate we so narrowly avoided because of "too little and too late". Debate post-war planning if you will—the pros and cons of any proposal for social betterment—but buy Victory Bonds by instinct—the instinct of necessity.

Published in the interests of Canada's Fifth Victory Loan by

THE ELECTRIC CHAIN COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

171 JOHN STREET TORONTO, CANADA

ABOUT INSURANCE

When Ignorance Is Not Bliss

BY GEORGE GILBERT

It is apparent from the records of insurance claims that there is often a deplorable lack of knowledge on the part of policyholders and their families of the simple requirements they must comply with in order to be sure of receiving the benefits provided by their insurance contracts.

As a matter of fact, very few people read their policies with sufficient care, if they read them at all, but depend largely upon the agents to tell them what the terms are. They are inclined to overlook the obligations they, as well as the insurance companies, have assumed.

BUYERS of insurance policies are inclined blithely to overlook the fact that they as well as the insurance companies have assumed certain obligations under the contracts, and that if they do not fulfill them they may lose the benefits or some of the benefits to which they would otherwise be entitled.

Under accident and sickness policies, for instance, they are required, in the first place, to answer truthfully the questions in the application for the insurance and to conceal no material information, so that the validity of the policy will not be open to question, and they are also required to pay the premiums when due, so as to keep the insurance continuously in effect.

Likewise, they are required to give prompt notice of the beginning of any illness or the occurrence of any accidental injury, and to furnish proofs of loss in accordance with the terms of the policy. If they do not meet these requirements, the failure will be theirs and not that of the insurance company. Therefore, it is only common sense that they should take the precaution of making themselves acquainted with the conditions which must be complied with, as well as with the benefits to which they are entitled, in the case of accident or illness. As a policyholder may be disabled without a moment's warning, his family should also know where his policy is and what to do in case he is taken suddenly ill or suffers serious injury.

Failure to pay premiums when due may deprive the policyholder of the benefits of the policy when most needed. In a recent case, a man had an accident policy under the terms of which the premiums were due annually on December 1, and under which it was provided that subsequent acceptance of overdue premiums would only reinstate the policy in respect to accidents thereafter sustained.

In the years 1938 and 1939, the insured did not pay the premiums until December 16 and 18 respectively, and the receipt issued for the latter premium stated that if premiums were paid in time the policy remained in continuous effect but, if made subsequently, reinstated the policy on date of receipt until December 1 of the following year. The insured sustained an accidental injury on January 1, 1941, but did not remit the premium due on December 1, 1940, until after the accident, and the insurance association, after first sending the insured forms for proof of loss, issued a receipt for the premium in much the same form as that above mentioned, dated January 16, 1941, and stating that the new insurance expired January 1, 1942.

Cover Not Continuous

Subsequently the insurance association denied liability under the policy in respect of the insured's injury. Action was taken in the First Division Court of the County of York to collect a claim under the policy. At the trial, judgment was given in favor of the insurance association. It was held that by accepting the premium after the due date and forwarding proof of loss forms, the insurance association did not waive payment of the premiums on the due dates or create an estoppel against itself.

In view of the terms of the receipts and of the insuring clause of the policy, it was held that the acceptance of the premiums when overdue had the effect of a series of reinstatements and not of rendering the insurance continuous. The insured appealed and the Ontario Court of Appeals affirmed the judgment of the trial court. (1942) 2 D.L.R. 74.

This case emphasizes the importance to the insured of making himself familiar with the provisions of his policy with respect to the payment of premiums and with the other provisions which must be complied with in order to be entitled to the benefits set out in the contract. In taking out insurance with the various mutual benefit associations and societies offering accident and sickness coverage to members, it is also advisable to ascertain in advance to what extent one is bound by the constitution and by-laws of such concerns as well as by the terms of their certificates of membership.

In the Saskatchewan District Court, a member of a mutual benefit society recently took action against the society to recover the cost of medical and hospital services rendered him in Edmonton, Alta. This society had been incorporated under Part XI of the Saskatchewan Insurance Act, R.S.S. 1940, Cap. 121, and its constitution and by-laws had been approved by the Superintendent of Insurance of the Province.

It was brought out that in the member's application for membership he had agreed to be governed by the society's constitution and by-laws. One of the by-laws provided that "Any dispute or grievance arising through the operation or administration of the constitution or by-laws of the society shall be referred to the Board of Directors, whose decision in every case shall be final and binding." This member's claim, after being referred to, and considered by, the Board, had been rejected, and the Court held that in view of said rejection and the absence of *male fides* on the part of the Board, its decision was final. The society in question was the Canadian National Railway Employees Medical Aid Society of Saskatchewan. (1942) 2 W.W.R. 211.

Death from Insulin Shock

In a New Brunswick case, it was held by the Appeal Division of the Supreme Court of the Province that the death of a diabetic from insulin shock due to his intentional taking of his regular dose of insulin was not a death by accident within the meaning of Section 5 of the Accident Insurance Act, R.S.N.B. 1927, Cap. 85, not being occasioned by external force or agency, that is, by something obnoxious to the insured; and in any event the proximate cause of the death, it was held, was not the taking of the insulin but the physiological condition of the insured. (1941) 2 D.L.R., 241.

In an Ontario case it was held by the Ontario Supreme Court that illness necessitating occasional visits by a patient to a physician did not entitle the patient to benefit under a sickness policy covering against illness causing the insured to be continuously under the professional care and regular attendance, at least once a week, beginning with the first treatment, of a physician. (1940) 4 D.L.R., 1.

In another case it was held by the Ontario Supreme Court that death from heat stroke while at work as a street sweeper was not covered by a policy insuring against death from "bodily injuries effected directly and independently of all other causes, through external, violent and accidental means." (1936) 2 D.L.R., 268.

In a case in Alberta it was held by the Appeal Division of the Alberta Supreme Court, reversing the decision of the trial judge, that a blister on the heel, caused by the rubbing of new shoes during a long walk, from which streptococci infection was contracted as a result of which the insured died, was not an "injury caused solely through accidental means" within the meaning of an accident insurance policy, as it was the natural and direct consequence of an act deliberately done. (1938) 3 D.L.R., 166.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Some five years ago I took out a pension policy with a Canadian life insurance company on a plan that participated in dividends but on receiving my first notice of a quinquennial dividend I notice that the amount of the dividend does not come near equaling the excess amount that I had to pay for a plan with dividends as compared with the premium under the same plan without dividends.

Naturally, I am disappointed in the dividend return from this company and while I had planned to increase my insurance this year I naturally want to place it where I may reasonably receive a fair return. With this in mind I would appreciate you advising me as to the type of policy to buy.

—A.E.M., Belleville, Ont.

In view of the decreasing rate of interest being earned by life insurance companies on their investments, which is being reflected in decreased dividends to policyholders, it would be advisable in my opinion, if buying insurance at the present time to choose either a non-participating contract or a low-rate participating contract with annual dividends, such as is issued by most companies if asked for. As the difference between the rate for these low premium par policies and the rate for a non-par policy is only about two or three dollars per $1,000 in many cases, it is not long before the net cost compares favorably with that under a non-par policy.

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The Path to Coal

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Britain's scheme to make work in the coal mines an alternative to service in the fighting forces is not solving her coal problem.

A serious winter can only be avoided by recruiting at least fifty thousand more miners, or the equivalent in additional production by the present mine workers.

The two paths left to the government are rationing, or acceptance of the miners' demands for increased wages and welfare provisions; and the first doesn't appear likely.

London.

BY ALL reports, the young men signing on for national service do not think highly of Mr. Bevin's alternative of the coal mines. They would rather be with the army, or the navy, or the air force, than underground. It looks as though we may have to add one more unsuccessful stratagem to the long list of failures in the Government's campaign to get more coal.

The story is amazing. It began with outrageous neglect. We have been at war for more than four years, but we have taken no notice of our coal, without which we could not make war, except in the past eighteen months. About the middle of 1942 the Government became aware that coal production was not all it should be, and it set out to do three things, to limit inessential consumption, to make the miner's employment attractive to new recruits, and to return some miners from the armed forces. By assuming full control, the Government staked its reputation on the outcome of its manoeuvres to get more coal, and its reputation has sunk to an abysmal low on this issue.

What is the matter with Britain's coal? First and foremost, there is plainly a disposition on the part of miners to regard themselves as privileged to act with gay abandon. They will work if they choose, or not, and their leaders have revealed impotence in the exercise of their leadership. Secondly, there are in any case—even if they were all hard at work—too few miners.

We need at least 750,000 miners if we are to avoid a serious winter, and we have 700,000. And here is the sum total of the trouble. All the other points about which the authorities evince so disproportionate a concern, like rationing and other means of consumer control, are subsidiary and emergent from the basic issue.

What, then, is the solution? Here we come up against violent prejudice. Obviously, there must be more coal cut in the mines. It can be done in one of two ways, or by a combination of them. Either the present labor force must work without pause for complaint and without the ignoble luxury of strike, or, if this qualitative improvement is impossible, the mining labor force must be greatly swollen, so that even with the varying impedimenta to consistent and adequate work there is enough coal cut.

It is possible to argue that, since there is a war on, and since the urgency of coal is as acute as the urgency of the battlefront, and since coal-getting is now an alternative to service in the armed forces, there should be iron discipline in the mines, with strikes rendered as impossible as a strike of the Eighth Army on the battlefield would be. But that would be a confession of the Government's failure to govern, and it would be inacceptable to general sentiment, for all its patent logic and justice.

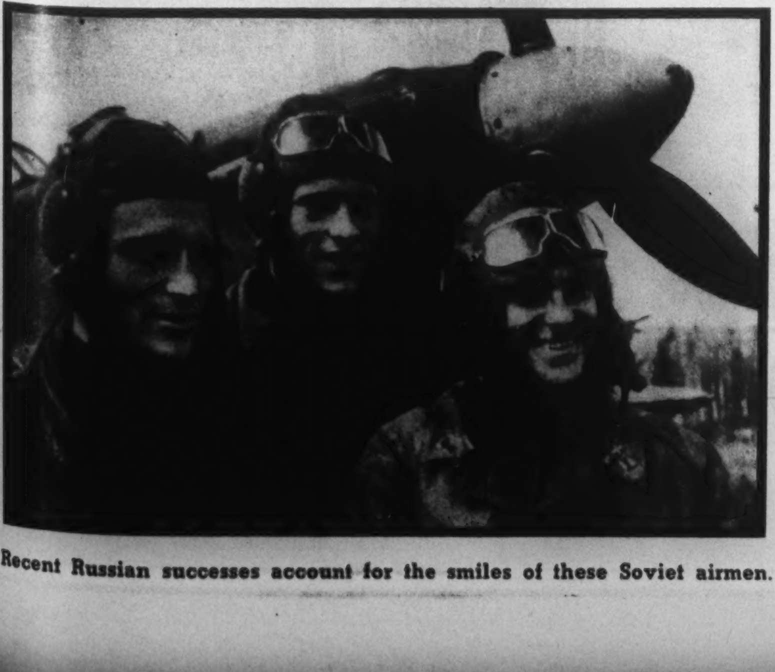
Chamberlain Methods?

The miners say that all they want is a good wage and decent conditions and they will do the work. Give them the money and they will finish the job. But the record does not support this supposition. They have been out on strike because a youth was sent to prison for refusing to work underground, and this did not affect their conditions of work or pay. They also ask for more food, and here, while they are on stronger ground, their expectations are pitched above army rations, or the rations of agricultural workers. What emerges from it all is that the miners have not yet gone to war, while the rest of the country has.

As to the prospect of attracting a large new body of mineworkers, it is early to say what the ultimate success of the new measures will be, but it needs to be said that unless the results are early they will be valueless. The Government is dealing with the coal position as Mr. Chamberlain might have dealt with it at the beginning of a long war. The persistent determination of the Ministers to regard peace as a permanently receding horizon is a most disturbing thing, and nowhere has it been more alarmingly displayed than in the matter of coal, where there was nothing done for 2½ years, and where since then there has been nothing but confusion and failure. We are actually getting less coal per week now than at this time last year.

The Government may be forced to put the rationing plan before Parliament, with new arguments of urgency, before the year is out. But it would have to be so strict a plan, if it was to do the job of balancing consumption with production, as to be impossible of acceptance either to Parliament or the general public. If rationing is again proposed the Government will, in the opinion of most competent political observers, be signing its warrant to die when the war dies.

For the reappearance of the rationing scheme would be the confession of bankruptcy in a major department of domestic policy. It would even be better to give the miners all that they ask in wages and welfare, though that would endanger the whole inter-related fabric of the treatment of labor in various industries, and would cause repercussions among the consumers who had to foot the bill. Mr. Churchill may be relied on to perceive the urgency of this business, which is not less than the urgencies of the battlefronts themselves, but he will need to act quickly.



Recent Russian successes account for the smiles of these Soviet airmen.

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"Iso-Octane"

(*Continued from Page* 43)

together (a "normal" and an "iso" as outlined in the previous paragraph), a butylene molecule is joined to an "iso-butane."

Butylene is an "unsaturated" molecule with four carbon atoms as in butane but only eight hydrogen atoms. Thus when an "iso-butane" molecule and a butylene molecule are joined we have eight carbon atoms and eighteen hydrogen atoms which is the exact formula of iso-octane *without any surplus hydrogen,* a perfect combination. Most of synthetic "iso-octane" is now made this way, that is the combination of a "saturated" iso-butane with an "unsaturated" butylene.

Grades better than 100 octane can be made by blending some coal tar derivatives like toluene, which is the basis of TNT. A judicious addition of those explosive compounds like toluene, cumene and xylene gives extra kick to the gasoline but too much cannot be added or a real explosion takes place with disastrous results. Strychnine is a heart stimulant but too much kills.

Then we have tryptane—the most powerful of all. It is a pure hydrocarbon of the butane type—the chemical name of which is tri-methyl-butane, and it is from butane that "iso-octane" is built up synthetically. As yet tryptane is in the experimental stage but it is about 50% more powerful than 100 octane. It is made synthetically for about $35.00 a gallon. At first it cost over one hundred times that, or about $3600.00 a gallon but again like all synthetics, lowering prices came with better technique and increased production.

However, the original "perfect fuel", "iso-octane" started science on the search for better fuels. It is still the king of fuels for mass production and a name with which to conjure.

A Boy and a Globe
A Formula for Dreams
He sees Bright, new Horizons
A glorious Tomorrow, Rich with Promise

We can make those dreams come true by investing in Victory Bonds for him – and Victory

SO, dream on, son. Let your hopes and plans soar beyond the most distant continent and sea. We will not, we dare not let you down. We will do everything to help you face the world of tomorrow, strong, confident and smiling. You are Canada's future, you and a million other young Canadians whose dreams, whose resolutions, whose courage multiplied a million times will build a new Canada—a new earth. So, look to us—Count on us. We stand behind you with every dollar we have to make those dreams come true.

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This time

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VICTORY BOND!

WHEN you have gathered up your idle money . . . your savings not needed for essentials, your accruing dividends, the results of that *extra* self-denial . . . and have put that money into Bonds of Canada's Fifth Victory Loan—stop and think!

Are you going to let the matter rest there?

We still have the biggest task to do. If it is to be done thoroughly, and with all speed, one of the essentials is MONEY—lots of it—not six months from now, or a year from now, but—NOW!

Have you really *combed* your personal and business bank accounts? How about those reserves? . . . can they be invested in Victory Bonds? THAT is what you have to consider seriously, when so serious a task is at hand.

How about your *future* earning power? How about the dividends that will come to you in the next few months? By pledging them NOW . . . and meeting the instalment payments on your Bonds as the money comes in . . . you will be doing that much more to help provide NOW the vast sums needed for Victory in the soundest and most satisfactory way for YOU and for all of us—out of income as it is earned.

So—this time, buy an EXTRA Victory Bond—and as many extra Victory Bonds as your prospective income will purchase. THEN you can say with some satisfaction: "I've really done MY job to help 'speed the Victory' ".

Speed the Victory!

Buy more

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